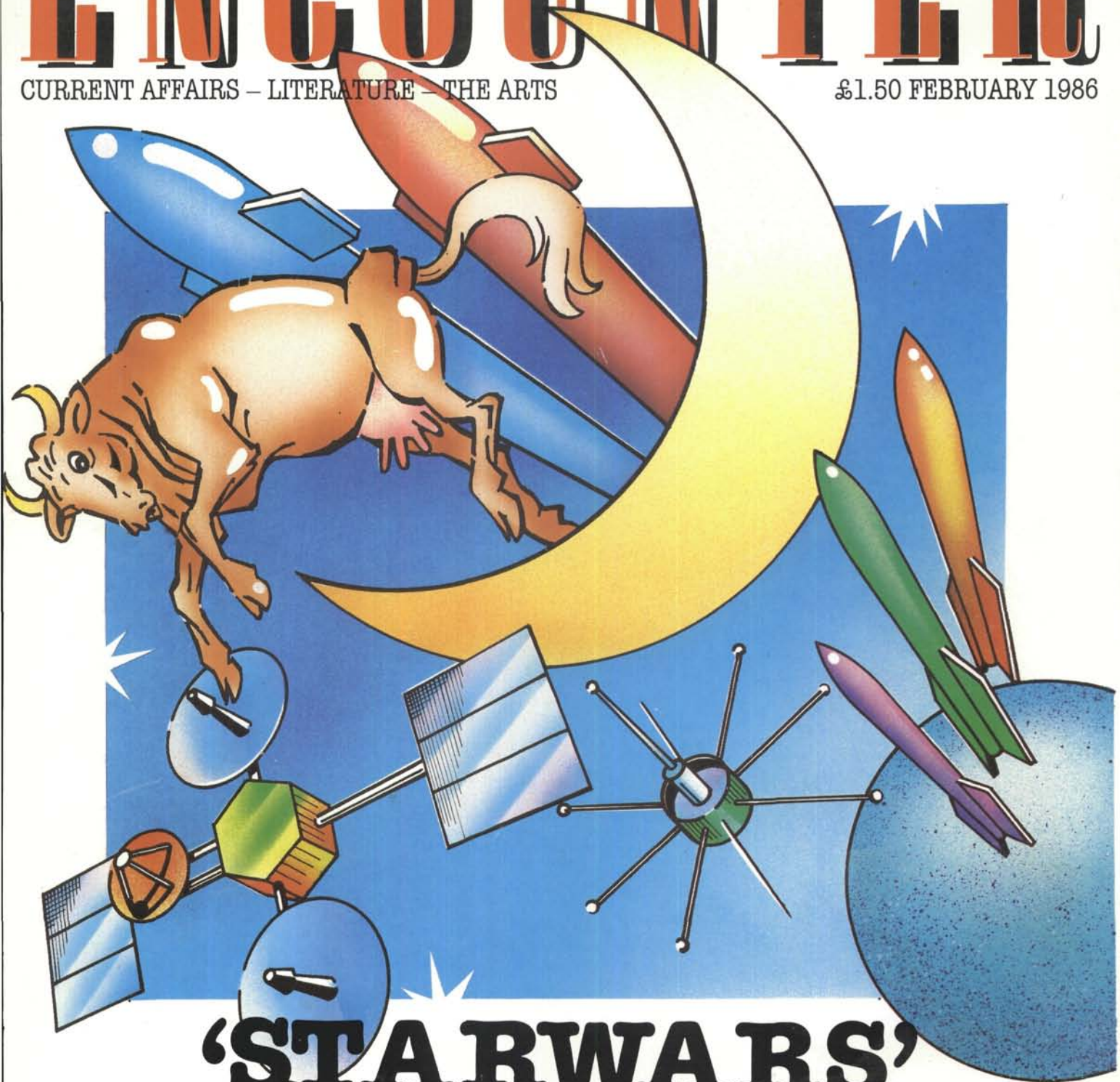


ENCOUNTER

CURRENT AFFAIRS — LITERATURE — THE ARTS

£1.50 FEBRUARY 1986



'STARWARS' A Dream of Peace in the Skies?

Michael Charlton

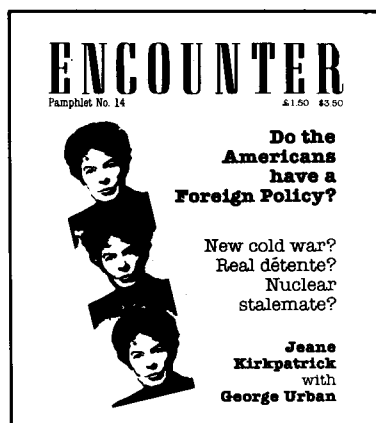
Rosemary Ashton The Party in Soho **Naomi May** Story **George Weidenfeld** Frankfurt Fair
Steve Attridge Indian Mutiny **Edward Pearce** Ireland **Jan Morris** Echoes of Empire

PRODUCED BY JONATHAN
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENCOUNTER

PAMPHLET SERIES

ENCOUNTER Pamphlet Series reprints important contributions from ENCOUNTER which are particularly valuable for group discussion. The three latest pamphlets are:



ALUN CHALFONT

The Great Unilateralist Illusion

No. 13. £1.50: \$3.50

JEANE KIRKPATRICK

with GEORGE URBAN

Do the Americans Have a Foreign Policy?

No. 14. £1.50: \$3.50

MAX M. KAMPELMAN

with GEORGE URBAN

Can we Negotiate with the Russians?

No. 15. £2.00: \$3.50

Please add 50p/75 cents for postage/packing. We shall be pleased to quote special terms for twelve or more copies.

ENCOUNTER, 59 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON WC2N 4JS

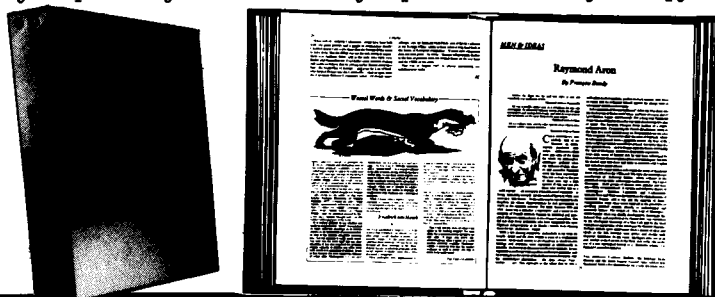
ENCOUNTER BINDER

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder enables readers, for half the cost of full binding, to preserve their copies in an attractive and durable format. Each copy of the magazine, as received, can be quickly inserted in the case and secured there. Copies can just as easily be removed.

The binder holds up to five copies. It is strongly made with stiff covers, bound in blue cloth, with the title of the magazine blocked in gold on the spine. Full assembly instructions are included with each binder.

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder costs £4.50 or \$9.60, including the costs of packing and posting by surface mail to any address in the world. There is no trade discount.

Order by coupon or by similar letter if you prefer not to cut your copy.



To **ENCOUNTER (Binder)**,
59 ST MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON WC2N 4JS.

Please send _____

ENCOUNTER Easibinder(s).

I enclose cheque/P.O. for _____

(£4.50 or \$9.60 per binder)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ENCOUNTER

FEBRUARY 1986 VOL. LXVI No. 2 ISSN 0013-7073

EDITORS

Melvin J. Lasky
and Richard Mayne

EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER

Anthony Robinson

MANAGING EDITOR

Margot Walmsley

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Bryan Healing

EDITORIAL CONSULTANT

J. C. Hall

ADVERTISEMENT DIRECTOR

Antony Pullen

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISING

Sarah Clifford-Jones

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER

Janice Ward

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Jacqui Lewis

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Pat Savage

CHIEF ACCOUNTANT

Pat Shutler

ACCOUNTS ASSISTANT

Shirley Lewis

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Tracy Fraser

RECEPTION & ENQUIRIES

Deborah Lloyd

ADVISORY BOARD

Maurice Cranston

D. J. Enright

Anthony Hartley

Leo Labedz

Edward Shils

Anthony Thwaite

John Weightman

PUBLISHING ADVISERS

Lord Ardwick

Blouke Carus

Lord Cudlipp

Cecil Harmsworth King

Leon Levy

Julio Nunez

Julia Robinson

Jack Watmough

Gary Bogard (chairman)

COVER

David Costa

CONTENTS

Minnie's Treasure (story)	Naomi May	3
"Star Wars", or Peace-in-the-Skies	Michael Charlton	12
Marx's Friends & Comrades	Rosemary Ashton	30
Column	M	42

POEMS

Raymond Tong 11, Patrick Garland 29, R. N. Allan 39,
Anthony Thwaite 40, Peter Redgrove 41, Julie Whitby 53, Holly Beeson 76,
Michael Henry 78

NOTES & TOPICS

The Clenched Red Hand	Edward Pearce	45
Paris Notebook	Jean-François Revel	47
The Quest for William Beveridge	John Hunt	51

BOOKS & WRITERS

Echoes of Empire:		
1. Imperial Finale	Jan Morris	54
2. Satellites, Surrogates, & Sources	Anthony Verrier	56
3. Dis-Oriented Fictions	Steve Attridge	60
Books Encountered	R.M.	71

PUBLISHING

At the Crossroads of a Book Fair	George Weidenfield	72
----------------------------------	--------------------	----

DOCUMENT

Will the Real George Urban Please Stand Up?	George Urban	77
--	--------------	----

BOXES

Glucksmann's Bêtise (George Suffer) 48

AUTHORS LETTERS LIFE & LETTERS

44 79 81

© 1986 by Encounter Ltd. Ten issues a year (July-August and September-October are single issues). Per copy: UK £1.50: USA \$3.50. Back numbers £2.25 (\$5.00). Postage/packaging: 50p (\$1.00). Annual subscriptions: UK £18.00: USA & Canada \$39.00 air-freight: India £20.00 by air. Elsewhere £19.00. Address for all departments: Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194): UK Trade Distributors: Cutler Glen, 40 St John Street, London EC1 (01-608 1527). Postmaster: send address corrections to Encounter, c/o Expeditors of the Printed Word, 515 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Manuscripts are returned only if accompanied by s.a.e. (English stamp) or International Reply Coupons.

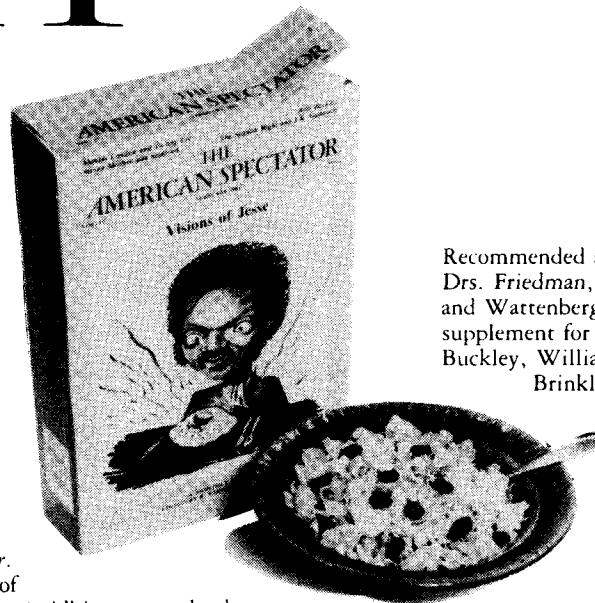
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cerebral supplement.

Regular reading got you down? Feel less stimulated, queasy about current events, unable to evaluate the world as a whole? Perhaps your search has been in the wrong nooks and craniums.

Your brain is crying out for *The American Spectator*. Each bowl is chock-full of enriching (albeit humorous) tidbits, meaty book reviews, vitamin packed articles, delectable dissertations, and ads for other like-minded magazines and periodicals. No other supplement on the market today packs as much wallop per spoonful as *The American Spectator*.

One bowl of *The American Spectator* has as much inorganic nutrition as eighteen bowls of *Time*, thirty-six bowls of the *Washington Post*, and nine-hundred and fifty-six bowls of the *National Lampoon*.



Recommended and consumed by Drs. Friedman, Kissinger, Hayakawa, and Wattenberg. A regular dietary supplement for Tom Wolfe, Bill Buckley, William Safire, David Brinkley, Claire Booth Luce, Peter Grace, Brock Yates, Malcolm Forbes, and thousands of other knowledge-starved people JUST LIKE YOURSELF.

If deficiencies in your reading diet include the lack of insight, humor, eloquence and intelligence — your mind needs *The American Spectator*. No other monthly periodical contains these well-balanced ingredients: high fiber political and economic analysis, R. Emmett Tyrrell's musings, full course book, movie and saloon reviews, idiotic quotations culled from around the world, and more unregulated additives.

Your mind is starving for stimulus. Order an eight month supply of *The American Spectator* today!

Send for an eight month supply today!

Yes, I'm hungry for more cerebral stimulation. Rush me a trial diet of eight issues for only \$11.95. If I'm not completely satisfied, I either haven't read an issue, or I'm offended by the Tip O'Neill zingers; either way, I understand that I'll get a full refund on the unused portion of my subscription.

_____ Enclosed is my
payment for \$11.95.

_____ Please bill me
after my first feeding.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outside U.S. surface rate: \$15.95

THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR

1101 N. Highland, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210

5EN1

Outside U.S. airmail rate: \$37.95

Minnie's Treasure

THE LIVING-ROOM of the seaside bungalow was cushioned and flowery, full of light from the bow windows. Facing these windows, Mrs Gemmell, a cigarette at her lips, scraped the bristles on the pink, ageing scalp, then, uplifting her eyes to the heavenly view, she gave the brush a sharp tug.

"That's sore", whimpered Minnie Dundas to her housekeeper/companion. "You enjoy hurting me."

"We must suffer to be beautiful."

"You're cruel!"

"Now Minnie, Minnie", Mrs Gemmell's voice sank, cajoling, to a sugary whisper, "we've visitors today, dear, remember? We haven't forgotten already, have we? We must be looking our best. Your in-laws, Mr Dundas and Mrs McKie, are coming to lunch."

"What do they want? I never asked them."

"And neither you did." Mrs Gemmell dragged on her cigarette, spilling ash, "But as they're good enough to call I thought it only nice to offer. . . ."

"You're entertaining them in my house?" Minnie stamped her tiny, crooked foot, and her Pomeranian, Froufrou, shivered under the chair. "It's my house, I tell you. Mine!"

"Mine! Mine! I bet you said that when you were a little girl with your dolls?" Mrs Gemmell stood over her a moment—a pampered only child with no children of her own—then, lifting the brush, she again plunged it ruthlessly into the thin, silky, silvery hair. "Look out at the sea", she blew smoke at the window, "it's a beautiful day for them."

"For whom?"

"Your visitors, dearie, your visitors." The housekeeper administered a last flick to the old hair, then gave up with a sigh. A widow like her charge, she was in her early sixties, strong and heavy with bronzed frizzy curls, her cheeks brightly rouged; she was wearing a pink, quilted dressing-gown whose lace trimmings were rather frayed. Resting her cigarette on the window ledge, she held up a mirror. "There we are—fit for Buckingham Palace!"

Minnie eyed the smouldering stub: "You'll cause a fire. . . . You'll burn me in my bed!" Without even glancing at the mirror she ruffled out her painfully brushed hair.

"Naughty, naughty!" Mrs Gemmell smacked her hand and she began to cry.

Froufrou jumped into his mistress's lap, wistfully tilting his topknot with its floppy bow, and she muttered through tears: "That woman hit me, Froufrou! If only Gordon, poor Gordon. . . ." The late Gordon Dundas had been in Clyde shipping in the days when that meant something. Minnie had given up her career for him, her famous name, and he had called her his "precious", spoiling her for half a century. As she stroked the little dog, her many rings reflected the dazzle of the Clyde estuary down which poor Gordon's ships once proudly sailed, and suddenly she smiled, all grudges forgotten, at her patient keeper. "I've got the sea shimmering on my hands. Happy hands!" She clapped them. Above the shimmering sea floated the hills of Arran, lost paradise of her childhood. "There's Goatfell", she pointed at the island's highest peak. "Did you know I'd been to the top of Goatfell? We used to climb it every summer, me and Papa and my cousins, Albert, Jeanie and Sarah, and our Scottie Toby, who used to jump like a flea over the heather. I must climb it again with Froufrou. . . ." She bounced him and he slithered on her satin knees. "Yes, I shall, I shall—I'll do that!"

Bitterly, Mrs Gemmell laughed. She's useless, she thought: useless jewelled hands, useless little feet stuffed into fussy, pricey shoes. Today it was the shoes with bows on them. "You'll climb Goatfell, will you? Not with those feet you won't! Which reminds me—your toenails. . . ."

"No, no! Not my toes, poor toes. . . ."

But Mrs Gemmell was already rummaging in the stained pocket of her dressing-gown for the scissors kept hidden in there with other junk. "Come on then, off with those stockings! Or have I got to undress you?"

Minnie, terrified, shuffled off her stockings and held out a bent, blue-veined foot. As her companion knelt down to cut the nails too close, she remembered her brother-in-law's horrid trick with the wasps.

"Why did you ask him?"

"Who?"

"Ramsay. You know what he does, Ramsay Dundas? He uses scissors to execute God's creatures."

"Wandering again?" Mrs Gemmell wrenched the scissors on the claw of the little toe. "The disgusting things I have to do for you, Minnie—Minnie Dundas." The name was hateful to her. Her man, her own Jamie,

had been crippled in the Dundas shipyards and she, still a bonny young woman, had nursed him till he slowly died. She was left with nothing, no money, no family, no golden memories. All she had, Audrey Gemmell, was her feminine pride, bronzed hair, bright cheeks. "Ugh!" she grimaced at the nail clippings on the carpet. "Well, that wasn't so bad, was it? You'll be more comfortable now when you climb those mountains."

"Go away! Go and change out of that tatty dressing-gown."

"Housecoat, dear." Mrs Gemmell tossed her her stockings and flounced off.

"**T**HAT'S GOT RID OF HER, Froufrou—she'll be an age painting her wrinkled old face." Minnie rocked the little dog, singing to him in her cooing contralto. It was for singing that she was famous—a household name, concerts in Glasgow, tours of the Western Isles. Though that name had faded long, long ago, an aura of celebrity still clung to her, even in her dotage, in the eyes of her relations, for her popularity had been immense. She had always been a little thing, bird-boned, softly fleshed, and her deep voice was most surprising; when she sang *My love's like a red red rose*, it was with an almost sensual yearning that stirred the heart, the bowels. Her sensuality, however, was respectably contained within herself as a love of comfort, of toy-like ornaments, silk underwear, bland creamy food exquisitely cooked. A poor man's Isobel Bailey, she was famous, too, for sacred music, *I know that my Redeemer liveth* and the twenty-third Psalm, whose quiet waters and pastures green were rendered with a velvety conviction that this, more than anywhere on earth, was, surely, the most comfortable place to be.

Minnie readjusted Froufrou's bow. "I've got bows, too, darling. Lookie!" Her feet tap-danced, showing off the bows on her shoes. Then her gaze drifted over the sea from island to island—the Cumraes, Arran, Ailsa Craig with its lighthouse and rare birds, one of which had come to see her and was resting under the garden hedge. "Pretty birdie, so white, so soft. . . Mrs Gemmell? Mrs Gemmell!"

The housekeeper, changed and smart in one of Minnie's dresses, appeared in the doorway and lit a cigarette. "Something the matter?"

"Down there—a snow goose! It'll bring us happiness."

Mrs Gemmell sauntered to the window. "That's just a piece of waste paper. Been chucked over the hedge by some tramp—a dirty tramp!"

Above the snow goose, the hedge, the blue sea, blue mist, the crest of Goatfell. . . . Once, when climbing, Minnie had seen an adder on a tuft of bogweed, coiled up. She had looked at the adder, the adder had looked at her, a point of light in the dark eyes she couldn't see into, couldn't understand—except that its thoughts

were evil. Mrs Gemmell's face was turned from the light and she couldn't see into her small, dark eyes. "Adder's eyes, that's what you've got!"

The woman sharply exhaled and smoke hissed through her teeth. "Sing a song to your snow goose, you daft old thing! Make a change from blethering to one of those." She waved her cigarette at the pussies and froggies, china lambs, fine ladies with parasols that cluttered every level surface. "I'm surprised you don't put bows on them too." She swept out of the room to open packets and tins in the kitchen. Minnie followed. She saw a ring of mauve lipstick on the cigarette balanced on the stove where a saucepan was gurgling. Behind the pan was a bottle of Famous Grouse.

"What's that you're brewing in your cauldron? Smells bad. Arsenic?"

Mrs Gemmell took a pull from the bottle and sweetly sighed: "Your handsome brother-in-law is coming—I wouldn't poison him." Another drink, then her livid mouth was stuffed with peppermints. "All ready now. Go and sit down, dear." She redirected Minnie to the front room, then settled herself, feet up with a thriller, to await the arrival of the guests.

"What's she reading, Froufrou? *Murder at Dead of Night*. . . . Oh, oh, she's plotting—she's getting ideas!" Then Minnie smelled it, that cheap sickly perfume which meant the creature was on the rampage.

THE BELL RANG and the housekeeper rose to open the door, but, instead of standing back to let them pass, she herself received the visitors, at once intimate and servile. "Your coat, dear Mrs McKie, and Mr Ramsay, let me take your hat, your gloves and—ah, your beautiful umbrella." She ran her fingers, coquettishly, along the umbrella, which was never unfurled and had the function of a dandy's cane. She addressed him, the younger brother, as "Mr Ramsay" because, though this linked her to the servants in the grand old place, it also put her on a more familiar footing with him.

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs—"

"Gemmell." She lowered her eyelashes, showing only the modest tips of her teeth.

"Dear lady, you must excuse me—even my once excellent memory plays me ludicrous tricks. Gemmell! How could I forget. . . ?" His voice faded and a grateful, bony hand reached for but did not quite touch the dear lady's wrist. Tall, well-tailored and with distinguished silvered hair, Mr Ramsay Dundas, professional man and widower, was inclined to sentiment, though narrow at heart. "We are so indebted, aren't we, Wanda?" He turned to his sister, who compressed her lips.

That they had arrived together was mere coincidence. There was no nonsense about Wanda McKie, who was adorned only by a wedding ring and a cairngorm brooch in the lapel of her grimly belted coat.

The coat now off, a WVS-type hat remained clamped to her brow, shading suspicious eyes and an indignant, jutting chin. Of the housekeeper she enquired: "Well?"

"Oh, Mrs McKie, she's so excited, it's so good of you to have come, to have spared a wee moment. . . ."

Wanda sniffed: of course it was good of her, she didn't need to be told it. Besides, this was her duty—a duty from which her banker husband, a silent man even on the golf course, had abstracted himself. Recoiling from Mrs Gemmell's scent, she glanced at her brother, but already he was making a fool of himself, playing the gallant.

"What a comfort it must be to poor Minnie to have someone so sprightly and cheerful looking after her. If you'll forgive me being personal, that new dress—it is new, isn't it?—is most becoming."

"Oh, Mr Ramsay, you always were a charmer! Yes, it is nice, I've always admired it—a gift from Mrs Dundas. 'I've no use for it', she said, 'I'm no longer in the public eye.' Sad that. . . ."

"Too tight", Wanda glared at the straining seams.

Ignored in her corner, Minnie now startled them: "It wasn't a gift—she stole that dress. She goes through my wardrobes. . . ."

A hush, an awkward moment was relieved by Wanda, mistress of the damning retort: "Rubbish!"

"Oh, don't be angry with her", interceded the keeper, "she's just confused. We get confused, don't we, Mrs Dundas dear?" To Ramsay she murmured in a croaking whisper: "She's such a sweetie—it is sad."

"She calls me Minnie when we're alone."

"What am I thinking of?" Mrs Gemmell wrung her hands. "I haven't even offered you a drink. A bitter lemon for Mrs McKie? And, Mr Ramsay, a wee taste of your favourite tipple?"

Ramsay, growing irked by her fawning, applied his charms to the sister-in-law whose fame had once so awed him he'd never realised, as now with a shock, that she was quite so small. To kiss her he had to bend right down, while she flinched, bejewelled and fluttering, from his prickly moustache.

"You're thinner, Minnie", Wanda gripped and shook her after they brushed cheeks, "*your* dress is hanging on you."

Minnie's little ringed hands clutched at and mournfully flapped her dress. "No food, no proper food."

"What's that? I can't hear you when you mumble."

"Horrid food."

Wanda turned to Mrs Gemmell: "What did she say?"

"Ssh!" Mrs Gemmell laid a finger over her lips. "She pretends I don't feed her."

Missing this too, Wanda gave her shoulders an angry twitch, then thrust a packet at Minnie: "Present for you."

"For me?" The little hands greedily unwrapped it. "A tea-towel? What made you think I'd be needing a tea-towel? A leftover, I suppose, from one of your kirk bazaars?"

"Now, dear, manners! It was very kind of Mrs McKie. We can never have enough tea-towels, can we? And it's such a pretty one!" Mrs Gemmell pulled out chairs and settled the guests, then left them to discuss the view, the fine day.

"A very decent woman." Ramsay knotted his fingers, cracking the joints. "A worthy woman."

"A treasure", agreed his sister.

"She's not, she's horrid. It frightens me every time I hear her taproom voice."

"What?"

"I said taproom—drink and cigarettes. Dirty thing, she never has a cigarette out of her mouth."

"Nonsense!" Wanda nodded significantly at Ramsay.

"I tell you she is dirty. Look down there on the carpet—my toenails. She never even bothered to pick them up."

"Well, at least she cuts them—you're lucky to have someone to do it for you." Averting her eyes from the clippings, Wanda looked around with disapproval at the clutter of ornaments, a nightmare to dust. "She probably forgot to sweep them up, there's so much to keep her busy."

"Busy! It's my cleaner, my Mrs Cameron, who does all the work in this house." The little dog jumped into Minnie's lap and she cuddled him, her eyes moistening: "And she hits me, doesn't she, Froufrou?"

"I can't make you out, you're mumbling again."

"D'you hear that, Froufrou? I tell her she hits me and she doesn't listen, she doesn't care. I don't suppose she'd care even if Mrs—Mrs—murdered me in my bed. At dead of night—murder at dead of night."

"Preposterous! If you go on like this you'll drive that excellent woman away."

"Who are you?" Minnie peered, mystified, at her sister-in-law. "Ah, I know!" She shook her head. "Servants aren't what they used to be."

"You mustn't treat her like a servant", Ramsay, unctuous, reproved. "Mrs Gemmell is really a companion."

MINNIE, IGNORING HIM, was transfixed by the eyes glaring at her from under Wanda's dreadful hat. "Take that look off your face! I may be a little vague, but I know perfectly well who you are. So off you go", the concert-hall idol of yesteryear drew herself up and pointed at the door, "back to the servants' wing!"

Wanda, mortally affronted, crossed her arms over her bag, while Ramsay murmured: "Poor old soul. There's no servants' wing, Minnie, you're not at Craiganthor House any more. Craiganthor was sold some years ago after dear Gordon—after he passed away."

"Stop trying to confuse me. She's no right to be here,

doesn't know her place—she's the housekeeper."

Mrs Gemmell, announcing lunch, tiptoed over to Minnie's chair and put her arm round her. "We're in one of our muddles. That's your sister-in-law, Mrs McKie. It's me, Mrs Dundas lovey, who's your housekeeper."

"You? Oh, no! No, I don't want it to be you. . . ."

"Must be trying to cope with", said the outraged Wanda. "Perhaps the doctor could give her some pills to calm her down?"

"Pills?" Minnie's faded blue eyes swivelled: "Poison!" She could only with difficulty be persuaded to totter into the dining-room where, instead of ornaments, an array of silver cups, jugs, teapots, goblets were crowded together, for want of a better place to put them, in the centre of the table.

"What's all this? Minnie playing shop?"

"No, no, no, Mrs McKie", the keeper's cheeks flushed under their rouge, "I'm the one who put it there. I found all this lovely silver stuffed away in an old packing-case so I brought it out and polished it up—I've polished every item on that table!"

Not very well, thought Wanda, noting smears on the handles, but she tactfully nodded when Mrs Gemmell stood back to admire her handiwork.

"Gorgeous, isn't it?"

"I don't like it, I don't want it there."

"Oh dear! Mrs Dundas, I'm afraid, didn't thank me, she doesn't care for her silver at all. Odd of her, don't you think? She only likes things she can talk to, china cats and lambs—dollies. But then that's the way of it, you know what I mean. . . ." Then, as if her employer were no longer present, as in a sense she was not, the woman chattered on: "Now what I'd like to see is a glass cabinet over in that corner where the silver could be properly set off. I've always wanted a house with a display cabinet."

"She wants to change everything, she thinks this house belongs to her."

"Oh, you've no idea", Mrs Gemmell's voice sank in whispered confidence, "what I have to put up with. Why, if there's one cushion out of place. . . ." Aggrieved and long-suffering, she retreated to the kitchen, the new tea-cloth ostentatiously hooked over her arm.

The guests seated themselves and were served tinned soup followed by railway-station pies, the pastry like cardboard, the lids embellished by a dollop of tomato sauce. Then there were éclairs, bought as a special treat, filled with artificial cream and served straight from their box. Ramsay's elegant features became shadowed with melancholy and the dutiful Wanda swallowed with an effort. All of a sudden they began to treat their rich brother's widow with sympathy, almost affection, making excuses: "She wasn't trained as a cook, hasn't the background, doesn't know any better." Then, seeing Minnie's eyes brighten, they added hurriedly: "But it can't be helped, it's so difficult nowadays to get people to live in."

"Ladies and gentleman", Mrs Gemmell beckoned, pert, from the door, "coffee in the lounge."

Wanda pushed away her éclair, while Ramsay placed his hand under Minnie's fragile elbow, chivalrously guiding her to the room with the beautiful view. At this they stared, these three related people who had so little in common, and the conversation languished. Minnie was watching the clouds, so soft, so fleecy, now turning pink, that frolicked around the crest of Goatfell, and her in-laws, their hostess grown absent, started talking to one another, while a wasp buzzed on the window-ledge, about things which did not concern her, their own domestic problems, their children and grandchildren, the difficulty of passing money down the generations; in the room so full of light from the calm, calm sea they gradually forgot themselves, referring indiscreetly to the hidden interest which had inspired their visit. They talked of wills, death duties, and were disagreeably startled when Minnie cut across them:

"Look at those little kids skipping about above the top of Goatfell! That's how it got its name—because of the goats. All gone now, all gone. . . . But their ghosts are still there. Happy ghosts!"

"Ghosts!" Wanda laid a fearful hand on her bag. "What's she talking about?"

"I heard you. I know what *you* were talking about."

There was a pained silence. The wasp, meanwhile, continued to buzz, unconcerned, against the window. Veins protruded on Ramsay's noble brow. Removing from an inner pocket a boy's climbing knife, he opened it out, isolating a minute pair of nail-scissors. Then, stealthily creeping up on the insect, he relieved his discomfiture by neatly snipping it in two. "Looks cruel", he wiped his scissors, "but it's a merciful way to deal with them. Instant death! Though what wonderful little fellows they are—so clean, so industrious, devoting the whole of their active lives to the common good." He frowned, sorrowing over their Presbyterian virtues.

"How dare you!" Minnie was trembling. "You've no right to be cutting up wasps in my house!" She rang for her servant. "It's time you went. And you, too, Wanda. I can't think why either of you come to see me."

"OFF HOME? Ah, well, all good things come to an end. Now, Mr Ramsay, let me see that you've got everything, umbrella, hat, gloves—yes, both gloves. . . ."

"Dear lady!"

"Thank you, Mrs—" Wanda thrust her arms into the sleeves of the coat held out for her.

"No trouble."

"Nothing", Ramsay inclined his fine silver head, "is too much trouble for you, one can see that—everything in order." Absently he added: "Nice little place Minnie's got here."

"Very nice." Belting her coat, duty done, Wanda

looked around at the thick carpets, the costly furniture littered by trinkets, and resented the waste—downright disgraceful—when all Minnie was fit for was a playpen.

It was the housekeeper who saw them out, descending with them through the slanting garden to whose narrow terrace plastic donkey-carts had recently been added, filled with plastic flowers.

"Those are new."

"Oh, d'you like them, Mrs McKie? I thought they'd look kind of cheery, I've always admired that sort of thing in other people's gardens. But Mrs Dundas, there's no pleasing her. . . ."

Trying not to look at the objects, Wanda forced herself to say kindly: "She's full of whims, take no notice."

"I try not to."

"That's the way, patience, patience." Ramsay's hand hovered over but did not quite touch the woman's shoulders. "We know she's difficult, we do sympathise, but we're so very grateful. She flatly refused to go into a home, and without you to care for her what would become of our poor, unfortunate. . . ." As if overcome by emotion, he shadowed his eyes against the light, now warmed and rosy, that dazzled from the sea.

The instant, however, that Mrs Gemmell had left them Ramsay's bowed shoulders straightened and he swung his umbrella. "Nice situation, no finer view in the country. Spectacular sunsets!"

Wanda rapped his arm. "Those plastic horrors, d'you think Mrs Thing paid for them out of the house-keeping?"

The smart umbrella remained poised in mid-air. "Are you insinuating. . . .?"

"Not just insinuating! Still, the house is full of knickknacks, why even in the bathroom there are heart-shaped soaps and a frilly on the—" Wanda pinched up her lips, "you-know-what. So who's to blame her if she yielded to the temptation? It's a judgment, Minnie always was too taken up with her possessions. I'm sure it was done with the best of intentions."

"Ah!" The umbrella again swung easily. "Like the food—those pies. I suppose she was trying to make them look appetising when she covered them with tomato sauce?" A flutter of wind resurrecting the sorry meal caused Ramsay to congratulate himself on his own excellent housekeeper who never left lumps in his porridge. "It was a struggle to get them down, I must say."

"Disgusting! But it'll keep her healthy to eat less. Minnie's far too fond of her food."

"True, true. She looks well."

"Well in body. But it's extraordinary, don't you think, that she should be senile at seventy-four? Why, she's only eight months older than I am!" Wanda tightened her grip on her bag, thinking of her many activities: the kirk bazaar, meals on wheels, hospital visits to the aged, and her afternoon off to play for tuppence a hundred at the bridge club. "No wonder

Minnie looks well—she does nothing to wear herself out."

This comment was unfortunate. They closed the gate and paused in the roadway before separating to their cars, united in thoughts it would be unseemly to express. Wanda's balding son was an accountant's stooge; with Minnie's money she could buy him a partnership. Or, if Ramsay were to be the lucky one, he could abandon the worthy causes with which, on retiring and through vanity, he had encumbered himself, the demands on his time and his pocket, his daughters' querulous pleas for help with their children's education; he could leave them behind, his duties, his family, all—he glanced at his sister—his tiresome relations, and sun himself in the West Indies.

"He was a fine man, our brother Gordon", murmured Wanda, incensed that his riches should be uselessly frittered, "we owe it to his memory to care for—to keep an eye on. . . . That woman, d'you think she'll do?"

"Oh, but she must!" Ramsay's laughter choked him. Whatever their hopes, it was unthinkable that he, or even the dismal Wanda, should have to house Minnie, her toys, her lap-dog. "She'll most certainly do, most suitable—as you said, she's a treasure."

FROM THE WINDOW the treasure watched the departing relatives, waving at them till their hats had disappeared behind the hedge. "She's so considerate, dear Mrs McKie, and Mr Ramsay—oh, Mr Ramsay, but he's a real gentleman!"

Seated behind her, Minnie was staring at the things cut up on the carpet, her toenails, the severed wasp. Her shoulders drooped, her flowery dress hung limp.

"Goodness, you're a pathetic sight! Who'd have thought you'd have had it in you to tell those wicked fibs? So I starve you? I go through your wardrobe—wardrobes I should say! I stole this dress, did I? You trying to get them to put me out?"

"No use, they wouldn't listen."

"Oh, so that's the way the wind blows? You meant it, you weren't just rambling?" The housekeeper leaned over and blew smoke into her eyes. "You're a sly one, Minnie. But beware. Audrey Gemmell is a match for your tricks. She has a score to settle—and settle it she will! A little later", airily she wafted her cigarette, "later, later. When I've had a wee rest and got my strength back."

"What d'you mean? What are you going to do to me?" Minnie cowered, ashen.

"My! The white face on you! Ticker trouble? You're not fading out on me. . . ." Suddenly alarmed, Mrs Gemmell snatched at her wrist to feel the pulse. "No, not yet. Just doddering. The usual." Her charge, shrinking from her touch, let out a feeble cry, then hung her head, ashamed. "Why, you've wet yourself! And me worn out with all that cooking and enter-

taining! Well, you can just stew in it—teach you a lesson, you filthy old crittur!”

Mrs Gemmell kicked off her tight shoes and padded away into the kitchen where she put the leftovers into the fridge to be reheated another day. From behind the dirty dishes she collected the Famous Grouse, a new thriller, a silver ashtray, and retreated to her room, leaving Minnie, stupefied with apprehension, on her sodden chair.

“I’ve wet myself”, she whimpered, “I’ve spoiled my dress. When Nanny finds out she’ll be cross.” Not daring to rise and leave a stain, she miserably awaited her punishment. Though time meant little to her, whole days evaporating like the passage of an hour, this particular afternoon seemed to stretch to infinity and when the sunset blazed at last behind the peaks of Arran she had become so cramped she was quite unable to twitch the bows on her toes. Even Froufrou, as if scenting death, had abandoned her.

IT WAS ANOTHER SCENT that brought Minnie round, familiar and sickly sweet, worn for a purpose. Then a shadow blotted out the fiery sky.

“Nanny, don’t be cross—I couldn’t help it.” But it was not Nanny. Nanny didn’t smoke or wander around in her dressing-gown. Nanny would never have gone through her desk, ruffling papers, trying to force locked drawers.

“Where is it?” croaked the taproom voice. “Lost your tongue, eh?” Froufrou reappeared, whining. “You bite me, you nasty little dog, and I’ll do you!”

“No, no!” Minnie caught up her pet.

“Ah, dearest dearie!” Mrs Gemmell’s pink, quilted arms enfolded her. “I wasn’t going to hurt little Foofy. It was only pretence, I couldn’t think of any other way to rouse you. Naughty Minnie, sitting there like a corpse—you had me worried. But we’re all right now, aren’t we? Let me move you”, she glanced at the soiled chair, “to where you’ll be more comfortable. There we are. And now I’m going to brew us a nice pot of tea.” The tea was brought, two cups, the best silver, and the companion settled for a chat at her lady’s feet. The room was dim, the sunset staining red the chairs, the pussies and lambies, the rifled desk.

“What were you looking for in the desk?”

“Your will, dear.”

“My. . . ?”

“I thought you might like to leave me something, a few teaspoons, some cut glass, just a little memento. I’ll look after Foofy for you, I’ll give him chicken or fillet steak—anything he wants.” A perfumed hand tugged the bow on Froufrou’s topknot. “Or an annuity would do, ten thousand say, or twenty, more if you like. There’ll be nobody to look after me in my old age.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

The adder’s eyes smouldered. “Oh, yes, you do. Why not leave it all to me?”

“You?” Minnie kicked up her toes, shimmering with merriment. “I wouldn’t leave anything to you.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t want to, I don’t like you.”

Mrs Gemmell laid down her cup on the silver tray. Then she was on her feet, a quilted shape, her arms ominously folded. “You owe it to me, Minnie Dundas. Not for this—mopping up your messes, attending to your stupid whims—but for my ruined life. My Jamie was crippled building your husband’s ships, I nursed him all my youth and when he died there was nothing left. While you were being pampered and petted, I was suffering. Suffering, I tell you—poverty, drudgery, grief. And at the end of the day who cares? I don’t count, I’m a nobody, why even your fancy relations have trouble remembering my name. And you—you grudge me. . . .” She bent right down and hissed in Minnie’s face.

“She wants me to die, Froufrou! She’ll poison me—she’ll smother me with a pillow. . . .”

“Of course I don’t want you to die! It’s just that when you are dead. . . .”

“Oh, Froufrou!”

“Well, you can’t take it with you—not even you, who always keeps the best things for herself. I’ve watched you, I know your selfish little ways—you can’t hand round a box of chocolates without keeping your thumb over the one that you want to eat. But now it’s my turn. I, Audrey Gemmell, could do with some sweeties.” She paused to light a new cigarette from the stub, her rouged face momentarily flaming as she sucked on it. “Minnie Dundas, I’m warning you. If you fade out and leave me nothing, d’you know what I’ll do?”

“Why should I care? I won’t know.”

The sunset gleamed on Mrs Gemmell’s yellowed, smiling teeth. “That’s just the point. I’ll come for you, I’ll haunt you in the afterlife. You didn’t know that, did you? Haunting can work the other way round, from the living to the dead. That’s why there are ghosts. Most souls rest in peace, but there are some, the ghosts, who pay for the sins they’ve failed to make right by wandering forever, for all eternity. Very uncomfortable—you know how you hate discomfort. . . . So you do right by me, Minnie. Remember now”, she patted the old lady’s rings, “you’ve been warned.”

“Go away—I can’t bear that stuff you spray on yourself. And pick up those papers you scattered under the desk!”

“I didn’t leave them there, it was a poltergeist. The spirits are at work already.” With a triumphant swish of her quilted hems, out she went in a puff of smoke.

“She’s plotting, Froufrou, she’s trying to frighten me into my grave.” The little dog, panicking, wriggled free of his mistress’s frenzied embrace and, leaping to the carpet, fluttered the pages of a thriller: *Murder Without Trace*. “You, too, Froufrou? Even you don’t love your Minnie any more, poor Minnie.”

Across the sea, light behind the jagged islands was now sunken, greenish, and the room was almost dark,

its pallid objects turned green and sickly, the tea cups, the silver tray, the crumpled thriller. Minnie twisted her rings, then her fingers uncurled and reached down, trembling as if it might sting her, to lift the book. "The perfect murder is no murder", she read. She blinked. So this was where the harpy got her ideas? It was all quite plain, and just as she had suspected: the victim without a bruise, a wound, dying of terror. But it could work the other way round, she thought. Like the haunting. And she laughed—laughed and laughed till greenish tears sparkled on her old, faded eyes. "They think I've lost my wits, it's me they treat as a nobody. But come here, Froufrou, let me tell you my plan—that book's given *me* ideas."

By the time she tottered into bed, however, Minnie's courage had left her and, though she'd heard her keeper safely snoring, she hid under the blankets, paralysed with fear. Her thumping heart she mistook for footsteps; her prayers were empty, void into void. She lay for an age, eyes wide open in the dark, then she remembered her magic voice. When she dared herself to sing the aria which had once won her such applause, *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, her confidence returned and she heard again a wild, rhythmic clapping that lulled her to sleep.

ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING her redeemer opened the little gate and walked up the garden. Minnie knew at once who she was: angels take whatever form they please. This one was young, in sandals and shorts, chains and bangles, a rucksack on her back. A band round her forehead kept her long, fair hair out of eyes that were blue and vacant, widely spaced. She rang the bell, asked for Aunt Minnie, dumped her rucksack and bounded into the room with the sea view.

"I'm Marigold Stuart from Vancouver."

"You've flown in?" Minnie was gazing at the filmy outline of Ailsa Craig where the rare birds nested.

"Sure I flew. Landed at Prestwick this morning."

"And came straight to me?" The little ringed hands reached out to her. "So you're my niece Maisie's girl? I saw a photo of you in your mother's arms. You've grown. What age are you now? I ought to know, but—" Minnie lowered her voice, her eye on Mrs Gemmell hovering in the doorway, "I lose track, I've no sense of time."

"I'm nineteen."

"Nineteen? But that's a lovely age. And you, darling, you're lovely."

"You too, I've wanted to meet you ever since I was in diapers. Mom played your records till they almost wore out." The great blonde girl beamed down on her famous aunt, so daintily ancient, pink and white, and the dog in her lap with its crazy bow. "You're just as I'd imagined. And everything else—I knew it'd be like this." She looked around, enraptured, at the

embroidered cushions, the china cats. "All those things. . . . In Vancouver we've nothing but gadgets, streamlined, I hate it. But this, why it's a real home! I knew it, I just got this feeling as soon as I was in the door that I'd—well—I was home."

"You want to stay?"

"Why not? I'm doing a history course, I'll be studying in Glasgow."

"This is a long way from Glasgow."

"No sweat, I'll get a car. Over there", Marigold jerked her head at the sea, "all the kids have cars."

Mrs Gemmell called from the doorway: "You won't want to stay with old ladies like us, not someone your age? A night or two perhaps. . . ."

"Oh, no, I guess it'll be three four years, maybe more. I'm researching my ancestors and you don't know where that might lead. I'm descended from the Scottish kings."

"Is that so? Then you'll save me", Minnie glanced at her keeper, "from her!"

"She bad to you?" Marigold rattled her bangles. Then she seated herself, cross-legged, at her great-aunt's feet.

"You'll stay with me? It's you who'll be my treasure?" Minnie absently caressed her flaxen hair. "We'll go in a boat to Arran and Ailsa Craig. That's where the lighthouse is and the birds—special birds. We've one in the garden, can you see it under the hedge? It's a snow goose."

Mrs Gemmell now bustled into the room, spilling ash. "She means that dirty piece of paper. She imagines things, it helps her to pass the time."

The student looked from the woman in the dressing-gown to her pink, fluffy aunt, a little bird herself whose feathers had suddenly drooped. She clasped Minnie's fingers in her own firm, sunburned hand. "For real it's a snow goose—we know that! She needs her eyes tested."

"Now look here, you may be Minnie's niece, but. . . ."

"Minnie! She calls me Mrs Dundas when we've visitors. I suppose she thinks you don't count? She never smokes when they're here. They're taken in by her. They don't believe she tries on my clothes. She pinches things and hides them in her room—her den."

MRS GEMMELL tapped the girl's shoulder. "If I pick something up to clean it she says I'm stealing. Your poor old auntie's wandered, hadn't you noticed? Very sad, but there it is. You've come to the wrong house, dear. Better try somewhere else."

"No, no, Marigold, you stay! You knew it really was a snow goose, you believe me when I'm telling the truth. And she—she frightens me when there's no one around. But they won't listen. They pretend not to hear when I tell them she hits me."

"She hits you? Wow!" The wide, young, vacant eyes turned to the keeper. "Doesn't she ever get dressed?"

"Only when they come."

"They? Who are they?"

Mrs Gemmell wedged herself between them. "This must be puzzling for you, Marion—"

"Marigold."

"Marigold, dear, you see it's like this—" She touched her bronzed temples. "I'd better explain. She's talking about her brother- and sister-in-law, very kind people, very good to her, so regular in their visits."

"I don't know why they come."

"Now Minnie, Minnie." Mrs Gemmell tapped her hand. "That's what she calls hitting her."

"I get it." The girl's mouth fell open and she rocked herself.

Mrs Gemmell, disconcerted, retired to the kitchen, muttering: "She's like her aunt—cuckoo. Must be in the blood."

"What's she doing now?"

"Brewing things. The food. . . ."

Marigold ran her tongue slowly, thoughtfully, over her lips. "Tell you what, if you let me stay I'll cook for you. I'm a real home-maker. In Canada it's all out of a packet, fast food. That's another reason I came over here. I'll bake our own bread, I'll make jam. . . ."

"And we can send her away? She's a vulture, she's waiting for me to die so she can get her hands on my money. She tries to scare me in the night. It's horrid living with someone who wants you to die."

"Why don't you fire her?"

"They won't let me."

"The in-laws?"

"The visitors." Suddenly Minnie smiled. She had flown in to nest at her feet, blue-eyed and golden, her redeemer. "I'll find a way, I'll get rid of her. They think I'm half-witted, but you know, you understand. You were sent to me, we'll have happy times."

AT DEAD OF NIGHT moonlight, penetrating the housekeeper's room through a chink in the curtains, crept over her frizzy curls, the patterned carpet, a jumble of clothes on the chair. Something moved behind the chair, a shape, whispering: "Murderess!" The shape came closer and the wakened sleeper screamed.

"CHILD! CHILD!" Minnie roused her young guest. "Mrs Gemmell, it's her heart. You must call an ambulance." The ambulance arrived, sirens screaming, and took her away. She didn't die, however, and was only in hospital a few days, but, once discharged, she refused to return; she lacked the training, she said, the nerve to manage the insane. When she came for her things, Minnie received her with astonishment: "You can't fool me and it's no

use pretending, I know what you are—you're Mrs Gemmell's ghost."

"Her reason's finally gone", said Ramsay, "it's the shock."

"The will. . . . Does anyone know where it is?" Wanda snuffled her handkerchief while Marigold brought in a delicious tea.

"Treacle scones! You made these yourself?" Ramsay reached for another, surreptitiously licking his fingers.

"But what's to be done? Who's to look after her? The difficulty we had in finding poor Mrs—"

"I'll do it."

"You?" Wanda glared at the girl's shorts, her long brown legs, her bare feet. "Don't be ridiculous!"

"Why not? I need her, I've got to live somewhere, and she needs me. We get on, don't we, auntie?"

Minnie, the dog in her lap, had been staring at the view, rather misty today, the peaks of Arran just visible. "We're going there", she said, "we'll catch the steamer to Brodick and climb Goatfell. Froufrou too."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing, Wanda, she's drifting. But, my dear", Ramsay turned to the girl, laying a gnarled hand on her naked leg, "I don't think you quite appreciate, this is—how shall I put it?—a nursing problem. She ought really to be in a home."

"Shush!" Wanda silenced him. In his ear she whispered, but not inaudibly: "She'll cut us out!"

"Oh, ho ho!" Ramsay's laughter brought tears to his eyes. Helping himself to a fourth scone, he said to Minnie: "Well, you've certainly got yourself a better cook."

"Yes, she'll do, I'm keeping her on."

Ramsay exchanged glances with his sister, who noisily blew her nose. "I suppose", she said, "for the time being. . . ."

"No, this is a permanent situation. She's staying four years, she'll see me out."

"See you out!" Wanda's handkerchief fluttered in desolation.

"Now then, now then, this is no way to talk. . . ." Ramsay looked away from his doting sister-in-law and blandished a smile on the young woman cross-legged on the floor. "So you really like it here, Marigold? Marigold Stuart, descended from the Scottish kings. . . ."

They took their leave. At the garden gate Wanda gave a final sniff: "Marigold! I knew someone with a cat called Marigold." Before separating to their cars they gazed mournfully at the view, united in the unspoken fear that the descendant of the Scottish kings might get it all.

THE ISLANDS were growing dim, the rosy sky reflecting in the sea where boats, big and small, left satin ribbons. The room facing the view was warm and calm, a rosiness on the knick-knacks, on Froufrou's brow, his mistress's soft hair and skin, which

was like pink tissue-paper faintly crinkled, and the girl at her feet whose eyelids, contented, were drooping.

"They've gone", said Minnie. "I've just heard their cars. Awfully tiresome, but they will insist on visiting me. I can't think why, we never liked each other. I don't know what they want."

The sleepy eyelids opened. "I guess", Marigold's tongue travelled slowly over her lower lip, "it may be something to do with. . . . I heard them mention your will. They're your closest relatives, aren't they?"

"You mean they want my money—they want me to die? Like Mrs Gemmell? How extraordinary! I'd always thought it was because of my fame. I'm the only celebrity in the family." Minnie, in a huff, twitched her little feet. "That was the only reason I put up with them, it doesn't do, you know, to give oneself airs. . . ." Her faded eyes drifted to the window where a great ship was proudly sailing for the open sea. "I remember launching Gordon's ships, it was I who broke the champagne bottle over the bows. "Speed bonny boat", she sang, "like a bird on the wing. . . ." Her voice trailed and she ground her pearly baby teeth. "Money? So that's what they're after! But they've a disappointment coming to them—I only have the life rental of Gordon's estate. When I—when I join him, the money will be used for a scholarship in marine engineering, the Dundas Award. You see, Gordon, he longed to be like me, a celebrity; he, too, wanted his name to live on."

"He did? Wow!" Marigold's eyes lost their vacancy as she envisaged the scene when the will was read out:

Ramsay, head bowed, his hat on his knees, Wanda still with her gloves on, her hands grimly folded over her bag. "And you're not leaving them anything?"

"Oh, yes. It's just the money, the things are my own. I'll leave Wanda my hymn-book and Ramsay can have my nail-scissors—pretty scissors with mother-of-pearl handles. My daily, my Mrs Cameron, can have the rest. She really loves my little people, she cleans them with such care, she'll give them a good home." She saw Marigold gazing at her in wonder. "Oh, I'm sorry, dear, perhaps you'd like them yourself? Tell me what you want—anything in this house—and I'll get the lawyer. . . ."

"Oh, don't talk about it! It's not things I need but you, I need you here. Aunt Minnie", the girl buried her face in the old lady's silky lap, "you're not to die—you're just not going to!"

"But I will die, dear, we all die."

"Aw, forget it! Death means non-existence, nothing, so how can nothing exist? What matters is now."

"So we can live happily ever after?" Minnie lifted a strand of Marigold's shining hair and held it up to the light. "Happy hair! I've always had happiness and there's no reason why I shouldn't go on having it." She cradled the head of happy hair and together they looked out with no thought of the morrow upon the sea, the proud ships, the fading gleam behind the summit of Goatfell. "D'you know, darling, when I was a little girl I used to climb Goatfell. Every summer we went up it, me and Papa and my cousins and Froufrou, who jumped like a flea over the heather."

Other Eden

No longer such a happy breed,
and soon perhaps no breed at all,
they drift upon the tide of history,
little concerned with who they are
or where they are going.

No longer
secured from invasion by their moat,
knowing their country more overcrowded
than any other, save a few small islands,
they obscure the dilemmas that threaten
to engulf them by asserting the virtues
of patience and tolerance.

No longer
to be envied, their beliefs and values
constantly eroded, steadily
retreating with unfailing compromise,
they have ceased to hear the authentic cadence
of their essential being. Lacking any
unifying vision, they are slowly
falling away into everywhere
and nowhere.

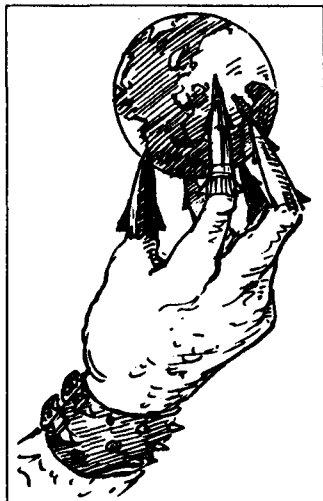
Raymond Tong

Michael Charlton

“Star Wars” or Peace-in-the-Skies

A Short History of Dreams & Nightmares

1. The Mortification of Robert McNamara



FOR THE first time since Hiroshima and Nagasaki were destroyed by “the sun of Los Alamos”, the possibility of *defence* against nuclear bombardment is being taken seriously. If successful it would mean a radical transformation in the competition between the two contending political wills of the Soviet Union and the Western Alliance.

If strategic defence were also to become a Russian achievement, it would place a question mark against the present forces and philosophy of the smaller nuclear powers (China, France, and Britain), who would have to think all over again. The mercurial Americans are poised for another advance. With that prospect a gap in strategic capabilities—so far unique in history—appears to be opening between the United States and Western Europe, a gap at present bridged by the nuclear deterrents of Britain and France. Is President Reagan’s vision that the ballistic missile might be made “impotent” and “obsolete” evidence only of the intellectual pathos of our time—the longing to escape from an intolerable yet permanent military dilemma? It has already become part of the historic dialogue of our day.

In the 1960s the Americans arrived at an opposite conclusion. They took the view that *defence* should be all but abandoned. This American insight and initiative led to the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, the centre-piece of the first Arms Control Agreements with the Soviet Union. Nuclear realities, it was supposed, had forced potential enemies to reach agreement and imposed upon them a common moderation.

My purpose in these articles is to review the intervening years and follow the evolution of this American debate over grand strategy with those, including a President, who have

shaped and made the crucial decisions; and to ask how it is that—having forsaken defence and accepted the threat of “mutual annihilation” as the basis for stable conflict and rivalry with the Soviet Union—disillusion with arms control took root. Why, now, do the Americans believe the time has come to reconsider the stand they took nearly two decades ago, and to pursue an alternative to “mutual assured destruction”?

Few public men have influenced the way we have thought about nuclear weapons more than the Defence Secretary to Presidents John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. What one might call the mortification of Robert McNamara was the act of self-denial and subjection of American appetite which he sponsored in relinquishing the idea of defending populations against the Bomb. McNamara recalls the inner Cabinet meeting which laid the foundation for the declared strategic architecture with which we live today.

ROBERT MCNAMARA: In November 1966, Cyrus Vance and I (Cy was then my deputy Secretary of Defence), Walt Rostow (the National Security Adviser), with the five Chiefs of Staff, went to Texas to meet with President Johnson, who was then in Austin.

A major issue was the issue of Anti-Ballistic Missile defence. The Congress at that point had already authorised procurement of an anti-ballistic missile defence. We had refused to spend the funds—even in the face of the fact that the Soviets were deploying an anti-ballistic missile defence around Moscow. When we came to that part of the Budget I remember very well that the five Chiefs unanimously recommended to the President that we include funds for production and deployment of anti-ballistic missile defence.

The President turned to me and asked me what my recommendation was. I said, “Mr President that’s absolutely wrong. I strongly recommend against it.” I said to him, “Mr President, let’s do this: let’s recognise that I think it’s irrational to react to the Soviet defence with a US defence—it will be ineffective and a waste of money. But let’s put the funds in the Budget proposal and state to the Congress that none of this money will be utilised until we have made an effort to join with the Soviets to negotiate an agreement. . . .” He said, “I accept that.”

That began the contacts with the Soviet Union which ultimately led to the ABM Treaty in 1972 and the Offensive Arms Control Protocol that accompanied it.

—But by that time you had reached a position in your own mind where “mutual assured destruction” was the only conceivable way to live with the advent of the nuclear weapon?

McNAMARA: That is correct.

—Because you assumed the Soviet Union would subscribe to MAD, this was to be the basis of (1) a stable deterrence, and (2) arms control?

McNAMARA: I didn't assume the Soviets subscribed to it. The way they were behaving on ballistic missile defence cast some doubt on it. But we believed that, ultimately, through the negotiations we would reach a common agreement on that as the foundation; and that would then make possible offensive arms limitation.

—What I was going to put to you, though, is this: isn't a shared perception of doctrine more or less essential to the pursuit of arms control?

McNAMARA: Absolutely—and what I assumed was that while they might not *at that moment* ascribe to that doctrine, the negotiations themselves would lead to acceptance of a common doctrine, on the basis of which one then could build arms agreements.

WHAT ROBERT McNAMARA leaves us with is one of the “unknowns”, unresolved today, and still an issue: whether the acceptance of a common vulnerability could be based, with confidence, on a reasonable common understanding. After all, the opinions of the democrat are deemed by the Marxist-Leninist to be ideological fictions.

The perception that animated the Americans then was their unilateral conclusion that the means-of-defence could compromise stability as much as the means-of-attack. It is an argument deployed now against the “Star Wars”/SDI concept. Dean Rusk was Secretary of State to both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson.

DEAN RUSK: We did a great deal of work on the anti-ballistic missile problem. We came to the conclusion that if we and the Soviets began to deploy anti-ballistic missiles, the inevitable result would be a dramatic increase in offensive missiles, so that you could penetrate or saturate the ABMs before the main strike was delivered.

Secretary McNamara had gone through that very careful analysis in 1965-66. He seemed to me to be able to demonstrate conclusively that the primary result of ABMs would be to multiply *offensive* weapons, and therefore they didn't make any sense. It would simply result in a severe escalation of the race in offensive weapons. So that underlying con-

sideration produced the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty.

AS THE SOVIET nuclear arsenal was growing reciprocally in the 1960s, the view had clearly matured among those who had direct responsibility for these matters in the United States that nuclear blackmail—the use of the nuclear threat with a positive goal in mind—could have no place in the mind of the statesman.

RUSK: Oh yes, I remember almost immediately after President Kennedy took office, he and about six of us sat down in the Cabinet Room. We spent most of the day going through the total effects of nuclear war, both direct and indirect. At the end of it he asked me to come back to the Oval Office with him to talk about something. As we went through the door, he said with a strange little look on his face, “And we call ourselves the human race. . . .” Those who go through that exercise know that at long last the human race has reached the point where it must prevent that general war before it occurs. It's going to take some doing in terms of imagination and restraint and responsibility, and I personally think we need more help from the Russians on that kind of thing than we have had.



DEAN RUSK's disapproval of the withholding by the Russians of such cooperation identifies the source of a persistent distrust. Aren't the two sides arming themselves for different purposes? Can equality ever be conceded or established? The uncertainties which arise are translated into practical consequences. I recall Metetrnich's famous remark in the last century when he was informed of the death of the Russian Ambassador. “Is this true?” he asked; adding, “What can have been his motive?”

In the 1960s, American policy-makers were absorbing the shock of the Soviet Union being the first to produce an inter-continental ballistic missile—and the exuberant political claims of Khrushchev which accompanied Moscow's success. The American homeland was no longer invulnerable. The Russians had shown that they were capable of surreptitiously gaining an unpredicted strategic advantage. *Sputnik* evoked fearful prospects of Soviet-imposed “Munichs” and “Pearl Harbors.”

President Kennedy had campaigned on the issue of “America asleep” and “falling behind.” Only later (with satellite reconnaissance) could it be shown that the “Missile Gap”—the fear that the Soviet Union might produce and deploy rockets faster than the United States—was illusory. However, it began an “intelligence” debate which continues to the present day: would the Soviet Union ever be content with parity?

ROBERT McNAMARA: President Kennedy didn't conceive of this gap himself; he was not consciously misstating the situation as he knew it.

The problem then, and to a considerable degree today, is that the West has imperfect knowledge of the Soviet Union; and when you face a situation of imperfect knowledge, it's very important that you do not underestimate the strength of your opponent. You tend to overestimate. That's what the Air Force was doing then, and that led to the allegation of the “Missile Gap.” To this day, in my opinion, we're exaggerating the strength of the Soviets for the same reason.

—Isn't the problem inseparable from the Soviet Union as a closed and secretive society?

McNAMARA: Yes, and I would like to stress that I think it's in the Soviet interest to open that up to some degree, at least—to share with us, and to permit us to understand better what their security policies and their security forces are.

—But would you agree that after the launching of “Sputnik” Khrushchev brandished the nuclear weapon and the Soviet Union's nuclear success? I have here an extract from his 14 June 1960 speech.

“The United States, for example, has set itself the target of equalling Soviet rocket production within a period of five years. Do you think the Russians are going to wait? Are we going to play tiddlywinks? Naturally we shall try to make the most of our time-lead and do everything to retain our leading position in this field. There's been a fundamental change in the balance of strength between the Capitalist and Socialist countries—the old positions-of-strength policy is no longer tenable. . . .”

How did the Kennedy Administration intend to react in the face of those pronouncements?

McNAMARA: You must recall that, at that time, the Soviets knew their weakness, probably better than we did. The number of strategic warheads possessed by the Soviet Union and the US in 1960, I happen to recall—I was reviewing the figures the other day—the US had 6,300, the Soviets had 200. Now, facing that situation and recognising as he did that there were individuals high in the hierarchy in the Defence Department who believed that we did have, should have, and possibly should use a first-strike capability, I think it was natural that he would tend to exaggerate their strength and boast of what they were going to do to us—recognising that we didn't know exactly what they had, and recognising that they had for a short period of time a technological lead (that is to say in rocket, in missile development). I think that accounts for what clearly was a gross exaggeration of strength.

—But shouldn't we be clear that that's with the benefit of hindsight, and not what you knew at the time?

McNAMARA: Yes, that's exactly the point.

THE SOVIET UNION had neutralised the major Western advantage, and nuclear weapons were serving as agents of mutual paralysis at the strategic level. Kennedy had concluded in 1960, as he said, that:

“Soviet missile power will be the shield from behind which they will slowly but surely advance, through “Sputnik” diplomacy, limited wars and the vicious blackmail of our allies. The periphery of the free world will be nibbled away.”

The inference was that nuclear weapons favoured the aggressor and that the Soviet Union was an aggressive state. In this respect opinion was influenced by the experience of the immediate historical past, as Dean Rusk makes clear.

DEAN RUSK: That continuing build-up is a matter of concern. Let me go back here for a bit. Just after the end of World War II, we in the West demobilised almost completely and almost overnight. By the summer of 1946, we did not have a single division in our Army nor a single group in our Air Force that could be considered ready for combat. The ships of our Navy were being put into moth-balls about as fast as we could find berths for them, and those that remained afloat were being manned by skeleton crews.

Our defence budget for three fiscal years, 1947, 1948 and 1949, came down to little over eleven billion dollars a year, believe it or not. Now Mr Stalin sat over there, and he looked out across the West, and he saw all the divisions melting away. So what did he do? He tried to keep his troops in Azerbaijan, the north-west province of Iran—the first case before the UN Security Council. He demanded the two eastern provinces of Turkey, Kars and Ardahan. He swept aside some of the wartime agreements which might have given the peoples of Eastern Europe more say in their own political future. He supported the guerrillas going after Greece. He had a hand in the Communist *coup d'état* in Czechoslovakia. He blockaded Berlin. He gave the green light to the North Koreans to go after South Korea.

Now this was at a period when we were disarmed. I personally believed that we in the West exposed Mr Stalin to intolerable temptations through our own weakness. But those adventures of his, just after World War II, were the origins of the Cold War. We were disarmed. Had he pursued for ten years after World War II a policy of *genuine* “peaceful co-existence”, as we in the West would understand it, he would have produced among other things a disarmed and an isolationist America. But he woke us up with all these adventures of his.

THOSE WHO MADE American policy in the 1960s were confronted with a reality beyond the range of all former concepts: the principle of “mutual annihilation” was becoming a material fact. The Defence Secretary, who had “industrialised” the military arts—and in doing so quickly overhauled and then outdistanced the early Soviet supremacy in rockets—had begun his personal odyssey to the meeting he would have some years later with the Soviet Premier, Kosygin. In Glassboro, New Jersey, in 1967, he

made a passionate plea to the Russians to forgo the concept of defence against the ballistic missile. In these dramatic years it fell to him to try to reconcile old concepts with new realities.

ROBERT McNAMARA: I remember being with President Kennedy (in May of 1962) in California. We were visiting Vandenberg Air Base, and the Commander of the Strategic Air Command met us when our plane landed. As we got into his car, he turned to the President, and said, "When we get the 10,000 *Minutemen*, Mr President, I . . ." At that moment the President said, "What did you say?" "Well", he said, "I didn't say anything—I started to say when we get the 10,000 *Minutemen*, we're going to do. . . ."

Well, the President said, "I thought that's what you said." He said, "Bob, we're not going to get 10,000 *Minutemen*, are we?" I said, "No, no, no, Mr President, we're limiting it to 1,000."

Now the reason I mention this is that at that point the Commander of the Strategic Air Command believed we should have 10,000. The Air Force had cut that back and, as I recall, had recommended to me that we procure 3,000. I had cut it back to 1,000. Now I think one could argue that 1,000 was too many. And that's about as far as I thought I could go under the circumstances.

—*You've said a good deal in the past about "the cycle of action-and-reaction." In September 1967 you made a speech in San Francisco in which you spoke of your certainty that action-and-reaction fuelled the arms race. I'd like to quote your words:*

"There's a kind of mad momentum intrinsic to the development of all nuclear weapons. If a weapon system works, and works well, there's strong pressure from many directions to procure and deploy the weapon out of all proportion to the procurement level required."

What I'd like to ask is: is that not too mechanical an explanation? Doesn't it ignore the ideological conflict and the doctrinal contention which you agree exists between the two powers?

McNAMARA: Well, I think it's the ideological differences that in effect cause the action-reaction phenomenon in the technology of weapons—given each side's fear of the other. When one side sees the other side moving forward technically, they're driven to a technical response. And therefore I think my statement is entirely consistent with your implication that ideological differences exist.

—*The only question is: which would you put first?*

McNAMARA: I wouldn't put either first. They exist together in the world today; the ideological differences persist; each side is fearful of the other; technology advances. If one side introduces a technical advance, the other side is driven to copy it. I think we have a perfect illustration of that today, and I'm not sure either side fully recognises it. President Reagan's so-called "Star Wars" Initiative is bound to lead, in

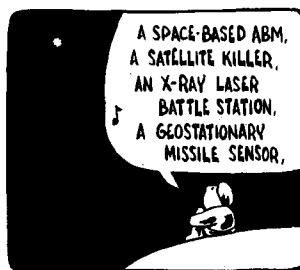
my opinion, to Soviet responses. There's very little evidence that the US Administration has yet taken account of these responses.

—*Responses in kind, or of a different kind?*

McNAMARA: I would say both. "In kind" in the sense that our expansion of research on strategic defences is bound to lead to further Soviet effort in that direction. Moreover, our stated intention to deploy a strategic defence will almost surely lead, unless we backtrack, to an expansion of Soviet offensive forces, in order that they will have continuing confidence in their ability to deter a strike by us. . . .

—*And how similar are these arguments to the ones that you had with Kосygin at Glassboro?*

McNAMARA: They are the mirror image of the positions in 1967. The positions have exactly reversed.



ONE LEGACY OF the McNamara years was that America stopped building ballistic missiles in the 1960s, and kept to an overall level which stayed the same until 1980. The Russians' refusal to halt when they reached the same level has fuelled the suspicion that the official ideol-

ogy of the Soviet Union imposes and sustains a rather different view of the nuclear weapon.

In the strange universe called into being by weapons which have no function except to stop themselves being used, and which can only discharge that function because there is a chance that they might be, is it the case that the Soviet Union also believes that nuclear arms inaugurated a strategy of deterrence? The former Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, an influential adviser on Soviet policy in the Pentagon and now Director of the National Security Agency, General William Odom.

WILLIAM ODOM: I don't think they accept that at all. The classified studies (most of them are declassified now) don't demonstrate that at all; they demonstrate quite the contrary. I have gone back and looked at some of the evidence. It may be that Khrushchev looked at heavy reliance on strategic nuclear weapons as a way to get around building very large ground forces, particularly paying attention to the modernisation of ground-force weapons.

—*Rather like we've done in the West?*

ODOM: Yes.

—*But experts point out that you can search Soviet military writing and find there no analogue for this Western con-*

cept of deterrence. Do you agree with that?

ODOM: I agree with that completely. I find the best evidence on inferring what the Soviets are most likely to do in the doctrinal literature, even the unclassified open literature which Soviet officers have to study, which becomes the basis for their education and their view about how these weapons will be employed. After a war starts, to try to change everybody's doctrinal view about such employment—that's virtually incomprehensible. Therefore, one or two isolated statements by Khrushchev or Brezhnev strike me as very thin evidence indeed about the Soviet view of nuclear weapons or approach to their use. These textbooks are studied and memorised by them in great detail. When you stack that against the empirical evidence we see in their force-building process, it leads me to the very comfortable conclusion—or maybe uncomfortable but confident conclusion—that they don't share our view of that at all.

—What is the distinction that they make, then, between Deterrence and War—in the sense that Clausewitz saw war as “the continuation of politics by other means”?

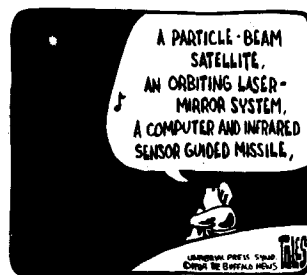
ODOM: He saw war as an instrument of policy. Clausewitz is much quoted and little read—there are many other things by Clausewitz which you could bring to bear, and I think the Soviets are better students of Clausewitz than we sometimes are in the West. You know, Lenin himself read Clausewitz very carefully, annotated *On War* in some detail; I think he is very close to the Soviet view of war. In fact, a philosophical point that seems to me to bear very heavily on the side of those who argue that the Soviets take a war-fighting approach is that to take the Western deterrence view of “assured destruction” is really to say that we surrender primacy over our choice about matters of war to technical gimmickry. In other words, we determine the outcomes in advance, and just sit back and let somebody else make the choice about whether or not deterrence will fail or not fail.

Though there are so many paradoxes (philosophical, moral, military and others) in deterrence theory, it's amazing that this paradigm has succeeded as long as it has. From time to time I have described it as something like Ptolemy's view of the solar system. When the stars don't behave the way you want them to, you create one more little epicycle to account for this erratic behaviour. I think the Soviets have a Copernican view of the solar system.

—In other words, you are saying that your assessment of it in the Pentagon was that the Soviet Union refuses to adopt this doctrine of “assured destruction” because it thinks—ideologically and empirically—that you cannot, just because nuclear weapons exist, rob war of any strategic meaning. In other words, you've got to keep on thinking, what if deterrence fails (and so on)?

ODOM: Precisely. I would call deterrence, when it's based on an empty threat (from a Marxist-Leninist point of view), an error of *subjectivism*. In other words, you don't have the objective material factors to make it come out the way you've

asserted it will come out. Our deterrence theory would strike a Soviet, a serious Marxist-Leninist, as simple-minded subjectivism, or “bourgeois idealism.” Whereas an objective war-fighting capability that has the prospects of some campaign success, even at great losses to your society, is an *objective* capability, not simply a subjective capability.



THE PRIVATE VIEW in the Kremlin of these vital matters remains inaccessible, as both Robert McNamara and Dean Rusk have complained. In such circumstances it was the Duke of Wellington who advised us that the business of war and the business of life was to

find out what you don't know from what you do, and to *guess* what was on the other side of the hill. How, therefore, do we suppose the Soviet Union views the political and military utility of nuclear weapons? A family descendant of the great Duke, who has held high responsibility for the conduct of Alliance nuclear policy: Field-Marshal Lord Carver.

LORD CARVER: I think that the principal political utility is to reinforce their claim to be a world power on the same level as the United States. This is very deeply ingrained in their thinking: politically, they must be seen (partly in order to be seen as the leaders of world Communism) as in every way the equals of the United States.

—But would you agree that the extent to which the Soviet approach to the problem of nuclear weapons differs from the Alliance or American ones has been the crux of recent debate? What is the evidence that the Russians feel the nuclear weapon has abolished what has historically been an indispensable concept of war—decisive battle? In other words, that they, too, have substituted deterrence for decisive battle.

CARVER: I don't think that's the case at all. Certainly not the case in the eyes of the Soviet military. I think they initially saw (as, in many ways, we did too) the nuclear weapon, the Atom Bomb as we called it in those days, as an extension of fire-power on the battlefield. We had looked at it in terms of an extension of fire-power *defensively*; they had looked at it as an extension of fire-power *offensively*. Their whole strategic doctrine is based on their absolute determination not (as they see it) to make the mistake that was made in 1941 of remaining on the defensive. The moment they feel or suspect that the other side is about to take military operations against them, they must take the offensive and be capable of winning that offensive in as short a period of time as possible.

Therefore, their whole strategic doctrine (which they regard as being for the purposes of defence) is one of being able to take the *offence*; and for that they have to have what they call “the correct correlation of forces”, which means they've got to be superior to the other side.

—What they call a correlation of forces, a “balance”, to them is an imbalance in their favour?

CARVER: That is exactly the case.

—Their publicly articulated position over many years has been “no first use” of nuclear weapons. In what circumstances do you believe the Soviet Union would go first with nuclear weapons?

CARVER: Well, I tackled them on this particular issue, particularly in respect of the SS-20. I said: you made a declaration of “no first use”—but land-based missile systems which are designed to attack the other side’s nuclear delivery systems, whether they’re mobile or static, are by definition first-use weapons because there’s absolutely no point in firing at the other side’s nuclear delivery system after it’s already fired! So how, I said, do you explain that away?

And they said: Ah, but you see, as long as the United States won’t make such a declaration, we must assume (and they do in their minds assume) that the United States is planning a first strike against us. And we must, therefore, make provision for the fact that this is the case, and when we come to the conclusion that they are about to carry out that operation, we would strike their systems first. In other words, they would carry out a first strike. Of course it’s a mirror image of what the United States themselves think.

—However, President Nixon is on the record as saying this:

“For years the prevailing United States concept has been that nuclear war could not and would not bring any meaningful form of victory, either military or political. The Soviet concept, however, has been that nuclear war, even though it would mean an immense disaster, cannot and must not be deprived of strategic meaning.”

What is the strategic meaning that the Soviet Union would give to it?

CARVER: I think it is this. Certainly the Soviet military, as I see it, take the view that they don’t want a nuclear war any more than anybody else. But if a war starts and nuclear weapons are used, there can be no limitation; and there would be no limitation from their point of view in how their nuclear weapons were used. If the worst came to the worst, they are prepared to face all-out nuclear war in the belief that the Soviet system (as well as the geography of the Soviet Union) is one which would survive such an exchange better than the Western system.

IT IS AT THIS LAST and crucial point—envisaging the fighting and winning of a nuclear war—that there is a clear separation between the maintained Soviet view and that which Robert McNamara came to hold and implement as the public nuclear doctrine of the USA and its allies in the 1960s.

Defence Secretary McNamara had been the prophet of

record for two schools of thought—at first providing the American President with the option of first use of nuclear weapons against Soviet military forces (the “Counter-force strategy”) and then, as the Soviet arsenal grew, deciding that such “positive” use of nuclear weapons could really only belong to the realms of strategic fiction. He describes how this doctrine concerning the fantastic destructive power of the nuclear weapon evolved in his own mind during the 1960s.

ROBERT McNAMARA: We were seeking to move away from “massive retaliation”, to replace it (a) with conventional response to conventional attack, and (b) to the extent that nuclear weapons were to be used, to use them late and in limited quantity, and against military as opposed to population targets, in order to limit the Soviet nuclear response and thereby limit the damage to NATO.

—There’s a doctrinal shift in what is known as “the McNamara years”—away from the idea that the prime target should be Soviet military forces, back to the idea that the populations of both countries are to be “held hostage.”

McNAMARA: A shift to “assured destruction.”

—To “assured destruction.” Now, was that a unilateral choice made by you?

McNAMARA: Yes. “Unilateral choice” in this sense. The Soviet forces increased in size. In 1960, I think the number of their strategic warheads was 200, and by 1970 that had risen to 1,800. And during that time the number of their missiles had increased. It became increasingly clear that a second strike against their missiles (in other words, a retaliatory counter-force strike) made no sense. The Soviet missiles were likely to be fired by the time our counter-force got there. . . .

—You’d be firing at empty holes. . . .

McNAMARA: Firing at empty holes. The counter-force strategy was a function of a very limited Soviet strategic nuclear capability. It was appropriate for 1962. By 1964-66, it was no longer appropriate, as they had multiplied that strategic nuclear capability several-fold.

—As you settled into the Kennedy Administration, could you say (with Clausewitz) that you were “a man of action with all your soul”, but that you also wanted to think out, with all your soul, your own activity and your action in general? How did you contemplate this whole question of equality and superiority as between the Soviet Communist Republic and the American Republic?

McNAMARA: You’re quite right, we did want to think it out, and particularly we wanted to think it out because we recognised that, without exaggeration, the very existence of our society and civilisation was at stake. The reality was forced upon us very quickly. You may remember that in August of 1961, a few months after the Kennedy Administration took office, the Soviets began to put pressure on West

Berlin, clearly with the intention of changing the agreements and in a very real sense taking over the Western position in West Berlin. We then had to consider how to respond; and in the course of a period of time that extended over several weeks, we examined possible responses—including, at the suggestion of some senior commanders, the possible use of nuclear weapons.

Beginning then, and for months in the future, we studied intensively how, if at all, NATO might initiate the use of nuclear weapons with advantage to NATO. I did not find then, and I’ve never seen since, any indication that anyone in the world knows how to initiate the use of nuclear weapons with advantage to NATO. At that point we came to the conclusion that nuclear warheads are not weapons; they have no military value whatsoever, excepting only to serve as a deterrent to one’s opponent’s use of such weapons.

—By the mid-1960s the Kennedy Administration (and later Lyndon Johnson) had decided to freeze the USA’s ICBM numbers. Why was that?

McNAMARA: Because we believed in what I’m going to call deterrence, in “assured destruction”; and we felt we could achieve that strategic objective with the number of missiles and warheads that we then had. We did not think of superiority-of-numbers turning unusable into usable military power. We believed then, as I believe today, that these warheads are not weapons; they have no military purpose; they cannot be used in war. They can only be used to deter the other side’s initiation of a military strike, a nuclear strike; and if that’s the objective, a limited number will accomplish it.



which the Strategic Defence Initiative, or “Star Wars”, makes claim to deliver us.

Until then we live in a state of mind which might be compared to that of the primitive church of which Edward Gibbon wrote, in *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, that “the influence of truth was very powerfully strengthened by a belief that the world was coming to an end.” This opinion, the historian went on to say, “however it may deserve respect for its usefulness and antiquity has not, on the whole, proved agreeable to experience. . . .”

MAD, the theory of deterrence, in which official war is replaced by a protracted duel of moral attrition and the threat of retaliation, leaves the answer to a major issue wrapped in ambiguity. What is left of the deterring threat of nuclear

AND SO, with a mixture of anguish and resolution, Robert McNamara arrived at the doctrine of “Mutual Assured Destruction”, MAD—the mental universe that we inhabit today, with its prospect of a man-made Day of Judgment: the intellectual impasse from

weapons once we arrive at stability in the form of a guarantee of mutual assured destruction? This was the question President Kennedy raised, and he answered it by undertaking limited war in Viet Nam. That failure of limited war as a deterrent has returned us, in more recent years, to innovations designed to reinforce the paramountcy of nuclear weapons. How did Kennedy mean to avoid (as he put it) the free world being nibbled to death in a nuclear stalemate?

DEAN RUSK: The United States has not chosen to play the role of the world’s policeman: we have not accepted any kind of global responsibility in that direction. Since World War II, there have been something over 400 situations of violence somewhere in the world, and the USA has been directly involved in seven or eight of those. We have to keep our eyes on those points of genuine vital interest to the United States, and make it clear that we are prepared to take action to protect those vital interests. But there will be a good many quarrels and changes in different parts of the world which are simply not our business. However, I think these 40 years without the use of nuclear weapons are no sure guarantee for the future. We and the Russians must try to avoid playing the game that Americans call the game of “chicken”—to see how far one or the other can go without crossing that lethal line—because there can always be mistakes and misjudgments.

—But would you agree that, for the Soviet Union, nuclear parity had a political as well as a strategic value, that it offered the possibility of Soviet expansionism—the very thing which you tell us greatly concerned Kennedy, and which was explicit in the “Wars of Liberation speech” that Khrushchev made?

RUSK: This is a point where one has to think of Henry Kissinger’s remark, “What in the name of heaven is nuclear superiority?”—because the scale of destructive power is so enormous that minor differences in numbers make no difference from any kind of military point of view. The numbers have to be watched because they could affect perceptions about what these numbers mean. If the Soviet Union ever felt that it had such large numbers that it could engage in adventures in many places without any kind of reaction from the rest of us, then we could have some danger.

—But how important was the nuclear equation in your view? Many took the view that because Berlin could be defended only by going to extremes, therefore it would be lost. Why did some Americans fear this would happen? Was the only way to respond to the Berlin Crisis possibly a nuclear response?

RUSK: There was a graduated response in the contingency plans of NATO with respect to Berlin. My own hunch is that, somewhere along the way, that matter would have been resolved before we got to the nuclear stage—because neither side could possibly want nuclear war, and that includes the Russians.

—But doesn’t that argue that the nuclear factor is the ultimate determinant in the manipulation of risk and crisis?

RUSK: It does impose some limits beyond which one does *not* go, one *must* not go. We've learned that in 40 years, and I hope very much that our successors will keep that in mind, in both Moscow and Washington.

—*What about Cuba? If one recalls Clausewitz's simple formula, "the effect that a certain step will have on the enemy" is the most relevant of all the factors in the action. What is it possible to add, after all these years, to our knowledge of why Khrushchev and the Politburo challenged Kennedy with nuclear weapons on America's doorstep in Cuba?*

RUSK: I don't believe that we ever really knew with precision just why Mr Khrushchev decided to put the missiles in Cuba; or why he thought that he could do so without a very strong American reaction. It may be that he made the judgment that, since President Kennedy had not followed up the Bay of Pigs with American forces, we would not attach much importance to Cuba. It may be that the advantages to him of getting a hundred of these missiles in Cuba would be so great that it would be worth taking a chance if there were only a 20% chance of success. Whatever the reasons, we felt that the missiles in Cuba from a military point of view would make it possible for them to knock out our Strategic Air Command bases with almost no advance warning. From a political point of view, the effects in this Western hemisphere and in NATO would be devastating. And so that produced an extraordinarily dangerous crisis.

—*What is the determinant? Is it the central nuclear balance? Why did he do that when America was in the position (perhaps stronger then than it is today) to answer from terms of superiority?*

RUSK: I can't document this point, but I feel rather strongly that somehow Cuba was connected with Berlin in Khrushchev's mind. That Khrushchev had in mind that he would get these missiles into Cuba very quickly and secretly, and then, much more forcefully, at that point call attention to these missiles in Cuba as a makeweight argument over Berlin. I can't go into all the details of why I have come to that conclusion, but I think the Cuban missiles were related to his pressures on Berlin.

THE EVENTS OF 1962 are still the most dramatic of our nuclear era. Why Khrushchev showed contempt for Kennedy's warning by his dynamic thrust to place nuclear weapons on America's doorstep, why he then gave way, and what impact the central nuclear balance had upon the seminal crises of Cuba and Berlin—there is no unanimous American view.

What has today become the ascendant branch of American strategic thinking would contest Robert McNamara's description of the role played by nuclear weapons in the outcome of crisis and the handling of risk.

ROBERT McNAMARA: I didn't believe then, and I don't

believe today, that it did affect the outcome of crises. Once one had a sufficient force to deter one's opponents from initiating the use of nuclear weapons, "your" nuclear force or "our" nuclear force had no impact on actions in a political crisis.

—*Why did the Berlin crisis of 1948-49 have a peaceful outcome when it was beyond the reach of conventional forces to intervene?*

McNAMARA: It's a very good question, and it was not because we had the superiority I referred to—say, 6,000 strategic warheads in NATO to (perhaps) 2-400 Warsaw Pact warheads. The very fact that in the face of that NATO strategic nuclear superiority the Soviets moved against Berlin is, I think, an illustration of my point.

—*What about Cuba, the classic crisis?*

McNAMARA: I would make the same point in the case of Cuba. The Soviets, again in the face of tremendous US strategic nuclear superiority at the time of Cuba—probably on the order of 7,000 warheads to maybe 4-500 Soviet warheads—took a very aggressive move in introducing missiles. They were finally forced out, but it was not through the threat of use of nuclear weapons. We never conceived of initiating the use of nuclear weapons under those circumstances. It was our tremendous conventional power in the region which forced the Soviets to take those missiles out.

—*But until the Kremlin archives are opened, that must remain a unilateral assumption on your part, mustn't it?*

McNAMARA: Well, I've had some conversations with Soviets in the intervening years, and they confirm that view.

—*How should one interpret what Mr Kuznetsov (the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister) said to John J. McCloy in the USA very shortly after the Cuban crisis: "You will never be able to do this to us again!"*

Surely that would suggest that Khrushchev backed down, having taken a hazardous risk, in the face of America's strategic superiority?

McNAMARA: No, I think one can interpret Kuznetsov's words in different ways. But I think what he meant—and Soviet actions since that time I think would lend support to my interpretation—is that they would never again place themselves in a weak position militarily *vis-à-vis* the US or NATO.

—*But the reality is the implied, perhaps the secret, threat of using nuclear weapons if there's an attempt to tilt the balance. Why did Khrushchev, when that balance was so clearly in favour of the United States, take the risk he did?*

McNAMARA: I don't know. That's a very good question. I have no answer to it. And I have not found a Russian, by the way, who has an answer.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY held out against Khrushchev’s violent pressure. That the Soviets, certainly retrospectively, had looked hard at the nuclear equation would seem to be confirmed.

DEAN RUSK: We had some reason to believe afterwards, that the Soviets thought we had counted missiles at the time of the Cuban missile crisis. In fact we had not. Apparently they thought so: “You got away with it this time! You’ll never get away with it again!” If you take into account the lead time required for making decisions and doing all the preparatory work and so forth, much of their further deployment of nuclear weapons in later years undoubtedly came from decisions made shortly after the Cuban Missile Crisis.



CUBA WAS A crucial moment in world history. Compounding the effect of Stalin’s actions in Eastern Europe at the end of the Second World War, it profoundly shocked the Americans.

Kennedy had appeared much stronger in Berlin—where the nuclear guarantees were less equivocal—than he had in Cuba. The reason was perhaps (as Dean Rusk suggested) that because Kennedy had not been prepared to push his abortive Bay of Pigs invasion to its logical conclusion, the resolute gambler in the Kremlin had seen Cuba as Kennedy’s (and America’s) Achilles heel. Fidel Castro said that the Soviet rockets in Cuba were meant “to strengthen the Socialist Camp as a whole.” In other words, they were to provide the Soviet Union with an inexpensive means of altering the balance of power in its favour. Khrushchev’s adventure was a challenge to the whole edifice of Deterrence—the premise that rivalry between nuclear powers can, and must, be pursued without confrontation.

Reflection on how close the world had come to the thunderclap in a clear sky concentrated all minds. Undoubtedly it changed Robert McNamara’s. In the 1960s, around Moscow, the Russians had been the first to deploy defences against nuclear attack. Doctrinally, such a concept conflicted with McNamara’s evangelism for deterrence by the certainty of “mutual assured destruction.” The Americans were developing—but had not *deployed*—a defence against ballistic missiles.

Deterrence insisted upon being able to penetrate any defence to assure the threat of retaliation. What many believe to be the single most destabilising development in the history of the nuclear arms competition—the placing of many warheads on a single rocket to saturate defences, the hydra-headed missile *MIRV*—was being conceived.

ROBERT MCNAMARA: The *MIRV* development, *MIRV* research, began roughly in 1966, something of that order; and of course, as you know, the *MIRVs* weren’t deployed until sometime around 1972. It’s a very interesting development

because it’s an illustration of this action-reaction phenomenon that I think is so important to recognise as stimulating moves by the Soviets and by ourselves. *MIRV* research was started as an answer by the USA to the Soviet anti-ballistic missile deployment, which they were beginning and which we had evidence of, and which they didn’t deny.

We knew that they were proceeding to deploy it around Moscow. What we didn’t know was the degree to which they intended to deploy it across the rest of the Soviet Union. It’s an illustration of this problem of uncertainty. We had to assume, since we saw them starting, that they would continue. If they did, we of necessity would have to maintain our deterrent—our insurance that we had the capability under all circumstances to absorb a Soviet nuclear strike, survive that with sufficient nuclear weapons to inflict unacceptable damage on them. That was our basis for concluding that we could deter them from ever initiating that strike.

If they’re building defence, then we would of necessity have to increase our offensive forces. To do that, we concluded, the best, the most efficient, the most functional way, was to add so-called “multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles” to our launchers—that’s what *MIRV* means. And therefore we began the research to develop those. The *MIRV* research was initiated solely as a means of countering the Soviet anti-ballistic deployment.

THESE WERE, to McNamara, new and irrational uncertainties. Their contribution to that fear of the Apocalypse to which all in the White House at the time of Cuba attest—together with the deepening involvement in Viet Nam, where the Americans had determined to reinforce deterrence by answering limited war with limited war—was hastening McNamara down his chosen path. He decided the time had come to try and reconcile the dialectic of opposing nuclear weapons and wills, and was instrumental in persuading President Lyndon B. Johnson to take an initiative with the Russians—in the hope that they would come to share the American insight into the nature of nuclear deterrence.

The opportunity was taken at the summit meeting at Glassboro in 1967 between President Johnson and the Soviet Premier Kosygin. McNamara made a passionate plea to Kosygin about the nature of the Soviet Union’s nuclear capabilities and intentions.

ROBERT MCNAMARA: We had great difficulty in determining what they ascribed to. At that point most of the Soviet military writings that we had access to indicated that they believed that *any* military conflict between East and West would be a *nuclear* conflict. Quite frankly, their writings made no sense to us; and that was particularly true as the size of their force increased. By 1967, when they were proceeding to deploy their anti-ballistic missile defence, we found it impossible to rationalise their writings and their actions. In 1967 President Johnson met Prime Minister Kosygin in Glassboro, and confronted him with the way we interpreted their actions, particularly as they related to anti-ballistic missile defence.

Kosygin could no more understand our reactions than we could understand his actions. The two sides had totally different views of the nuclear world they lived in at that time.

—Would you accept a source that you may not willingly wish to agree with? President Nixon says this:

“In American thinking, strategic nuclear superiority and the attempt to limit damage in the event of nuclear war were replaced by theories of deterrence that emphasise the inevitability of mass civilian destruction, assured destruction. These theories were linked with an arms-control-oriented belief that nuclear weapons beyond the necessary minimum lacked political or military utility. Whereas the Soviet Union did not separate deterrence and defence, and the Soviets orientated their planning towards their ability to fight and survive and win a nuclear war. . . .”

ROBERT McNAMARA: I think that states very clearly my view of both our strategy of 1967 and my view of the Soviet strategy at that time.

—In other words, the Soviet Union's analysis (and why Kosygin does not agree with Johnson at Glassboro) is that the Soviets perceive a political utility in the nuclear weapons which your rational minds do not acknowledge.

McNAMARA: No, I don't want to put those words in Kosygin's mouth at the time. What I want to say is that I don't believe that Kosygin understood the way we looked at Deterrence.

Johnson, at one point, turned to me and said: “Bob, you explain to Kosygin how we view their ABM deployment.”

I said: “Mr Prime Minister, you must understand that we will maintain a deterrent under any circumstances. And we view a deterrent as a nuclear force so strong it can absorb your nuclear attack on it, survive with sufficient power to inflict unacceptable damage on you. And, therefore, if you put a defence in place, we're going to have to expand our nuclear, our offensive forces. You may think, as the Congress apparently does, that a proper response to the Soviet defence is a US defence; but I tell you the proper response is, and it will be our response, to expand our offensive force. . . .”

He absolutely erupted. He became red in the face. He pounded the table. He said, “Defence is moral, offence is immoral.”

Now I think that's what he believed. This was not show; he believed it.

Perhaps his military commanders also believed that you could use nuclear weapons in war and exchange nuclear shots, and ultimately the side with the largest number would prevail, and quote “win” unquote the war, whatever that meant. I don't know that Kosygin believed that. But he clearly had an erroneous view, in our minds; and, I think, quite a different view then than his counterparts today have of what is reality in the nuclear age and what each side needs to maintain security—and that is Deterrence. He didn't understand it; his view was quite different from ours; his counterparts today would agree 100% with the way we expressed it in 1967.

ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO, Robert McNamara urged upon the Russians that nations should not aspire to defend their peoples against the Bomb, but rather make the weapon itself invulnerable—that to attempt defence would mean inevitably only more and more offensive weapons. That is one root criticism of President Reagan's SDI/“Star Wars” proposal today. As we shall see in a subsequent article, the proponents of SDI believe they will be able to justify a different verdict in the years ahead.

But that American initiative to forsake the Anti-Ballistic Missile was the first practical step in seeking Soviet cooperation for the proposition that human survival in the nuclear age would depend largely on two things—the rational intelligence of state leadership, and Arms Control.

There was at first no response. A year later, in 1968, the Soviet Union invaded Czechoslovakia—and a new shadow was thrown on the cave wall. Not until a new American government took office could this new diplomacy be revived and later carried into effect. The Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty became part of the system of rewards and punishments conceived by Dr Henry Kissinger in his attempt to “manage” the emergence of the Soviet Union as a superpower, and to secure “Deterrence through Détente.”

2. The Hand of Henry Kissinger



WHEN President Nixon took office in 1969, he spoke at once of the unique and fatal implications which nuclear weapons possess for the statesman. “While I would like”, he said, “to provide the American people with complete protection against nuclear attack, it is not now within our power to do so. . . .” The President added this: “It might look to an opponent like the prelude to an offensive strategy threatening the Soviet deterrent.”

President Nixon was reiterating the essence of Robert McNamara's passionate presentation to the Soviet Premier, Kosygin, at the Glassboro summit two years earlier. To attempt a nuclear defence would merely mean an intensified arms race in offensive weapons: and, therefore, “mutual assured destruction” should be acknowledged as the rational prescription for stable deterrence. It fell to the Nixon Administration to bring about the fascinating and fitful negotiation with the Soviet Union which was to give a cold and ambiguous assent to McNamara's proposition.

The “Strategic Arms Limitation Talks”, SALT, became the principal arena for a form of struggle which itself was a substitute for war. SALT was compared, in the beginning, to the Congress of Vienna in the last century, which secured the

40 years of peace that followed the Napoleonic wars. The similarities were superficially beguiling. What Talleyrand had said of his colleagues and former allies against Napoleon, “*Too frightened to fight one another, too stupid to agree*”, was given a wholly new dimension by the nuclear competition.

The Russians were achieving nuclear parity with the United States. The balance of power was being challenged. In 1968, the year before Nixon was elected, the Russians had reasserted their hegemony in Europe by invading Czechoslovakia. In Viet Nam, the Communist forces (armed by the Soviet Union) had launched an offensive in more than 40 provincial towns, which was seen in America at the time as overthrowing certain basic assumptions about the nature and progress of the war. In consequence, amid a growing domestic tumult, President Johnson stood down and did not seek re-election.

Into this forbidding context stepped Dr Henry Kissinger, with his immense talents and intelligence. For almost ten years he was to be one of the most powerful men in the world. In his own book about the Congress of Vienna, Dr Kissinger had written of those statesmen who achieved final greatness: that it was given to them not only to maintain the perfection of order but to have the strength to contemplate chaos—and there to find the material for fresh creation.

How far did chaos appear to Henry Kissinger to be the prospect, as he went to the White House as President Nixon’s National Security Adviser and later his Secretary of State?

HENRY KISSINGER: It was a very difficult period, because the bipartisan consensus that had characterised US foreign policy for most of the post-War period was collapsing.

A kind of opposition was developing in the United States that was unprecedented. The practical proposals that were being made had the consequence of a complete collapse of a military effort in Viet Nam that our predecessors had started and which had left us with 550,000 troops in place. Our studies indicated, for example, that it would take us 18 months to get them out, even as a simple logistics problem, together with an attack on every military programme. There was also the fact that the people who had created the conditions, as soon as they were out of office, went into opposition to what were their own policies. So it was an extremely complicated situation, not eased by the fact that President Nixon (who was a man of great accomplishment and great knowledge in foreign policy) did not have the art of gaining popular support the way, for example, President Reagan has.

—*The strength to contemplate chaos, you said, and there to find material for fresh creation. . . . Why was Arms Control, SALT, the “material for fresh creation” as you saw it, to become the principal activity for what you called “a new structure of peace” with the Soviet Union?*

KISSINGER: That was not our policy: our policy was much more complicated than this. Arms control to us (that is to Nixon and me, and to those who dominated the Nixon Administration) was not an end in itself—it was one of the tools; and in fact we did not make even the first preliminary agreement

on arms control until May 1971, which was two-plus years after we came into office. Our strategy was to try to bring China into play; to try to isolate North Viet Nam; to establish a new relationship with Europe; and with the Soviet Union to move ahead on a broad front. We believed in linkage. We, for example, did not agree to any increase in trade until there had been some preliminary agreement on arms control. So we never believed that arms control by itself could carry the whole burden of East-West relations. There were, however, significant segments of American public opinion (especially scientific and intellectual opinion) who thought exactly that; and since they were needed to carry any agreement through the Congress against conservative opposition, they tended to have a more vocal role than our theory would have justified.

HENRY KISSINGER had an overarching concept of grand strategy. His enticing of China out of its years of self-imposed isolation and the dialogue he established with the Soviet leaders have written some of the most important history of the 20th century. Kissinger declared that the problem of the age was how to manage the emergence of the Soviet Union as a superpower. That relationship turned fundamentally on the supreme instruments of national power—on nuclear weapons.

As the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks began, the Soviet military programme was gaining momentum, while the Americans had stopped building and were now trying “not to lose” rather than to win in Viet Nam. There was evident concern about the long-term trends. Kissinger felt that, as nuclear parity approached, it was the duty of the statesman to dominate what he could not avoid. That was also the intention of President Nixon, as the chief American negotiator with the Russians at the SALT talks, Gerard Smith, recalls.

GERARD SMITH: I think he felt that the Soviets were moving faster in the strategic field than we were; and that maybe this was the last time (in ’69, ’70, ’71) that we could deal with the Soviets on an equivalent basis. So it didn’t come to his mind as sufficiency so much as to stop the Soviets from going ahead pell-mell.

—*To what extent, as President Nixon negotiated with his Soviet opposite numbers (on an ABM Treaty, the first SALT agreement) was he in the French diplomatic formulation “demandeur”?*

SMITH: We never had that sense of being “demandeur” in the actual front lines. I felt that we had substantial qualitative advantages, even though the Soviet numbers were increasing and ours were not. We were on the verge of the *MIRV*, the multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles; and the Soviets were not and would not be for some years. So the qualitative advantage, we thought (and I think correctly), lay with us.

—*But “demandeur” perhaps in another sense, as the Soviet*

Union may have seen it, in that SALT I and the American decision to go ahead with that were a recognition that there was no way other than by agreement to limit arms that the Soviet Union could be prevented from achieving numerical superiority in offensive ballistic missiles.

SMITH: I think that is probably correct for that time. Now, given enough years ahead, it's no trick; we could always, if it was in our interest, build more of the current class of ballistic missile. But I think you're right in saying that in 1969-70, in the absence of arms control, the Soviets were going to have a larger number of launchers for their strategic forces than we were.

KISSINGER'S GRAND DESIGN of "judicious rewards and punishments" as a deterrent, embracing trade and technology and credits as well as arms control, was critical to the nature of his discourse. Arms control by itself could not relieve tensions. If it were not linked to Soviet restraint in world-wide competition (Kissinger said), it could prove a safety-valve for Soviet expansionist designs. Every time there was a Soviet aggressive move there would be claims that the new tensions were making arms control even more important. "And that is why", as Kissinger tells us in his Memoirs, "I believed in 'linkage'. . . ."

But he was also convinced that the nuclear weapon had added a new dimension of horror and, therefore, responsibility for national leaders.

We come to a point which divided Kissinger from some of his conservative critics in America. To what extent did he consider that possession by both sides of the absolute weapon meant that there could no longer be an absolute enemy—an enemy whose ideology, or whose very existence, was a threat to one's own existence or survival?

HENRY KISSINGER: I have always believed that Communism is morally repugnant, and I think if you go through my writings you will never find any deviation from that point of view.

I have also believed that nuclear weapons impose the necessity of coexistence. I do not base that coexistence on any moral acceptance of the Soviet system, but on the practical necessities that nuclear weapons create. That has been my position from the very beginning. I wrote a book in 1956 called *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, which was perhaps premature but in which I said that, sooner or later (I thought it would come sooner than it did), strategic nuclear weapons would tend towards a kind of parity which would make absolute war impossible; and I called for alternatives. I've never changed that position.

—*Did you take the view that nuclear threats were more or less infallible in abolishing aggressive intentions?*

KISSINGER: I've never believed that—I've believed exactly

the opposite. I've believed that as nuclear parity was achieved, threats other than nuclear war would gain greater and greater force, and that it was the obligation of the West to create obstacles to these other threats.

—*That stability at the level of the nuclear balance created instability at other levels?*

KISSINGER: Exactly.



THE subsequent failures of the *détente* policy to create those obstacles as a deterrent to the extension of Communist power and Soviet influence in his own time, Kissinger laid squarely at the door of "the Watergate scandal." The crippling of Presidential authority lost both the capacity to offer incentives for responsible behaviour and any

penalties for aggressive actions. But there was also an underlying, unspoken reason.

In Kissinger's search for a stable world order there were echoes of what Lord Castlereagh had told the House of Commons about the Congress of Vienna:

"The Congress was not assembled for the discussion of moral principles but for great practical purposes—to establish effectual provisions for the general security."

Kissinger was trying to wean American foreign policy away from both its traditional oscillations and its excessive preoccupation with moral principles. Henry Kissinger's manipulations of the balance of power were familiar in the statesman's world of the Congress of Vienna which he was trying to recreate; but they were alien to the American body politic. Wasn't foreign policy in the United States obliged to be, above all, a public policy subject to public scrutiny?

HENRY KISSINGER: Our style of foreign policy would have been easily understood in Britain, but was not easy to understand in the United States. We believed in a national-interest-based foreign policy. You did not have to explain in Great Britain through the 18th and 19th centuries the problem of throwing Britain's weight to whomever seemed to be the weaker of the Continental countries, and Britain made no moral claim for that. For the United States this was a rather novel approach.

At the precise moment that we had achieved apparent success, both at isolating Viet Nam and in relations with both China and the Soviet Union, there occurred "Watergate", a totally unpredictable event which collapsed executive authority. So that for fifteen to eighteen months the locus of executive respect by the public was the State Department—which was unheard of; and that, then, put us into a much more defensive posture. And so by 1975 we had a

coalition of conservatives and liberals against the policy that Nixon and later Ford were carrying out with me as Secretary of State. You had liberals who felt that if Nixon was for peace, confrontation couldn't be all bad, and conservatives who believed that any deal with the Soviets was wicked.

—On the point of the moralistic aspects of the American political tradition, you've written of the time when you came to office that conflict in the United States is unnatural. It was seen as caused by evil men or motives; and thus the Soviet Union as a tyranny fulfilled the traditional image of irreconcilable conflict as between good and evil.

KISSINGER: You have extremes in America—one has people who think that since conflict is considered unnatural, one of two things happens: either the opponent is considered inherently evil; or it is believed that the opponent has undergone a conversion and is therefore ready for a final settlement—without being able to express what the content of the final settlement is.

—But if Americans saw relations between states as either “peaceful” or “warlike”, in black-and-white terms, why did you think if that was the American political tradition that it had become incompatible with the American national interest and a sound foreign policy?

KISSINGER: Because at the end of the day the relation among states has to be able to be expressed in some concrete conditions.

If you cannot express it in concrete conditions you are doomed to oscillate between extremes of conciliation and extremes of intransigence, and overdo each of them as you go through each phase, and then be disappointed with each phase. The attempt that President Nixon and I made, inconclusively, was to see whether we could express conditions of peace or stability in some specific manner; and this more or less runs counter to the American tradition. Go back to American post-War history, take the policy of Containment: you will find Dean Acheson, Dulles, Truman, Eisenhower always saying that when we have positions of strength the negotiating position will improve. What we were going to do with the negotiating position—what we were going to ask of the Russians if they came to the conference table—I defy anybody to find one statement on.

THE CREATIVE and coherent substitute for this omission was Dr Kissinger's policy of entangling the Soviet Union in a web of involvements on arms agreements, trade and credits, to be linked to the restraint of the Soviet Union's ambition as a power fulfilling a millennial mission. However, Kissinger's domestic critics felt that there should be more to these involvements than the principle of agreement on a set of “rules”, and that what was missing from his concept was an ethic of a peaceful order. Otherwise why resist the revolutionary power?

Liberals who felt that *détente* condoned the suppression of

human rights and conservatives who balked at the notions of equality or parity with the Soviet Union combined under the leadership of a powerful Senator, Henry (“Scoop”) Jackson. This formidable opposition in the Congress consistently attacked both the arithmetic and the concept of the SALT talks, and all but wrecked the policy.

One of the Americans who sat across the table from the Russians during the SALT negotiations with Kissinger as a member of the National Security Council was Hal Sonnenfeldt.

HAL SONNENFELDT: The parity notions that existed in the administration at least fifteen years ago, in the early 70s, did not mean that the Soviets would be left risk-free to pursue their various objectives and purposes. Now that particular presumption, that underlying premise of *détente* (and indeed of the whole *détente* régime), was not borne out in the event, partly because the Americans were so divided that we had problems defining what our interests were, what our commitments were.

—Then SALT I was approved by the Senate only after Senator Jackson's amendment to the Treaty was passed. It asked the President to seek a future treaty that would not limit the United States to levels of these missiles which were inferior to limits for the Soviet Union. Now, what underlay that objection was a perception of power and the exercise of power—the political exercise of power through these weapons—which clearly was not resolved in the USA.

SONNENFELDT: Well, we had no consensus in the country, and there were a lot of people (including Senator Jackson, and many in the Republican Party as well) who believed that the ABM Agreement might have been unwise. They saw more promise in the possibilities of defence and saw us, the Americans, giving up in an area where technologically we might well have had an advantage over the Soviets. Secondly, people were unhappy about the seeming disparities that were incorporated in the SALT I offensive agreement, which gave the Soviets substantially larger numbers of submarines for Sea-launch Ballistic Missiles. It also gave them, or legitimised, their very substantial advantage in land-based ICBMs, and that produced the “Jackson Amendment” to which you refer, calling for equality in future agreements—without, however, defining precisely how that equality would be constituted.

But I think the dominant argument really had to do with the political appearance. There is one issue, however, a military issue (at least to a very considerable degree) which has really bedevilled the whole process of negotiating strategic arms limitations with the Soviets. Because of their large land-based forces and our relatively small land-based forces, the Soviet capacity to threaten the totality of our land-based force was seen on the horizon in 1972 and became essentially a fact by, let us say, 1980. Whereas a comparable American capability to threaten a large portion or the entirety of the Soviet land-based missile force has still not been achieved to this day.

WHETHER THE APPEARANCE of that particular Soviet missile advantage translates itself into political gains is an argument that is with us still (and it became a major factor in the election of President Reagan). How Moscow saw the American condition, at the time of the SALT negotiations and the last stages of the war in Viet Nam, has naturally aroused a good deal of scholarly interest and historical speculation.

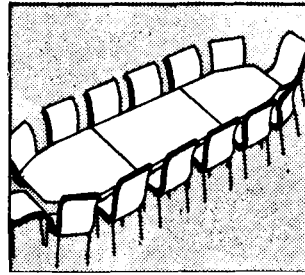
If one looks back to those perceptions, do they not show that the Russians had come to see an underlying change in the balance of power and a comparative, if transient, American weakness?

HENRY KISSINGER: Absolutely not! Considering that we had riots in the streets, that we were involved in a war in Viet Nam, that the opposition party held both houses of the Congress, I think we achieved an extraordinary flexibility of foreign policy. After all, we drove the Soviets out of the Middle East even after Watergate. I don't think the Soviet Union looked at the Nixon Administration as a weak opponent. I think they looked at us as a formidable opponent—we "opened to China" in the middle of all of our travails (which must have been extremely unsettling for a time to the Soviet Union) and what opportunity did they seize during that period? As long as Nixon was even relatively unimpaired we made progress in negotiations with the Soviets, lost no international position, and in fact made great gains in the Middle East.

—But wouldn't you agree it's a period seen today as the prelude to a series of global adventures by the Soviet Union?

KISSINGER: It was a prelude to a series of global adventures for a whole variety of reasons. First, because with the collapse of our executive authority, starting in 1973, we destroyed a President. We then had a McGovernite Congress. The people who were defeated in 1972, by the most overwhelming majority but one in American history, regained Congress as a result of events that had absolutely nothing to do with the political process. As a result of this, there was the oddest coalition between liberals and conservatives who took away both the carrot and the stick. They prevented us from resisting Soviet aggression in Angola. At the same time they challenged the Soviet Union with the Jackson and Stevenson amendments, in which they cut off both credits and trade with the Soviet Union—and then when the Soviet Union became more aggressive prevented us from resisting it. Of course it led to the beginning of adventures.

Then, in 1977, we had the Carter Administration which had an absolutely wrong perception of how to deal with the Soviet Union. You remember that when Carter came in, he said he was free of "the inordinate fear of Communism." He certainly did nothing to arrest the collapse (to put it mildly) of the Shah of Iran. He permitted the Soviets a major adventure in the Horn of Africa. That has nothing to do with *détente*. Our policy was to resist Soviet adventurism wherever it occurred; and as long as we had any authority, we managed to do this.



THE EARLY HOPES OF Kissinger and Nixon that agreement to negotiate strategic arms limitations could be linked to Soviet assistance in the American disengagement from Viet Nam proved illusory.

The Russians insisted that SALT was to be looked at on its own merits. That, and the uncompromising zealotry of the Communists in Hanoi, meant that the *détente* policy could produce no honourable outcome in Viet Nam. President Nixon's guarantees to the South Vietnamese proved not to be the bond of the American nation. Viet Nam, in strategic terms, was in the end an American surrender.

HENRY KISSINGER: Certainly Viet Nam was a disaster; but when you inherit a disaster, when you inherit 550,000 troops, you cannot just switch it off like a television programme. After all, people forget it took de Gaulle five years to get out of Algeria.

—There is the evidence of what Gromyko said to Rab Butler (the British Foreign Secretary) when Butler was trying to enlist Gromyko to help about Viet Nam. Gromyko said to him: "Our American enemies are deeply embedded with men and munitions in Viet Nam; we've no desire to interfere." How much more likely was it that by 1970-71, as negotiations opened on SALT, they did see the American position as one of weakness?

KISSINGER: First of all, what concessions did we make to the Soviets in SALT? I mean, there is a whole series of myths that are retroactively invented which have absolutely no bearing. Can you name one concrete concession we made to the Soviets that was unwarranted, or that was not going to be imposed on us by the Congress anyway?

—I'm interested in how the Soviet Union saw this, and how. . . .

KISSINGER: The Soviet Union until 1971 procrastinated in the negotiations. We had a number of things going for us, however. We had the opening to China. We had the fact that the Soviet Union was desperate to make an agreement with the West Germans on Berlin and on East Germany, which they could not get against our active opposition. (I'm not saying it was necessary to get our *support*, but they could not get it against our active opposition.) Third, they were worried, as they always seem to be worried, by the beginning of our strategic defences. And, fourth, as soon as we started mining Haiphong the Soviet Union also realised that the military situation was changing. If we made a mistake, I think it was that we did not do in 1969 in Viet Nam what we did in 1972—but that would have led to a revolt in our Cabinet, and Nixon wasn't prepared to do that.

—*There should have been a forward policy, mining if necessary. . . ?*

KISSINGER: I believe in retrospect that we should have done in 1969 what we did in '72: that is to say, demand a settlement or mine the harbours and bomb North Viet Nam. But then that wasn't all that easy. A bombing halt had just been signed by the outgoing administration, and by that time public order had broken down in the United States and it's very difficult for a new administration to take upon itself the responsibility for dividing the country.

—*As you remind your critics, there was no military programme sacrificed by the Nixon-Kissinger Administration, but one still has. . . .*

KISSINGER: As a matter of fact it was, paradoxically, the only way to preserve our military programmes. Without SALT the Congress would have continued to cut. Take the strategic defence which we had at the time; it wasn't called “strategic defence”, it was the anti-ballistic missile system. We started out with twelve defence sites around the country. By the time the agreement was signed, the Congress had already reduced it to two; in the next Budget it was going to go down to one; so the thing had become an absurdity.

—*But does not this very process contribute to what it is known that Brezhnev said (in Prague at a Warsaw Pact meeting in 1973)? By 1985, he said,*

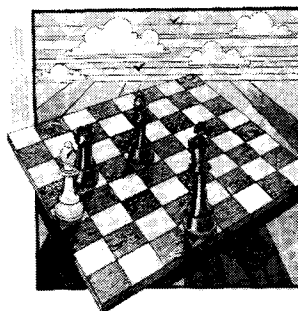
“as a consequence of what we are achieving through détente, we shall have achieved most of our objectives, a decisive shift in the correlation of forces will be such that we'll be able to exert our influence whenever we need to. . . .”

KISSINGER: Well, first of all I don't think he said quite that, but. . . .

—*That is what he's quoted as. . . .*

KISSINGER: But never mind. Supposing he did say that, you have to remember that each side has the problem of justifying détente to its hard-liners. The facts have certainly not borne this out.

I would make a case for the proposition that détente has, on the whole, been more disarming for the Soviet Union than it has been for the West. It has brought it endless troubles in the satellite orbit. It has not improved its relative technological position; quite the contrary, it has declined. If one looks at the growth of other nations in the Far East, it has created the problem of a two-front situation for the Soviet Union; and it led to the massive reduction of their influence in the Middle East. So, in a sense, in détente both sides were betting that they could use history. And even with an impaired Nixon, we made progress; with an unimpaired American administration, I think that situation would have been even stronger.



IN THE AFTERMATH of Viet Nam, the American will to match limited war with limited war as a deterrent to the expansion of Communist power was, at best, uncertain. Senator Jackson pressed his attack on the consequent dangers of any perceived weakness in the central nuclear balance of power. The arithmetic of the SALT agreement had left the Russians with more offensive missiles than the Americans. But that had been the price of agreement. With or without SALT, the Russians would have had more because they were building more. What began as an arcane argument of Senator Jackson's about the theoretical possibility of a Soviet first strike against American land-based missiles became a generalised charge that the loose constraints negotiated in SALT had presented the Russians with a claim to strategic superiority and to the political cards that go with it.

An influential aide to Senator Jackson at this time, and an even more influential one today in the Reagan Administration where he is Assistant Secretary of Defence—Richard Perle.

RICHARD PERLE: I can recall Senator Jackson sending to Henry Kissinger a memorandum in October 1970, suggesting—on the basis of intelligence that was obviously available to the Administration as well as to the Congress—that under the terms of the agreement that seemed to be emerging as the “SALT I Interim Agreement” the Soviets could within the confines of that agreement, generously interpreted, double or even treble the effective capability of their land-based missile force. And that is precisely what happened.

SENATOR HENRY JACKSON'S CRITIQUE, which was governed by a more visceral assessment of the Soviet Union's intentions and capabilities, was largely drafted by Richard Perle.

Writing in his Memoirs, Henry Kissinger agreed that Jackson had carefully studied Soviet tactics and strategy, and was convinced that they were out to undermine the free world. But while Kissinger agreed that this was a true enough reading of their intentions, he rejected the implication that all agreements were futile. “Jackson objected”, said Kissinger, “to any agreement which afforded benefits to the Soviet Union, while we took it for granted that they would sign no agreement that did not promise them some gain. . . .”

HENRY KISSINGER: I actually considered Jackson a good friend, and I agreed with many of his analyses of Soviet intentions. The difference between Jackson and me was that he wanted all-out confrontation under the influence of one of his associates, Richard Perle. He wanted all-out confrontation with the Soviets, and he liked a policy of a constant needling of the Soviet Union. I believe that in the face of the Viet Nam

war and our other pressures, and then in the face of Watergate, to court a confrontation with the Soviet Union would lead to a series of humiliations. That was one disagreement.

Secondly, I was not as pessimistic as Jackson about the evolution of the two systems. I believed that, on the whole, if we could keep the Soviet Union from expanding we were capable of conducting a more flexible policy than the Soviet Union—as we proved in fact in the Middle East. I did not think at all that the Soviet Union was bound to prevail in a political contest. Quite the opposite.

And, finally, I did not believe that the Soviet Union was gaining an advantage. It depended on whether we were willing to make the defence expenditures that were permitted under the Agreement; and that was a matter of American decisions, not of Soviet acquiescence.

THAT WAS precisely the point where Senator Jackson concentrated his attack on the nature of the Arms Control process. SALT became both an orphan and a victim when divorced from Kissinger's wider context for it.

RICHARD PERLE: It's fair to ask what was the point of arms control that set the stage for a requirement that we make massive additional investments in precisely the strategic arms that were the subject of the negotiation, while permitting the Soviets also to make massive investment in additional strategic forces. That was the point about the failure of the Interim Agreement. It permitted very sizeable growth on both sides. In my view it didn't restrain the Soviet Union at all, in any significant way.

—But when you and Jackson drafted the ratification of SALT I (and that amendment), Kissinger appears to have taken the view that your attack was fundamental. It caught him unawares: "They sought to destroy our policy", he said, "not to ameliorate it."

PERLE: No, the reality was that that Interim Agreement was going to pass the Senate. There was no doubt in our minds about that. So we sought instead to condition, or attempt to condition, future agreements. The Jackson Amendment says simply that future agreements must be on the basis of equality—because the 1972 agreement clearly was not.

—Do you take the view that equality can be established as a fact? Because if it can't, isn't that tantamount to saying that no agreement is possible?

PERLE: I think equality can be established as a fact; but I think it is very difficult to freeze equality. The strategic forces of both sides are in a constant state of flux and evolution. And as vulnerabilities are discovered, they need to be fixed; as imbalances develop, they need to be corrected.

The role of arms control in accomplishing that is a much more difficult proposition. Looking back on 1972, I think Henry Kissinger would have a hard time arguing that that agreement facilitated our maintenance of an effective

balance. Indeed, in discussions I've had with him, he lays great stress not on the military benefits of the 1972 agreement but on the political necessity as he saw it at the time. With the emotions of Viet Nam affecting the American Congress and public as profoundly as the war then did affect us, he wanted to buy a bit of time in which we might regroup in order more effectively to compete with the Soviet Union.

THE INFERENCE THAT Henry Kissinger's *détente* policy embodied a melancholy pessimism about the American will to sustain the policy of Containment became central to the political debate which led, in the end, to the Reagan presidency.

The critics of SALT questioned the assumption that the Soviet Union could be contained other than by American power. As Kissinger said, it was part of a larger controversy over whether arms control enhanced or weakened the security of the West. Kissinger himself rejected the notion which appeared in the Anti-Ballistic Missile Defence debate (as it had with the Hydrogen Bomb in the 1950s): that unilateral restraint by the United States would induce the Russians to follow suit. There was, he said, overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Early in the Nixon Administration, in the aftermath of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Americans had been the first to deploy the multiple warhead missile *MIRV*; and it was heavily criticised at the time as making another cycle in the arms race inevitable.

STAR WARS ALUN CHALFONT

SUICIDE OR SURVIVAL?

On 23rd March 1983, President Reagan announced his STRATEGIC DEFENCE INITIATIVE. Violent controversy has surrounded it ever since . . .

Here, for the first time, is a clear, considered presentation of the hard facts of an issue which affects every one of us.

It should be compulsory reading for us all.

Alun Chalfont is Chairman of the House of Lords All Party Defence Group, and of the European Atlantic Group.

£8.95

Available from all good booksellers now.

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

MIRV, as Robert McNamara reminded us earlier, was begun “solely as a means of countering the Soviet deployment of an anti-ballistic missile defence.”

HENRY KISSINGER: Secretary McNamara did not want to build an anti-ballistic missile defence. He therefore developed the idea of a *MIRV*, arguing that with *MIRV* we could saturate any Soviet defence, and that therefore there would be no strategic inequality. We had no assurance at all that the Soviets would agree to a limitation of ballistic missile defences. Historical experience with the Soviets shows that if they wanted an agreement limiting *MIRVs* we couldn’t have driven them off the conference table with it. They would have deluged us with it. Our primary problem at that point was to keep enough support for the agreements we were making; and *MIRV* was the one programme that the Defence Department had that was not being contested in any significant or decisive way in the Congress.



THE HISTORIC essence of the first SALT agreement, the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty of 1972, was that each side renounced the defence of its society against the nuclear arsenal of the other. As Henry Kissinger has reminded us, the Congress had cut the budgets for a defence system to an absurdity. But in the labyrinth of the SALT accord is Ariadne’s thread—which leads us, in the present day, to President Reagan’s case for the “Star Wars” defence.

Two expectations arising from SALT I were not fulfilled. Henry Kissinger had hoped to shape the outcome so as to delay the trend which would give the Soviet Union a first-strike capability against the American land-based missiles by the 1980s, and then to use that delay to negotiate reductions in the numbers of offensive missiles in another and more comprehensive agreement. But the speed and extent to which the Soviet Union built up their offensive forces were underestimated.

KISSINGER: At the time of the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, the number of missile sites, as I pointed out, had been reduced to two. So our choice was whether we were going to agree to the Congress unilaterally dismantling the anti-ballistic missile defences, or whether we were going to get something for it from the Soviet Union. At that time the build-up of Soviet offensive forces was in its infancy. We made a unilateral statement (or we had our delegation make a unilateral statement) to read into the record that the United States considered the continued existence of the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty to depend on significant cuts in offensive forces. If these offensive forces were not reduced within the time limit of the offensive agreement, then the conditions for abrogation of the Treaty would exist. Rather than leading to a reduction of offensive forces, the Soviets built

up their offensive forces in a remarkable degree. So the balance between offensive and defensive forces was substantially destroyed.

As soon as the ABM Treaty and SALT I were signed, we initiated negotiations for the limitation of multiple warheads, and reduction to very small numbers. That the Soviets consistently refused. So we have a totally new situation today.

DR KISSINGER REMAINS CONVINCED, however, that SALT was made, in his words, “the whipping-boy” for a more fundamental philosophical contest on East-West relations.

The same Soviet Union with which Kissinger established a wide range of contacts was the one with which President Reagan much later would find it difficult to collaborate at all—for essentially the reasons given by Senator Jackson’s associate, Richard Perle.

RICHARD PERLE: I don’t think one can take the Arms Control agreements in isolation.

There was an agreement on grain which led immediately to a massive Soviet raid on the American grain harvest, pushing up the price of grain to American consumers and solving a very serious Soviet problem.

There were agreements on science and technology that led to very significant transfers of technology to the Soviet Union, and we now see them showing up in Soviet military systems.

There was a general agreement on principles governing the relationship that crowned a 30-year Soviet effort to induce the West to accept the principles contained in that document—the Soviet policy line of “Peaceful Coexistence” and the like. I think, looking back on that period, the agreements signed were in every case advantageous to the Soviet Union; and I think that’s all one needs to know in order to explain their readiness to sign them.

NEITHER HENRY KISSINGER nor President Nixon had any desire to accommodate their critics. They shared to a large extent the philosophical case against the Soviet state and its ideology. Dr Kissinger thought of Senator Jackson as an ally, and regretted that the Senator chose to oppose him. It was, said Kissinger in his *Memoirs*, “a national tragedy that those who shared a similar strategic analysis should conduct a civil war over tactics. . . .”

But the gap was really much wider than a disagreement over tactics. Both sides wished to “contain” the Soviet Union. Kissinger thought that, with seductive inducements, the Soviet Union might be escorted from its traditional expansionism to restraint; and that Russia’s economic failures and fear over Kissinger’s bringing China into play would press the Soviet leaders to coexistence on the West’s terms. The other side—his conservative opponents—saw nothing but an implacable hostility and an endless vista of confrontations.

At a much-remarked press conference in Moscow in 1974,

Henry Kissinger had said, “*What in the name of God is strategic superiority?*” How should the historian understand him?

HENRY KISSINGER: That is absolutely correct. I do not believe that you can rely on a first-strike strategy as the defence against all contingencies. Again one has to consider this in the context of events. That remark was made in late June 1974 in Moscow, a month before Nixon was forced out of office. We found ourselves in the position of being harassed on *détente* at a time when we had absolutely no capacity for confrontation.

And I still believe this: I do not think it is possible to achieve the degree of strategic superiority that existed in the 1940s and '50s, such that we can rely on nuclear superiority to defend Europe and other areas of the world. I remind you that Reagan has never tired of pointing out in the last two or three years that we are not trying to win a war. In what way does that differ from what I said ten years earlier?

—*One of your most persistent and formidable critics, Senator Jackson, demanded to know why you hadn't sought lower limits from the Soviet Union, as he felt you should have. I thought you gave a very interesting answer to that on the way to Peking in 1974. You said this:*

“The only way we could have even talked about lower numbers was to drastically increase defence spending and to hold the increase for a number of years, long enough to convince the Soviets that we were going to drive the race through the ceiling with them.”

That sounds very like the Reagan programme today.

KISSINGER: Exactly correct. That is still my view.

THAT WAS ONE of the most creative periods in post-War diplomacy, and Kissinger is one of that diplomatic history's great public figures. Yet why did disenchantment with *détente* set in so early? Overall *détente*, Kissinger says, was “ground down between a liberal idealism unrelated to a concept of power and the liturgical anti-communism of the Right.”

But although we made our share of mistakes, Kissinger has said, the fundamental assault on *détente* was made by the Soviet Union; with the Soviet Cuban expeditionary forces in Angola and Ethiopia; their appearance in Aden; the Kremlin's encouragement of North Viet Nam's takeover of the South; the pressures on Poland; and the invasion of Afghanistan.

Détente had not deterred.

Over the next few years and the long agony for *détente* of the Carter Presidency, the strategic debate was powerfully shaped by forces associated with the Committee on the Present Danger—they would return quite a different answer to Henry Kissinger's question, “What in the name of God is strategic superiority?”

A second article in this series by Michael Charlton will be published in next month's ENCOUNTER.

The Witterings

Oh, there is withering all right: of that no doubt.
The bishop's deer-park under sea, and sucking out
The debris left behind excursion trips—
A trash of cockles, plastic water-wings, and bottled stout.

Seffrid's skeletal deer hoof-print the mud
At ebb, the Brimfast massacres, brick fields daubed in blood!
Where Poplars Seven with rape and mustard blow
Braccia's raiders fathomed under flood.

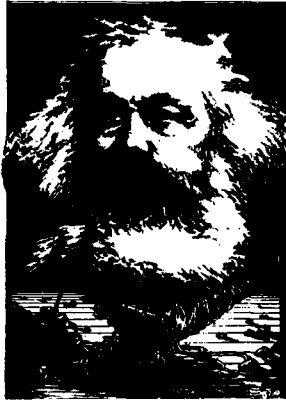
Beneath these footings lurk rich mysteries:
Ring-hoard has been found there, and the elder trees
Have felt the Saxon settler rasp his axe,
Shaded the Regni, sprawling at their ease.

Now autumn stubble burns: a spitting cage
Of thorns and hedgerows, black and sweet, engage,
With heaped-up skies bent westward, all downwind,
Dense with their anger, red in rage, in rage.

Patrick Garland

Marx's Friends & Comrades

The "Party" of Revolutionaries in Soho



IN THE YEARS following the 1848 revolutions on the continent, England was the main refuge for a great many exiles fleeing from repression, arrest, and sometimes imprisonment. From Paris to Moscow, from Brussels to Rome, a motley band of Hungarians, Poles, Russians, French and—the largest group of all—Germans, sailed up the Thames into the London mists by the boatload during 1849 and 1850. Though some moved on to a new life in America, most settled in England. There they felt free enough to hold their political and cultural meetings, and publish their radical views in their own newspapers (if they could afford to run a small press). A stalwart few even plotted, in smoky rooms above pubs in Leicester Square or Long Acre, yet another, and perhaps final, European revolution. Charles Dickens wrote in mock-fearful fashion of such exile activities (in his periodical *Household Words*, in April 1851):

“Conspiracies of a comprehensive character are being hatched in certain back parlours, in certain back streets behind Mr. Cantelo’s Chicken Establishment in Leicester Square. A complicated web of machination is being spun—we have it on the authority of a noble peer—against the integrity of the Austrian Empire, at a small coffee-shop in Soho. Prussia is being menaced by twenty-four determined Poles and Honveds in the attics of a cheap *restaurateur* in the Haymarket. Lots are being cast for the assassination of Louis Napoleon, in the inner parlours of various cigar shops. . . .”

There were, however, checks to such unaccustomed liberties, the chief and most immediate being lack of resources and the need to find gainful employment. When Marx and Engels found that in London they could not afford to publish the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, the newspaper which had been the cause of their expulsion from Cologne in 1849, Engels went to Manchester to work for twenty years in the family cotton firm to keep himself—and the Marx family in London—more or less solvent.

Very few of the exiles were wealthy. Count Oskar von Reichenbach helped his fellows by taking them on as tutors to

his children, and Baroness Marie von Bruiningk also hired German tutors. She kept open house for that group among the exiles (led by the ex-army captain and revolutionary, August Willich) which disdained to look for gainful employment, preferring to plot the military overthrow of Prussia in the Baroness’s drawing-room or the lounge of Schärttner’s German pub in Long Acre, in the mistaken belief that a “new revolution” could be sparked off in a matter of months. But most of the refugees were more or less destitute when they arrived, and tended, naturally, to approach one another for help.

Thus, as so often happens, certain areas became a focus for refugee groups. Soho—particularly Leicester Square, with its cheap housing and its “new model lodging-houses”, set up to offer bare but hygienic accommodation to the very poor—was one such area. Marx lived in an overcrowded house in Dean Street, and several of his friends—“my Party”, as he half-mockingly called them—spent at least their first few months in England in one of these lodging-houses. St John’s Wood (not then so smart as it is today, though airier and less crowded than noxious Soho) was home for some of the slightly better-off exiles. The richer London Germans, bankers and merchants like the Barings, the Goldsmids, and the Rothschilds, who had been established in London for a generation or more, had their favoured parts of London: Hackney and Camberwell were especially popular, for fresh air and large, comfortable houses. Many a political exile travelled to Camberwell to earn a few pounds from lecturing to his non-political fellow-countrymen.

A second, more subtle, check to the exiles’ activities was the prejudice—religious, class, sexual, as well as political—which existed even in England, the freest (or, as Engels put it, “the least unfree”) country in the world. Jobs were hard to find because of native competition and suspicion. The teachers among the refugees, most of them “free thinkers”, came up against religious prejudice; and the governesses and private tutors were treated as social inferiors by their employers. “Philistine” England had a surfeit of refugee artists and musicians, and working-class exiles were seen, not unnaturally, as a threat to the jobs of their toiling, near-starving English counterparts.

A third difficulty, faced by the German refugees in particular, was largely self-created—the bitter, energy-wasting squabbling between rival political factions. They had all suffered under repressive German governments, and many had been jailed for anti-state activities. One of

them, Gottfried Kinkel, had been sentenced to life-imprisonment in the fortress of Spandau, from which he made a miraculous escape in 1850. All were forced into exile for their political views; yet these views differed widely, from the communism of Marx and Engels to the international republicanism of Karl Blind, the "Hegelian socialism" of Arnold Ruge, and the intermittent "constitutionalism" of Kinkel. The German exiles were thus divided (as the wealthy Russian refugee, Alexander Herzen, noted with glee) "into forty times forty schisms." They spent much time and energy attacking one another personally in their rival clubs in London and in articles in German newspapers published in America. Marx caricatured the splits in the German colony as "the war between the frogs and the mice." But his insight into the folly of exiles with so much in common pulling so violently in different directions could not prevent him crowning the absurdity with his own lengthy and obsessive denunciations of Kinkel, Ruge, Willich, Blind, and the rest in his mock-heroic essay, "The Great Men of the Exile" (1852).

Marx did not stop at attacking the non-Communists among the refugees; he also railed at those Communists with whose aims and tactics he could not agree. From the time of his arrival in London in August 1849, his chief activities lay in attempting to educate and organise the German workers of the London branch of the Communist League, and wresting influence in the League's Workers' Education Association from Karl Schapper and August Willich; their communism was more naive, "primitive", and unscientific than Marx's. After the resultant split in the Communist League in September 1850, Marx declared in a letter to Engels in Manchester that he preferred proud isolation to hobnobbing with the "jackasses" who opposed him.

MARX WAS nevertheless the chief spirit of a group of assorted refugees and workers who depended on "Papa Marx" for moral support and intellectual nourishment. A minority of the members of the Communist League went with him after the split with Schapper and Willich in September 1850, and some new arrivals from the Continent who had previously been associated with the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne (like Wilhelm Wolff and Ernst Dronke) remained loyal to him in England. Marx counted on their support in amassing evidence to help the Cologne Communists who went on trial in Germany in 1852; but he rapidly became disenchanted with the calibre of his "Party." In March 1853 he reviewed them critically in a letter to Engels:

"What milksops these chaps are [*Diese Kerls sind wahre Waschlappen*]! With their idleness, lack of stamina and inability to sustain any *pressure from without* [in English], they are absolutely hopeless. We must recruit our party entirely anew. . . . Pieper would not be without his uses if he possessed less childish *vanité* and more *esprit de suite*. Imandt and Liebknecht are tenacious, and each is useful in his own way. But that doesn't add up to a party. . . . Lupus [Wilhelm Wolff] *grows from day to day older and becomes more crotchety*. Dronke is and ever will be a 'congenial loafer'. . . ."

A few months later he complained that Wolff, Dronke, and the poet Freiligrath, whom he occasionally counted as one of his "Party", were wasting their time in idle gossip and leaving all the work to him. In 1852, when he had been organising them all to send contributions to his friend Joseph Weydemeyer's American-German journal, *Revolution*, Marx had represented himself as standing "at their backs, whip in hand" till they came up with the required articles.

FOR ONE REASON or another, they all failed to keep up to Marx's exacting standards. None of them had money—Wilhelm Wolff almost starved on one occasion—and their most pressing need was to find some occupation to keep them and their families alive. This necessity, coupled with some lethargy and lack of commitment, and exacerbated by the frequent dispersal of the group—as one member found a job in Manchester, another in Bradford, a third in Dundee—led to the party's relative lack of cohesion and failure to achieve the desired propaganda. But there remains an interest in following their careers in order to build up a picture of refugee life in Victorian England: lives of those who led and those who are led, of the idle and the industrious, the serious and the light-hearted, of those who succeed and those who fail.

1. The Honorary Englishman

AMONG MARX'S FRIENDS in London in the early days were two who very soon defected. One was Ferdinand Wolff, known as "Rufus", who had helped Marx to edit the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne in 1848.

Wolff accompanied Marx to Paris in June 1849 after the suspension of the paper. In October Ernst Dronke reported from Paris that he was going round "like a ghost" and was entirely destitute. Soon Wolff came to London (where he took a room in a lodging-house), and he sided with Marx after the split in the Communist League. But then he went his own way, became an "honorary Englishman", and was lost sight of by Marx and Engels. Engels wrote of him in some amusement in July 1851:

"Red Wolff has gone through various phases of being an Irishman, a worthy bourgeois, a madman and other interesting stages, and has completely abandoned *Schnaps* in favour of *half-and-half* [a mixture of ale and porter]."

This tell-tale sign of the chameleon, almost on a par with shaving one's beard, was soon followed by an even more visible sign of adaptation. In October Wolff appeared again in Marx's circle, having "crept back again all unobtrusively"; in the meantime he had "*married* an English bluestocking." By April 1853 he was "a husband and father" who took "his wife and child out on jaunts" and seldom put in an appearance among his fellow-exiles. He disappeared to the north of England to teach, for a yearly salary of £60, and the last that was heard of him was in 1877, when Dronke told Engels that Wolff now had his own boarding-school in Blackburn, for which he advertised and solicited, complete with the

necessary references from clergymen. Ferdinand Wolff had become integrated into British life.

2. The Party's Percy Hotspur

CONRAD SCHRAMM had arrived in London a few days after Marx, in September 1849. A member of the Communist League in Cologne, he had been arrested in May of that year, charged in connection with his revolutionary activities, and sentenced to two years imprisonment. He escaped from prison and came straight to London. Here Marx hit on a plan—the same, in many respects, as the German National Loan appeal made by Gottfried Kinkel a year later—to send Schramm to America to raise money for the continuation in London of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*. Schramm's "daring escape" from prison was used, as Kinkel's was to be, as an advertisement. However, the scheme had to be abandoned because they could not raise Schramm's fare.

Marx later described Schramm as the "Percy Hotspur" of his "Party"; for when the Communist League split into two groups, it was Schramm who actually fought a duel for the Marx group against the equally pugnacious Willich. (They crossed over to Belgium—duelling was illegal in England.) A French émigré, Emmanuel Barthélemy, who acted as Willich's second, fought a duel in England in 1853, for which he received (leniently) a two-month prison sentence. Marx tells us that Barthélemy was hanged in 1855 for the murder of a policeman in London; and that Schramm's second, the Polish officer, Miskowsky, was burnt to death in a fire at his wooden barracks in Whitechapel in 1854.

Conrad Schramm failed to come up to the mark. He nearly compromised the Communist League by getting arrested in

Paris in September 1851, and Marx referred to him as "that rascal (*der Schlingel*)" and "this dissolute character (*dies dissolute Subjekt*)."¹ Schramm, like Willich, was one of those whose carelessness and indiscretion helped the Prussian authorities to build up their case against the Cologne Communists. In May 1852, he emigrated to America, presumably to try to earn a living there, pursued by an unflattering *curriculum vitae* from Marx to Joseph Weydemeyer. Schramm returned to Britain in 1857, in an advanced stage of consumption; he ended his days in Jersey, a friend of the English Chartist George Julian Harney, and Engels visited him there just before his death in 1858.

3. Prince Charming

OTHERS OF Marx's friends stayed loyal for longer. Chief among the rogues in Marx's rogues' gallery was Wilhelm Pieper, the Lothario of the German exile. He began by being useful to Marx as a "spy" at meetings of Arnold Ruge's Agitation Club in 1851; he and Conrad Schramm were unmasked and nearly beaten up at a meeting in February 1851, at which "Our dear" Harney, Willich, and assorted democrats were gathered. Pieper acted as Marx's secretary during the Cologne trials, and in 1852 translated into English Marx's *18th Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*. The translation, "swarming with mistakes and omissions", was corrected by Engels, who complained of Pieper's "gross carelessness" and "Cockney petty-bourgeois floridity of style (*kleinbürgerliche stilistische Bellettristik des Cockneys*)."¹ The articles he should have written for Weydemeyer's *Revolution*, and for Ernest Jones's Chartist *Notes to the People*, in 1851-52, never materialised. In 1852 Engels was sending Pieper £2 a month. The rest of the time he managed to make a living from teaching, at first as a resident tutor with the Rothschild family, and later at boarding-schools in Kent and Sussex.

During his period with the Rothschilds (the English branch of the family), he was resident tutor to their children—including Nathaniel ("Natty"), who in 1884 was to become the first Lord Rothschild. He coached them in general subjects, including foreign languages, and in October 1851 travelled with the family to Frankfurt and Brussels. In December he was given notice after a row with Baroness



Four caricatures by Friedrich Engels (the last being of himself)

¹ Engels insisted on translating "*bürgerliche Gesellschaft*" as "bourgeois society", which he thought sounder usage in "cultivated English" than "middle-class society." There was also objection to the translation of *Sturm und Drang*; the phrase "old society"; whether a circle is "increased" or "enlarged"; again "bourgeois" and not "constitutional society"; not "for ever and the duration" but, proverbially, "for ever and a day", etc. Letter of 23 September 1952, *Marx-Engels Werke* (Institute for Marxism-Leninism, 39 vols., Berlin, 1956 ff.), Vol. XXVIII, pp. 136-141.

Rothschild, the children's mother, with whom he had been having an affair. Pieper was a cynical, worldly, carefree young man, and Marx dubbed him "Tupman", an allusion to the self-regarding, ingratiating, irresponsible character in *Pickwick Papers*: "the silly lad mistakes his lack of principles for genial high spirits." But Pieper, known to the Marx children as "Prince Charming", presented a less charming face when he wrote to Marx (in English) from Brussels about his quarrel with Lady Rothschild, referring to himself as "Fridolin."

"Fridolin has never troubled himself about saving a penny and after paying his debts would be quite as destitute as any of his friends, if he could not get some extra in the final settlement and specially if he could not secure his 'livret'. . . . Fridolin's story ends, as all stories from daily life, smooth round prosaic. He is to have plenty of recommendations, some money and no 'scene'. . . . Next Thursday I shall see you in London."

Once back in London, Pieper was employed in various jobs. In 1853 Engels tried to get him a clerkship in Manchester; he had a brief spell as a "businessman", selling sun-ray lamps in a French shop in the City; and in March 1854 Ferdinand Freiligrath found him a tutoring post with a Mexican businessman, which brought him 15/- a week. His habit of visiting brothels (and then going to live with the Marxes with "both his purses equally depleted", as Marx jestingly put it) resulted in his contracting syphilis. Marx took him to St Bartholomew's Hospital for free treatment on one occasion, and Pieper became a familiar inmate of the German Hospital in Dalston. Marx visited him there during his several spells (1853, 1858, 1859) as a patient. "*Serves him right*", wrote Marx, on hearing in February 1859 that Pieper was once more hospitalised. Syphilis was apparently a common disease among the refugees treated at the German Hospital, most of whom were poor workers living in the East End of London; in 1856 the Hospital Committee decided to restrict the number of syphilitic patients admitted and to charge sixpence a week for medicine, in order to make room for cases "more deserving of charity."²

In October 1854, Pieper was appointed resident master at a school in Eltham in Kent. "*Servant for all work*", wrote Marx of his duties, bemoaning the loss of a secretary but relieved, too, to have got rid of Pieper's irresponsible ways and smug sense of his own charm. Pieper kept in touch,

² Pieper was in the German Hospital in September 1853, in October 1858, and again in February 1859, each time with syphilis; see *Marx-Engels Collected Works* (in progress, London, New York, Moscow, 1975-). Vols. XXXIX, p. 368, XL, pp. 350, 384. In September 1853 Marx reported to Engels (*M/E Werke*, Vol. XXVIII, p. 293):

"Pieper has had his throat *cauterised* in the German Hospital. A little board hangs at the foot of his bed bearing the ominous message: Wilhelm Pieper *syphilis secundaris*. He is subjected to rigorous discipline, which is salutary for him."

See also Annual Reports of the German Hospital for 1852 and 1856; and Maureen Neumann, undated Ph.D thesis in the possession of the German Hospital, "An Account of the German Hospital in London from 1845 to 1948", p. 36.

letting Marx know of the wage-slavery of school-teaching in England.

"Pieper has to work in his institution from 6 in the morning until 9 at night and to pray some 20 x during that time, which 'does him good'. No smoking or drinking. Takes the boys to church, etc. . . ."

After another spell in London, living in Marx's rooms (while Marx was in Manchester and his family on a visit to Germany in June 1856), Pieper took another teaching job, in Bognor. Again he wrote lively letters, emulating Marx's literary references and describing his single-handed efforts to improve the lot of the enslaved schoolmasters. Not only was Marx (hardly appropriately) "dear Pickwick", but the people Pieper encountered at the school were viewed through a Dickensian lens. Mrs Richmond, wife of the headmaster, was described in Pieper's idiomatic English as:

"a little woman in the Dorrit style whose superhuman efforts at kindness and universe-embracing looks conveyed to me an unmistakable warning to let her servant-maids alone—which after inspection of the three unhappy spinsters who delight in that capacity, I think I shall not find too difficult to do. . . ."

Pieper reported that he had won a tremendous battle to be allowed a free beer each day and thereby impressed "a poor simpleton of an usher whose chief services appear to consist in the ringing of a large bell about a dozen times a day—with the wholesome idea that I am a tremendous swell." The next battle he intended to fight was "to get a Sunday for myself every fortnight."

SOON, HOWEVER, Pieper gave up such unprofitable work. His main aim was to raise some capital, preferably through a prudent marriage. Marx told Engels the unsavoury story of one such attempt in April 1856:

"Pieper, thanks to his genius, has again been living a freebooter's existence since January and, despite the not inconsiderable *subsidies* provided by me, has been daily on the *qui vive* vis-à-vis his *landlady*. Now it has suddenly occurred to him that all he requires to become a great man is a little capital. Seiler's [Sebastian Seiler, who had come to London with Marx in 1849 and had recently gone to America, leaving unpaid debts in London] *sister-in-law*, the *greengrocer's* 2nd daughter, a tallow-candle in green spectacles, has long been mortally in love with the said Pieper. . . . Pieper has nevertheless discovered that she is not without intelligence, of which she gives incontrovertible proof by regarding our Hanoverian lambkin as a German Byron *manqué*. So, the day before yesterday, therefore, Pieper, to whom this person clings, not simply like a burr but like a *caterpillar*, resolved to pour out his heart to Seiler's father-in-law. He did not wish to do so in front of his 'beloved' for fear he might have to kiss her, which indeed is *hard work* for an occidental unaccustomed to *feed upon tallow*. But in true Pieper-fashion, the declaration of love was combined with—a

touch for a loan. . . . On the grounds, that is, of his needing a little capital, *say 20-40 pounds, to create himself a position as a fashionable tutor*. Meanwhile he intends to let his 'beloved' enjoy the pleasures of widowhood while still betrothed, nor will his compassion *ever* permit him to marry her. . . ."

Marx concluded the story with comments from his own household: "Little Jenny called him '*Benedick the married man*', but little Laura said: '*Benedick was a wit, he is but "a clown", and "a cheap clown" too.*' The children are constantly reading Shakespeare."

By May 1859 Pieper had left England, and was teaching in Bremen. Marx scarcely heard from him again, though he received a card in 1864 announcing Pieper's engagement to the daughter of a Bremen professor. Years later Engels told a correspondent that, in Hanover in 1867, when Marx was taking Volume One of *Capital* to his publisher, he had bumped into Pieper on the street and found him "a bloated philistine." Pieper had written nothing, and had more or less avoided exile politics, but he may well be remembered for having acted, off-and-on, as Marx's secretary in London, and for having seen the inside of London brothels, English schools, and the German Hospital at Dalston.

4. A Confirmed Bachelor

WILHELM WOLFF was as different from Wilhelm Pieper as might be. Marx's and Engels's favourite among their "disciples", Wolff was a prematurely crusty bachelor. Born in 1809, the son of a Silesian peasant, he had managed to get to university where, as a leading member of the *Burschenschaft* (the banned student society), he had been imprisoned for five years in 1834 for indulging in forbidden activities. As a result of his prison experiences, followed after 1848 by years of near-starvation in Brussels, Paris, and Zurich, his health was poor. When he died in Manchester in May 1864, he was mourned by a large community of English and German businessmen, clergymen, and drinking companions—and by Marx and Engels as their "truest friend."

They had been keen to persuade Wolff to join them in England. After the closing down of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, to which Wolff had contributed, he had gone to Zurich, where he taught classics and modern languages, but was unable to procure enough pupils. He was planning to emigrate to America. Engels wrote to him in May 1851 advising him to try England first. He would be sure to get some teaching, since he could speak English and could bring the necessary testimonials (some warmly commendatory references from four professors at the University of Zurich). Moreover, Wolff must not believe the reports in the

Continental press that during the period of the Great Exhibition the British Government was "not admitting any more refugees."

"You know that no one is ever stopped at a port of entry here, and despite all the empty chatter in the reactionary press, I hope to see you in London for the Exhibition."

Engels was correct, though minority voices were raised in Parliament and in the press about the likelihood of undesirable arrivals and revolutionary plots during the Exhibition. The liberal Quaker William Howitt wrote indignantly in *Household Words* about his recent experience on arriving in London after a visit to Germany.³ He had travelled with a boatload of foreigners, mainly German, on their way to visit the Exhibition, and suffered a long delay at Customs, as all foreigners were asked to produce their passports. Howitt reported:

"When you ask the meaning of this, you are told it is done at the request of the Foreign Powers themselves, to prevent the entrance of dangerous characters. But why should we stoop to become the tools of foreign surveillance? Why not leave our law and police to protect public order, as they have always done? . . ."

And in fact Marx and Engels believed at this time that English police activity might well have been stepped up at Prussia's request, with them in mind. "Something's *décidément* amiss with the English mails", Engels wrote to Marx (8 May 1851). He suspected "dirty tricks." Enquiries of the Manchester Post Office brought the reply that delays were caused by Marx having addressed his letters to Engels in the German way—with the town before the street. Marx admitted he had made a mess of sealing one "suspicious" letter; so they had to conclude that the Post Office was, on this occasion, quite "innocent."

In any event, Wolff did manage to make it to England, arriving in London in June 1851. Eight weeks later, he had still not found a job. Not all the German refugees were lucky enough to find teaching work; Kinkel's wife Johanna, a music teacher, noted in March that the democratic republican Gustav Struve, unable to get proper work in London, was moving on to America; and in September she described the refugees, to a friend in Germany, as "a whole colony of teachers seeking pupils." Wolff was saved, like other refugees such as Kinkel's friend and biographer, Adolph Strodtmann, and his friend Malwida von Meysenbug, by tutoring the children of better-off émigrés. Strodtmann taught the aristocratic Frau von Bruiningk's children and lived in her house in St John's Wood; Malwida became governess to Alexander Herzen's children; and Wolff obtained a job with Oskar von Reichenbach, a Silesian landowner who had come to London in 1850. So dependent was Wolff on this source of income that he almost starved after Reichenbach, disillusioned and embittered when Louis Napoleon declared himself Emperor of France in December 1852, left Europe in the spring for a new life in America, in company with August Willich. Like Willich, von Reichenbach had hoped for military action. Jane Carlyle knew von Reichenbach, and she wrote to her brother-in-law in September 1853:

³ See, e.g. *Illustrated London News*, XVIII (5 April 1851), p. 265, for a report of the debate in the House of Commons on the possibility of disturbances during the Exhibition by refugees. William Howitt, "A Pilgrimage to the Great Exhibition from Abroad". *Household Words*, III (28 June 1851), p. 324.

"... he has bought a large farm within 15 miles of Philadelphia . . . but he looks forward, I think, with secret desire, to a war, in which he may take part and get himself handsomely killed, rather than drain land in America."⁴

WILHELM WOLFF eked out a bare existence; he was evidently too proud to ask Marx for help, having fallen out with him because he appeared to trust the Hungarian "exile" Colonel Bangya long after Wolff and others had begun to suspect him as a spy (which he was). Marx complained to Engels in May 1853 that Wolff was "sulking." Wolff noted in his diary on 21 June, his 44th birthday, that he was "in almost dreadful distress"; in August he finally wrote to Ernst Dronke, asking for help. Dronke, who now had a clerkship in Bradford, immediately passed on the news to Engels, who encouraged Wolff to come to Manchester. There he found tutoring work through his doctor, Louis Borchardt, a liberal who had spent three years in prison for his activities in 1848-49 and on his release had been prohibited from practising medicine in Prussia. Borchardt had settled in Manchester in 1852 and had built up a good practice, so he was able to introduce Wolff to English and German families in need of a tutor. Engels had to smooth over the ruffled feelings of Marx and Wolff: they had parted on bad terms (over a book Marx had borrowed and lost). Marx was grumpy about Wolff's behaviour, even from "an old man in his dotage, who has become venerable as a Party tradition."

Part of Marx's impatience with Wilhelm Wolff related to his lack of activity on behalf of the "Party." Like Wilhelm Pieper, he had produced nothing for Joseph Weydemeyer's *Revolution* in 1852. He was really only an honorary member of the "Party", and once established in Manchester he settled down to the life of a careful, valetudinarian bourgeois, thoroughly respectable except for the odd drunken skirmish. Marx thought he spotted a description exactly suited to Wolff in the *Illustrated London News* in 1856: "Symptoms of being a confirmed old Bachelor: When a man cannot go anywhere without his umbrella, that's a symptom. When a man thinks

every one is cheating him, that's a symptom. When a man does all the shopping himself, etc. . . ." Engels reported Wolff's rows with his landlady and his violin-playing neighbour, and his propensity for confrontations after a few drinks at his regular pub, the Chatsworth. Wolff emerges from Engels's description as a cross between Don Quixote and Tristram Shandy's irascible father:

"Lupus has had another adventure, this time with a parson who swapped travelling bags with him. The deadly earnestness of the affair was, however, alleviated by the fact that the bag that had been left behind contained the said parson's *maiden sermon* which he was due to rattle off the following day. This lent the thing certain humorous *extérieurs*, otherwise Lupus was again on the point of exclaiming: 'There are so many rogues in this country, and not of the working class, but of the middle class'. . . ."

Wolff and Engels remained good friends and drinking companions (although Marx seemed to be rather jealous of their companionship and conviviality).

Wolff became a prominent member of the local Schiller Club when it was founded in 1859 in celebration of Friedrich Schiller's centenary. Engels, who became a member of the board some years later, kept aloof from the centenary plans, reporting negatively on them to Marx, who was equally caustic about the philistine doings of the London Schillerians (led by Karl Blind and Kinkel) at Crystal Palace. Diplomatically, Engels did not mention Wolff's involvement when writing to Marx.

WHEN WILHELM WOLFF DIED in May 1864 (leaving £100 to the Schiller Club in his will) Marx and Engels felt they had lost their best friend. Wolff had been much loved in spite of his crotchets.⁵ Marx, who attended the funeral in Manchester, noted how many people attended:

"Borchardt, Gumpert [also Engels's doctor], Engels, Dronke, Steinthal, Marotzki (the Protestant clergyman in whose house Lupus was tutor and who came as a private friend), Beneke (one of the chief businessmen here), Schwabe (ditto), another three businessmen, a few boys, and about 15-20 people of the 'lower classes', among whom Lupus was very popular."

To Marx's surprise and gratitude, he discovered that although Wolff had never been well off, he had saved over £1,000 and had left most of it to the Marx family. Wolff had always taken an interest in the Marx girls' successes at school, where they won all the prizes,⁶ and the legacy was also intended to help Marx complete the first volume of *Capital* in relative comfort. Marx showed his gratitude by dedicating the volume to Wolff's memory. Wolff had not been much use as a "Party" member, but he had been loyal to his friends, despite tiffs when times were hard. In Manchester he had become a minor institution, beloved of English and Germans, bourgeois and workers, notorious for quarrels with landlords at home, and in the pub with chance drinking-fellows. In the collection of his papers kept in the International Institute for Social History in Amsterdam there is—besides his testimonials from

⁴ Jane Carlyle to John Carlyle, September 1853, *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, ed. Alexander Carlyle (London, 1903), Vol. II, p. 61.

⁵ See Engels's biographical sketch of Wilhelm Wolff, written in 1876 for Liebknecht's periodical, *Die Neue Welt*, and reprinted as an introduction to Wolff's *Gesammelte Schriften*, ed. Franz Mehring (Berlin, 1909), p. 30. See also Walter Schmidt, *Wilhelm Wolff: Kampfgefährte und Freund von Marx und Engels, 1846-1864* (Berlin, 1979), p. 314.

One of Wolff's fantasies centred around a journey to the tropics with Freiligrath in order to set up some kind of plantation. The plan foundered when Freiligrath replied that he could hardly take along "five tender children." Freiligrath to Wolff, 30 March 1855, Wolff Collection, International Institute for Social History, Amsterdam (folder 5).

⁶ Marx wrote to Engels on 8 August 1858, "Lupus will be interested to hear that little Jenny has received the first general prize in the first class (which also includes the English prize), and little Laura the second. They are the youngest in the class. Jenny also got the prize for French." *M/E Collected Works*, Vol. XL, p. 337.

Zurich, his passport, his Manchester bank-book, and his last will and testament, all carefully kept together—an unsigned Valentine card dated 1861. In his own way, Wilhelm Wolff too had become a bit of an Englishman.

5. Pugnacious Pixie

YET ANOTHER OF Marx's colleagues from the Cologne days of 1848-49 found his way to England. Ernst Dronke, after a time of hunger, arrests, and imprisonment in Geneva and Paris, wrote from Paris in October 1849 in some despair, asking Joseph Weydemeyer to arrange a loan to pay for rent and food, adding: "I send greetings to you and your wife with as much longing as the memory of the fleshpots of Egypt holds for a completely weakened stomach. . . ." From Geneva, in August 1851, he wrote again, not knowing that Weydemeyer was also in desperate straits and about to emigrate to America. Dronke described his life as a "miserable vagabond existence", as wandering "in a kind of perpetual fever." If a new Revolution did not break out by the beginning of 1852, he, too, would be "forced to go to boring America." The democrat Eugen (later anglicised to Eugene) Oswald, who became a teacher and author in England, recalled in his *Reminiscences of a Busy Life* (1911) that he met Dronke in prison in Paris in December 1851, when they had both been arrested as members of a supposed "Franco-German plot" after Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. Like Oswald, Dronke was released and expelled from France, and he arrived in London in April 1852.

Marx and Engels called Dronke "*piccolo*", a "pixie", a "*Wichtelmännchen* (little sprite)", and he was in his own way as volatile and unreliable a character as Wilhelm Pieper. When Engels heard that Dronke was coming to Britain, he warned Marx:

"If the little man does come, you will have some difficulty in restraining his pugnacious temperament, surely much exacerbated by prolonged 'toil and trouble'; in this

country fisticuffs and brawls cost too much money for him to be permitted to indulge in them. . . ."

Engels was referring to Dronke's duel with a Russian refugee in Geneva, in August 1851, and his remark was prophetic, for when Dronke was living in Bradford as a clerk in 1854, he visited Manchester frequently for drinking sessions with Engels, Wolff, and Heise, and soon got into trouble. Engels told Marx in June that the aptly-named Dronke, "drunk as usual, was run over by a *cab*"; and a month later he was in trouble with the law:

"... when he was here [in Manchester] 4 or 6 weeks ago he got drunk and, at one o'clock in the morning or thereabouts, made a grab at a female [*Frauenzimmer*] in the street; she, a married, middle-class woman [*Bürgerfrau*], boxed his ears, whereupon he knocked her down. . . . The husband arrived on the scene and went to fetch the police, who didn't want to get mixed up in it. The business was protracted by Dronke's spurious excuses and now he has finally received an *attorney's* letter demanding an *apology and compensation*, failing which the *foreigner* is to be made an example of. . . ."

The upshot was, of course, that Engels had to pay Dronke's fine.

As useless to Marx's research and propaganda as Wilhelm Pieper (Dronke was "idle as a *grisette*", wrote Marx in October 1853), Dronke soon lost regular contact with his friends. He moved between Bradford, Liverpool, and Glasgow, where his fortunes as a businessman rose and fell. His friends had little hope of his ever settling down and becoming "responsible." Peter Imandt wrote to Marx from Dundee in 1857 with the news that Dronke was living in Glasgow with some woman, and had "started a small business . . . which means", he continued, "that his boss has sacked him. What the small business is, he didn't say, but a small business it will certainly be." When business was good (as in 1861 and 1863), Dronke lent Marx money; when it was bad (as in 1876) Dronke borrowed money from Engels.

The last time Marx appears to have heard from him was in 1882. In January, a sad letter arrived from the German Hospital in Dalston: "Dear *père* Marx, I'm lying ill in the above hospital and would like to see you." Marx, whose wife had died only a month before, wrote of his sorrow and ill-health. Dronke's reply expressed sympathy, and added, "I myself had the unhappiness 16 months ago to lose my oldest son, Richard. He was a ship's apprentice." (Richard, aged eighteen, had been on the way home from Hong Kong when his ship was wrecked.) Dronke told Marx not to trouble to visit him; his bronchitis was getting better. He would not be bothering Marx with any further letters.

6. The Faithful Recruit

PETER IMANDT was a teacher in Krefeld until the 1848 turbulence, and then a refugee in Switzerland before going to England. He differed from the rest of Marx's "Party", for he began by being a supporter of Gottfried



Gottfried Kinkel (1848)

Kinkel, and was only won over to the Communists in London in the summer of 1852. While in Switzerland, he had been a guarantor for Kinkel's American loan;⁷ but by August 1852 he was "spying" for Marx at meetings of the loan committee, at which the democratic refugees argued about what they should do with the disappointingly small amount of money Kinkel had raised. Alexander Herzen, with some Russian prejudice, recorded delightedly in his autobiography⁸ that the German refugees had deposited the money in a London bank, "and chose as trustees Kinkel, Ruge, and Count Oskar Reichenbach, three irreconcilable enemies. . . . One or two of them had only to sign a cheque for the third to refuse to do so. Whatever the German emigrants' society might do, one signature was lacking."

Peter Imandt defected to Marx's group, but still found it useful in 1857 to use Kinkel's name as referee when applying for the post of French and German master at a school in Dundee; his other referee was Ferdinand Freiligrath, who was known in Dundee "as a great poet."

From 1852 to 1855, Imandt lived in Camberwell, tutoring in languages among the large colony of wealthy German businessmen which included "Charles Fleury", a so-called "democratic businessman" and Prussian spy, whom Marx unmasked (with Imandt's help) in *Revelations Concerning the Communist Trial in Cologne*. Like so many of the others, Imandt supported Marx more in theory than in practice; he appears to have done no writing at Marx's behest. But he did help Marx out of financial scrapes. The whole Marx family escaped to his Camberwell house in July 1855, partly to enjoy the fresh air and try to get over the death of eight-year-old Edgar a few months earlier, but more pressingly to avoid Marx's creditors, including his doctor, Hermann Freund.

While the Marxes were in Camberwell, Peter Imandt was in Scotland visiting Heinrich Heise, and in September 1855 he announced that he was off to Arbroath to what Marx called "a highly dubious prospect of a post." He seems to have started a coal-merchant's business on his arrival in Dundee, and also to have found five pupils who would bring him £4 a quarter. In February 1856 he told Marx he was "longing for London": his business was not doing well, owing to the proverbial meanness of the Scots. But he stayed on in Dundee, succeeded in 1857 in his bid for a language-teaching post, and married his landlord's daughter in 1859. He appears to have had his nephew, Carl, living with him, for Carl wrote to "Herr Marx" from Dundee in 1858, reporting on the school he was attending. "English schools [of course he meant *Scottish* schools] are much better than German ones, the best thing about them being that you don't have to do detention or write homework every day." Carl hoped the Marxes would visit Dundee next spring, and that "the red-head" (Laura) and "black-haired Jenny" would come too.⁹

Though their correspondence was irregular, Peter Imandt

was one of the few former friends to whom in 1867 Marx sent a copy of Volume One of *Capital*. Imandt replied belatedly (in February 1870), rather ashamed of his long silence. He found *Capital*, he said, difficult to come to grips with. The introduction was "a very hard nut indeed", even to one who, like Imandt, had studied Hegel. It must have been a disappointment to Marx to meet with such a poor response from one of his erstwhile disciples.

7. The Loyal Disciple



AS FOR Wilhelm Liebknecht, the most loyal and responsive of Marx's little group, he was also rather less than altogether satisfactory. Marx and Engels had a low opinion of him; and they failed to take him seriously even after Liebknecht had returned to Germany, in 1862, to a life dedicated to socialist politics and journalism at a time when both activities were frequently rewarded with arrest and imprisonment. It is true that Liebknecht was not the most spirited of intellectuals, and he suffered from (or enjoyed) an irritatingly Micawberish temperament. Never financially solvent, he was always asking for "loans" and prophesying the coming of better times. He was so hard up in Berlin in 1865 that he contemplated returning to England to try teaching in Manchester. "Can one get a cottage with a garden for £20-£30 a year in Manchester?" he asked Engels, who expostulated to Marx: "What notions Liebknecht has about Manchester! He's got nothing to eat and asks me what a house 'with garden' costs here! The chap's mind has completely gone to seed." Despite his innate disadvantages, however, Liebknecht was to become a worthy socialist opponent of Bismarck in the 1870s and 1880s; and in 1868, with August Bebel, he founded the German trade-union movement on the English model. He was the father of Karl Liebknecht, the victim (with Rosa Luxemburg) of political murder in Berlin in 1919.

Liebknecht had taken part, with Gustav Struve, in the Baden uprising of September 1848, after a spell of teaching at Karl Fröbel's experimental school in Zurich. He was imprisoned in Freiburg until summer 1849, when he went to Geneva to join other democratic republicans, including Gustav Struve and Conrad Schramm. He was arrested in February 1850 for his activities in radical clubs in Geneva, and deported to France. In May he was expelled from France. Thereupon he came to London, where he met Marx at meetings of the German Workers' Education Association and applied to join the Communist League. He later remembered having been closely questioned by Marx and Engels, who mistrusted his connection with Struve: "I was suspected by my two examiners of petty-bourgeois 'democracy', and 'South German exuberance of feeling'. . . ." However, he

⁷ Carl Schurz was sent to Switzerland in 1851 to find guarantors. See Hermann Röscher-Sondermann, *Gottfried Kinkel als Ästhetiker, Politiker und Dichter* (Bonn, 1982), p. 306 and n.

⁸ Alexander Herzen, *My Past and Thoughts*, Vol. III, p. 1145.

⁹ Carl Imandt to Marx, 1 March 1858, Marx-Engels Collection, MS correspondence in the International Institute for Social History in Amsterdam (folder D2402).

passed the test, and became a willing student of Marx's theories, which he was soon passing on in his Education Association lectures to the German workers.

Marx's rebarbateness Liebknicht experienced to the full, being bossed about and criticised, alternately grovelling and complaining of Marx's treatment of him, especially after his return to Germany. Still, Liebknicht later wrote forgivingly in his "Reminiscences of Marx":

"No one is entirely insensitive to thrusts, blows, gnat bites and bug bites, and Marx as he followed his path, attacked from all sides, worried by cares for his daily bread, misunderstood, indeed often rudely rebuffed by the mass of the working people for whose struggle for emancipation he was forging the weapons in the stillness of the night, while they were running after glib-tongued windbags, dissembling traitors, even open enemies, Marx must often have encouraged himself in the loneliness of his poor, genuinely proletarian study with the words of the great Florentine and drawn fresh energy from them. . . ."¹⁰

Here was evidence of Liebknicht's strong sense of loyalty to Marx, and his understanding of Marx's feelings about August Willich's popularity with the workers at the time of the split in the Communist League. While Willich and his mates

"made plans for the overthrow of the world, and day by day and evening after evening intoxicated themselves with the hashish draught of thinking that 'tomorrow it will begin', we [Marx's group, including Liebknicht] sat in the British Museum and endeavoured to educate ourselves and to prepare weapons and munitions for the future struggles."

APART FROM SUPPORTING Marx at meetings of the German workers, Wilhelm Liebknicht became London correspondent of two German newspapers owned by Johann Georg Cotta. But he found the salary too little to live on, and he too tried for tutoring jobs. In January



Ferdinand Freiligrath (undated)

1853 he borrowed £1 from Engels to redeem his coat from a pawnbroker so that he could look respectable for an interview with a German businessman (Herr Schuter, who worked for the banking firm of Oppenheim and Co.). Liebknicht seems to have lost this post in October 1854, just at the time of his marriage to the daughter of one of his prison inspectors at Freiburg. Marx reported to Engels on the circumstances:

"Liebknicht, as you know, has been vacillating most despondently between an Englishwoman who wanted to marry him and a German woman in Germany whom he wanted to marry. At last the German descended on him and he married her—in a religious as well as a civil ceremony. Both of them seem very down-in-the-mouth. His job is over with, since the people are moving away. He spent a wretched honeymoon at No. 14 Church Street in a house where he got himself heavily in debt. But who forced the ass [*Esel*] to get married. . . . ?

Liebknicht often mentioned his wife, her health, and the birth of their children during the next few years in his uneasy correspondence with Cotta. They were used simultaneously to excuse his failure to send reports and, in June 1856, to back up his request to Cotta for a rise in salary.

Such naivety and tactlessness, which finally lost him his newspaper job with Cotta and precipitated his return to Germany, was mirrored in his writings. It must have been vexing for Marx to have had a willing, even slavish, follower who could not help mixing the Marxist doctrine he had learnt with a wide-eyed admiration for the capitalist society he set out to criticise. Even if we allow for Liebknicht's desire not to alienate his liberal-conservative editor and the readers of Cotta's *Morgenblatt*, we can detect in his articles on England heretical vacillations of attitude. His short article on the Great Exhibition, for example, begins with a Marxian probing into the capitalist motives behind the show, and (more important) into the historical laws which operated so implacably and heralded the end of capitalism:

"It is true that this Exhibition does not owe its origin to an enthusiastic upsurge of cosmopolitanism, and if we try to get to the bottom of it we find the most sober calculation and the most blatant motives. We see that English industry has come so far in the course of its incredible development that it must suffocate in its own over-production unless it can either find new outlets or widen its old ones. The first is impossible, and if the whole social fabric is not to be completely destroyed, there is nothing for it but to enlarge the old markets, that is to make them capable of taking greater quantities of English goods. . . ."

So far so good, from a Marxist point of view. But Liebknicht was also the honest foreign observer, wide-eyed with wonder at Britain's industrial achievement; and his article ends on a note entirely at odds with the negative ideological analysis:

¹⁰ Karl Liebknicht, "Reminiscences of Marx", Karl Marx, *Selected Works* (1942), Vol. 1, p. 108. "The great Florentine" is Dante, whose line "*Segui il tuo corso, e lascia dir le genti* (Follow your own course, and let people talk)" Marx adopted as his "motto" in the Preface to *Capital*.

"... If we look closely, we can see that the Great Exhibition is no more than a piece of free-trade propaganda. But be that as it may, the idea of this enterprise, and the way it has been put into practice, deserves our admiration, and the admiration with which it has met in every part of the world shows well enough that other nations have grasped its importance. . . . And as for the motives behind it, let us not forget that egotism has, albeit unintentionally, done more for humanity than the most humane and self-sacrificing idealism."

LIEBKNECHT'S PEN had got the better of him, and to Marx's and Engels's disgust, he pursued his deviant line once back in Germany, promoting among workers and the infant German Social Democratic Party an attitude which veered between parliamentarianism on the British model and a more radical, anti-capitalist, extra-parliamentarian view. Constitutionally an optimist despite a life of poverty and imprisonment, in the 1880s he took a positive view of the successes of British trade unions, arguing from the Hegelian notion that in all historical struggles between two protagonists, each representing some right, a balance would invariably be achieved. He concluded that the English trade unions, representing the right of workers to oppose the growth of capitalism at their economic expense, had succeeded in the battle against capitalism, which was exercising its right to remove anything which threatened to hinder industrial development. "In a word", he added, "the trades unions have made the English worker into a citizen possessing full rights."¹¹

Still, Wilhelm Liebknecht was Marx's chief link with politics in Germany; in the 1860s Marx pursued the policies of the First International with Liebknecht as his German organiser; and Liebknecht was one of the first Social Democrat MPs in the Berlin *Reichstag*. In a speech there in 1882, he gave evidence of his acquaintance with, and admiration for, capitalistic England. Bismarck, he claimed, was the very opposite of his English conservative counterpart, Disraeli, and he quoted Disraeli's early spokesman, Coningsby, from the novel of that name (1844), to the effect

that the task of a good government was to achieve through laws what badly governed peoples achieved only by revolution, when lawful progress had been denied them. This was hardly Marxism, but it indicates that Liebknecht had been affected (as he said in 1895) by "John Bull" in his great capital city, showing the rest of the world the way.

SUCH WERE THE FRIENDS and disciples of Marx. Small wonder he wrote in 1853 that they hardly added up to a Party. Each had to scrape a living in Britain as well as he could, and few had either the will or the ability to dedicate themselves to the cause of revolutionary socialism.

As a group, they bear a close resemblance to Joseph Conrad's anarchists in *The Secret Agent* (1907), who "mooned about" in "delicious and humanitarian idleness." Conrad divides his group into the "enemies of discipline", the "fanatics", and those motivated mainly by vanity; and the first and last of these characteristics, at least, can be seen in many of Marx's disciples. Yet despite their poverty and recklessness, and their fruitlessness as a political force, "Papa Marx's" group had some happy times. For we do have, to conclude this story of Marx and his "Party" in the 1850s, the following reminiscence of Liebknecht.

It was the habit of Marx's family and friends, as it was (and is) of many London families, to take a Sunday outing on Hampstead Heath. Equipped with a picnic basket containing roast veal, chicken, and fruit, the group would walk to the Heath from Dean Street, buying bread, cheese, milk, shrimps, watercress, beer, tea, and winkles from stalls on the way and on the Heath itself. There would be singing and story-telling, gymnastics on the grass, hunting for wild flowers, races, and donkey rides. However negative and bleak the prospects Marx had of financial solvency or recognition for his chosen course of study, Sundays offered a holiday from domestic misery and scholarly work at the British Museum. "A Sunday on Hampstead Heath", wrote Liebknecht, "was one of our greatest joys."

For Marx, things were to get better. In the late 1860s his financial situation was somewhat improved by family legacies; and he became—as a result of his activities on the Council of the International, and later, when *Capital* was finally taken notice of in England—an influence far beyond the confines of Soho and its miscellaneous group of German exiles.

¹¹ Karl Liebknecht, "Die Industrieausstellung", *Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser*, 3 and 5 March 1851; "Die Trades Unions", *Die Neue Zeit*, 1883.

Safety In Numbers

Lambs are cute,
Lambs are sweet.

Lamb is mute.
Lamb is meat.

R. N. Allan

Three poems by Anthony Thwaite

Variations on *Seki*

Look for the radical. Establish context.
If necessary, magnify the sign.
Use of the syllabary script may help.
The homophone is frequent. Now read on.

A most decisive battle. Build a dam.
Lose by a whisker. Neptune's revel. Pink.
Man of profound learning. Budgerigar.
A cough. The spine. Dead silence. Barren land.
Wages of sin. Stone pillar. Wipe the slate.
One-eyed. Red Army. Rice steamed with red beans.
Impromptu drawing. Evil of long standing.
Here. Bygone days. Put out of countenance.
Stark naked. Snowdrifts. One-armed person. Load.
Responsibility. The best one can expect.

O interlocking mesh of stroke and brush—
A web of dew which no sun clarifies:
Thesaurus of small treasure-houses, locked
Against the outsider, the illiterate.

Dawn in Zempukuji

Phlegmatic hawkings, stertorous plummetings—
Our Chinese neighbour through the bedroom wall
Reaches for virtue from her tubes and lungs,
And serenades each dawn and dusk, her call
Shaking the frail partition. Then there comes
A genuine tremor like a roll of drums.

Birdcalls begin, unrecognised. Soft rain
Sifting through leaves, tapping through guttering.
Clatter of wooden sandals. At the pane
A moth is trapped in mesh, is fluttering
Against my pillow. Up through jets of dreams
Another tremor, then another, comes.

Shock

An easing of walls,
A shuddering through the soles:
A petal loosens, falls.

In the room, alone:
It begins, then it has gone.
Ripples outlast stone.

Rain-smell stirs the heart;
Nostrils flare. A breath. We wait
For something to start.

The flavour of fear,
Something fragile in the air.
Gone, it remains here.

Peter Redgrove

Turning every way

I.

The furniture van was starting up the drive
Filled with dead leaves.
They wanted to take the whole year's harvest
From that tree with them. They wanted

To take all that had happened in that house
For they surmised that every speech and whisper
Every caress and blow was recorded
On the wooden reels of that tree
Which stood beside the house and printed
Leaves turning every way
Like pages of a speaking book, the only furniture.

II.

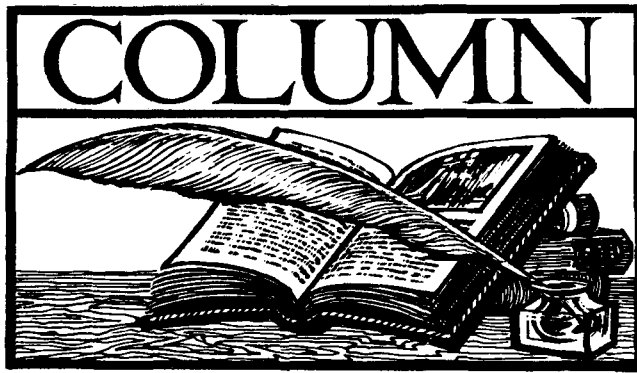
The master of the dog was angry,
Under his cuff Fido leapt into the throne
Of leaves, into the crotch, by his barking
Dislodging certain leaves.
The leathery trees
Covered with their leather pages,
Every one a voice
Shaping the air as it moves,
The blue sky raked
With a high windy cirrus. The pelvis
Of the mistress of the house
Left, her magic chair
That turns every way. Leaving
He paused and pissed
In the open sunlight
Creating a rainbow out of himself

III.

Or rather a rainbow paused in the air
Where the spray hung for an instant
Then passed on invisibly. The angry
Throat bursts its collar,
The button flies on like a pearl insect singing,
The song or infinite of the throat passes.

IV.

They protested too much; but the chattels went
And the house was empty, and its draughts
And shadows moved with the leaves in them.
The whispering and sprinkling of the tree.
It was the autumn of moving;
The subtle wings, the shifting strata
Of heaven and of the leaves
Iron-red like ore shifting on its veins
Creating its magnetisms to which leaves fly;
It was the melting of autumn,
The molten time, the casting time
In the cool foundry of shadows and breezes,
The autumn of moving that melted
Blood-red the flashing trees
And moved them on, in the sweet of their lives;
Like a tree of possessions swept clean the rooms stood empty.



PUZZLE: HOW DID W. H. Auden pronounce the word “decade”? Dictionary-fashion, as if it were a non-slip nautical varnish—“Deck-Aid”? Or as if it were spelt “decayed”?

The question’s less odd than it seems. For many weeks last year *The London Review of Books* was ablaze with argument about how the poet Geoffrey Hill pronounced the word “twilight”: to rhyme with “highlight”, with “alight”, or with some muttered compromise? Smouldering in the controversy were half-spoken accusations—of snobbery, illiteracy, regional prejudice, class warfare, and political bias. Fired by their feelings, critics who’d long accepted free or cut-price verse now seemed to demand from poetry the metrical precision of cabaret songs. Thus scansion doth make Cowards of us all.

In Auden’s case, the decayed/Deck-Aid problem arises from his poem “September 1, 1939”—which he preferred not to reprint, partly because of its false though famous line “We must love one another or die.” It began, you remember:

*It sit in one of the dives
On Fifty-Second Street
Uncertain and afraid
As the clever hopes expire
Of a low dishonest decade. . . .*

This surely suggests the pronunciation “decayed.” If so, the overtone fitted the image of the 1930s already forming on the Left—summarised in a recent Marxish paperback, *Rewriting English*,¹ as “mass unemployment, an economy and money system in crisis, a labour movement betrayed by its leaders, fascism in power and the imminence of global war.” So “‘the thirties’”, the authors claim, “. . . looks enough like an eerie *Doppelgänger* of the present in its most sinister manifestations to compel both obsessed fascination and defiant repudiation.”

There’s no doubt about the fascination. The book is one of a series entitled *New Accents*, devoted to “new methods of analysis”, “new concepts of literary forms and modes”, “new notions of the nature of literature”, “new views of literature’s role in relation to society.” Old readers, who think they’ve learned to distinguish between good writing and bad, true and mistaken verdicts on Ramsay MacDonald (or Neil Kinnock), and even between “fascism” and Nazism, may feel they’re

watching a remake of 1930s youth-snobbery: all they miss is Auden’s “new styles of architecture, a change of heart.” Shorn of academic trimmings, the rhetoric’s that of *New Writing*, fifty years ago.

“Repudiation”, then, is difficult: it means in some respects copying those who rebelled at the time. To do the book’s authors justice, however, they acknowledge that the 1930s were not “a simple topographical feature of the historical landscape.” They aim, in their own typical words, “to problematize the very idea of literary periods.” Bully for them. Decades and centuries may be numbered with dates: none can be adequately labelled, unless as an anodyne “age of transition” or—*New Accents* again—“a time of rapid and radical social change.” Between 1939 and 1945, everyone fought a different war. No less different were perceptions of the preceding peace.

MY OWN, as a middle-class only child, was idyllic. A large house and garden; books and gramophone records; a model train-set in the billiard-room; a succession of “maids”; errand-boys bringing the groceries; private schools; travel; cars upholstered in leather; a teeming fantasy-life. I was far too young to know how privileged we were. For the middle classes, tirelessly “rising” as in the history-books, the 1930s were a golden age, glowing in retrospect with such sunlight as had gilded the summer of 1914. Only as I grew up and began to read the “New Writers” did complacency start to fade.

The first of them to attract me was Christopher Isherwood, with *Mr Norris Changes Trains* and *Goodbye to Berlin*. Here was an exotic adult world, observed with childlike surprise and detachment, like Dickens’s grotesques. On the sexual scenes, the narrator remained a *voyeur*, a trifle wearily amused—the ideal pose for an eager juvenile reader. Politics rumbled in the background; so did puzzling allusions to “the collapse of liberal society”; but what first appealed was the immediate impression—the sharp and startling descriptions, as when Mr Norris smiled. “His smile had great charm. It disclosed the ugliest teeth I had ever seen. They were like broken rocks.” The last two sentences, I later found, had so baffled Isherwood’s Italian translator that he left them out.

Isherwood’s *Lions and Shadows* gripped me even more. I was seventeen when I read it, competing for a scholarship in history at Cambridge. So, to my excited amazement, was the author at the beginning of the book. His sardonic companion “Chalmers” (Edward Upward) seemed exactly like my own closest school-friend. We read Isherwood together, used his slang, played out his “Mortmere” fantasies. At times, I had to suppress a weird impression of actually *being* Isherwood, or at least his secret sharer—a common enough delusion, I’m told. Even later, with Vedanta and homosexuality revealed as Isherwoodian tastes which I didn’t share, the private fascination persisted. It still does.

ADMIRING ISHERWOOD naturally led to reading Auden and the other members of what Roy Campbell disparaged as “MacSpaunday”—Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender, and C. Day Lewis. They and their fellow-contributors to *New Writing*, etc., soon dispelled my rosy, parochial picture of the

¹ *Rewriting English: Cultural Politics of Gender and Class*. By JANET BATSLER, TONY DAVIES, REBECCA O’ROURKE, and CHRIS WEEDON. Methuen, £10.95, paper £4.95.

1930s, almost as completely as joining the army and spending several months in the ranks. Vignettes of life in slums, mines, and factories were as shocking and revealing, on the printed page, as the social impact of the barrack-room.

So successful was the New Writers' *coup d'état* that they still seem to dominate the period—and, to their cost, to be dominated by it. As soothsayers, prophesying trouble, they proved right. Few people thanked them for the warning; and in the post-War years, with trouble overcome and other concerns emerging, their collective reputation ebbed. Even individually they seemed less arresting: Isherwood's later novels lacked the glitter of his Berlin stories; Auden's poems, with a few exceptions, no longer rang out like reveille. Othello's occupation had gone. It was tempting, now, to smile at "pylon poetry" or phrases like "today the struggle", and impute insincerity to ex-public-schoolboys consciously courting "the masses." A film like *Night Mail*, with Auden's verse accompaniment, began to sound condescending—the postal workers exchanging stagy badinage in Cockney or Lancashire accents, the commentator yapping away in a high-pitched young-officer voice with insufferably genteel vowels. The 1930s seemed to have entered the dead ground of recent history, too remote for sympathy but still too close for reasoned judgment.

SOME SUCH REACTION was unavoidable: but its intensity smacked of overkill, undue remorse for youthful infatuation. Perhaps it was simply that everyone was older. Then, gradually, things began to change. The first sign of revived interest came with Louis MacNeice's posthumous *Collected Poems* in 1966. Two years later, C. Day Lewis was appointed Poet Laureate. In 1976, Samuel Hynes published *The Auden Generation*; and both Auden and Isherwood have lately been the subject of copious individual studies. Stephen Spender, finally, has been knighted—an honour which some have sniffed at, but which it would surely have been priggish to refuse.

It begins to be possible, then, to look more soberly at the Auden generation's achievements; and many of them stand up well. I still believe that Auden's was the richest talent, trickle as it might towards the end. Several of Isherwood's novels, I think, will last—not just the Berlin stories, but notably that *tour de force*, *A single man*. MacNeice and Day Lewis, in their very different ways, were profound and serious poets; and Spender, too often billed as a holy fool or a latter-day Shelley, seems to me to be possibly the most underrated of the lot.

I've thought this ever since I read *The Destructive Element*, his first book of criticism, and *European Witness*, his early post-War reportage. In both he worries away at problems, noticing things that others miss, sometimes saying what they think too obvious to mention, but also blurting out awkward

truths, and often doubting his own conclusions. It's an engaging, fretful habit of mind.

The same qualities appear in his recently published *Journals*.² These partly underlie, and therefore overlap with, previous books including *European Witness*; but although edited for publication, they have a freshness and edge which rewriting sometimes dulls. A few reviewers have complained at Spender's supposed blandness; others, that his tongue can be rough. Both reproaches, paradoxically, make sense: no honest diary could totally avoid the odd banality and occasional irritation. But Spender's mostly crackles. For those in search of set pieces there are several: a talk with Konrad Adenauer while he was still an obscure Mayor of Cologne; a visit to Guy Burgess's flat in Moscow—rather less spartan than in the Alan Bennett film. Among the cast of thousands there are frequent glimpses of Auden, Isherwood, and T. S. Eliot. There are rows, drunk scenes, comic episodes, and—for good sound financial reasons—incessant travelling and lecturing. The amount of reading, thinking, and argument is daunting—let alone the effort of writing the journal itself.

One conversation may stand for many. In Cincinnati, "Z, a very nice and intelligent student, from the Hebrew College", "lean and tall and dark, with long hands and fingers, and thumbs that curve back", descends on Spender to demand "explications" of T. S. Eliot's symbolism in *The Waste Land*.

"We came to a line in which there is a dead tree. . . . 'Now what's the symbolism of the dead tree?' 'It's a dead tree', I said. 'Yeh, but what does it being dead symbolize? What's it doing there being dead?' 'It just happened to be growing there—or dying there', I corrected. He did not seem satisfied with this, so I added, 'It was in the *Waste Land*, so it died.' 'D'yer mean to say that you don't know?' he scowled suspiciously. 'Or do you mean to say that Eliot's stuck with a tree that doesn't symbolize anything?'

[Note: Of course, Z. was right, the dead tree symbolizes the cross on which Jesus was crucified.]"

SPENDER'S CARE and scruples are seen at their best in his poems, now reissued in a collected edition³ which completes and revises the *Collected Poems* of 1955. My first impression was how modest he had been in dropping work with which he was dissatisfied, while retaining such poems as "The Pylons" and "The Truly Great", neither of which is wholly unembarrassing, although extensively anthologised. The point, I suppose, is not disowning one's past. Where some may pick bones with him is over his revisions. When Auden reprinted as plain statement an ironic sermon from *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, he could have been thought to be teasing; but his and some of Yeats's tinkering with earlier poetry seems to be a pity. With Spender I'm less certain. I'm sad to see "No Orpheus, No Eurydice" disappear altogether from this collection: but several of the textual changes—which Spender traces back to his first intentions as sketched out in his notebook—seem after all to clarify and strengthen the verse. Perhaps, in some cases, second or third thoughts can be best.

Looking back over the "MacSpaunday" writers, includ-

² *Journals 1939-1983*. By STEPHEN SPENDER. Edited by JOHN GOLDSMITH. Faber, £15.00.

³ *Collected Poems 1928-1985*. By STEPHEN SPENDER. Faber, £12.50.

ing Isherwood, what strikes me most forcibly is a paradox. Although all of them figured in the 1930s as "political" writers, this is the aspect of their work which has tarnished the most. Mr Norris is remembered more as a "character" than as a double agent; *Sally Bowles* still outranks *The Nowaks*. "Lay your sleeping head, my love" will probably outlast "Spain." MacNeice's *Autumn Journal*, or parts of it, appeal to me more than "Bagpipe Music"; Day Lewis's love poems, parodies, and epiphanies shine high above *The Magnetic Mountain*; and virtually all of Spender's best verse is lyrical. It's as if the cast had come on in uniform, but changed to mufti for the last act. And, after all, Isherwood had confessed it, in *Christopher and His Kind*. On the way to America with Auden in 1939, he

"heard himself say: 'You know, it just doesn't mean anything to me any more—the Popular Front, the party line, the anti-Fascist struggle. I suppose they're okay but something's wrong with me. I simply can't swallow another mouthful.' To which Wystan answered: 'Neither can I.'

Those were not their exact words but, psychologically, it was as simple as that. They had been playing parts, repeating slogans created for them by others. Now they wanted to stop."

THAT, FRANKLY, didn't bother me: but I fancy it may have displeased the authors of *Rewriting English*—those who look back on the 1930s with "obsessed fascination and defiant repudiation." It may be one reason why they question the "versions" of the period which converge, as they put it "around . . . the literary pre-eminence of Orwell, Auden, Christopher Isherwood and Graham Greene." Instead, bypassing Samuel Hynes's bleak dictum that "virtually no writing of literary importance came out of the working class during the decade", they lay heavy stress on both "working class writing" and the "the writing of women"; and they rather cursorily trace sexist and other nasty elements in selected popular fiction.

This, of course, is a familiar strategy, recalling Orwell's essays on "Raffles and Miss Blandish" or "The Art of Donald McGill." But, for the *Rewriting English* group, "it is by no means hospitable to the idea of literature as that word would be understood in a university English department." The aim, once more, is to reintegrate "literature" with "life." Few could quarrel with that—or with attempts to question and qualify the canon, or Leavisite "great tradition" of consecrated texts. It may seem a waste of time; but searching analysis of neglected or "middlebrow" work may in the end reassert and revivify standards, once more separating—perhaps differently—the sheep from the goats. Where this approach seems suspect is where it tends to eliminate distinctions, deny differences, debase literary values, and abolish the notion of excellence altogether. And when it puts ephemeral political "commitment" before permanent human criteria, it amounts—however you pronounce it—to *la trahison des clercs*.

M

AUTHORS

Naomi May is the author of *At Home* (1969), *The Adventurer* (1970), and *Troubles* (1970), which is set in Protestant Ulster and is on the reading list for courses in Irish studies in American universities. (All three novels were published by John Calder.) She also writes for the *Daily Telegraph* on "hopeful aspects of life in Northern Ireland."

Michael Charlton, one of Britain's leading broadcasters, is a veteran foreign correspondent for the BBC, and co-author of *Many Reasons Why*, an inquiry into the Viet Nam war (Scolar Press, 1978). His further documentation of the oral history of our times produced his earlier contributions to *ENCOUNTER*: "How (& Why) Britain Lost the Leadership of Europe" (August, September, October 1981), issued as a book by BBC Publications under the title *The Price of Victory* (1983); and "The Eagle & the Small Birds" (June, July-August, September-October 1983), a greatly expanded version of a BBC Radio 4 series covering the period from Yalta to *Solidarity*. His series "The Star Wars History" was recorded for the BBC's Talks and Documentaries department and broadcast on Radio 3.

Rosemary Ashton is Lecturer in English at University College, London. She is the author of *The German Idea: Four English Writers and the Reception of German Thought 1800-1860* (Cambridge University Press, 1980) and *George Eliot* (1983) in the Oxford University Press "Past Masters" series. Her article is based on her forthcoming book, *Little Germany: Exile and Asylum in Victorian England*, which OUP will bring out in June 1986.

Anthony Thwaite, who returns to Britain in April, has been spending part of 1985-86 on a Japan Foundation Fellowship attached to the University of Tokyo, where he was from 1955-57 Visiting Lecturer in English. He is co-editor of *The Penguin Book of Japanese Verse* (1964) and co-author of the Thames and Hudson *Japan in Colour* (1967). His *Poems 1953-83* was published by Secker in 1984.

Peter Redgrove's latest collections of poems are *The Man Named East* and *The Working of Water* (Routledge, Taurus Press, 1985).

Edward Pearce, leader writer and Parliamentary sketch writer for the *Daily Telegraph*, is the author of *The Senate of Lilliput* (1983) and *Hummingbirds and Hyenas* (1985), published by Faber and Faber.

Jean-François Revel writes a column for the Paris journal *Le Point*. His most recently translated work, *How Democracies Perish*, was published last year (Weidenfeld, London; Doubleday, New York).

John Hunt is the Parliamentary Correspondent of the *Financial Times*. His article "Laski, Labour & Moscow" appeared in the March 1984 issue of *ENCOUNTER*.

Jan Morris is the author (as James Morris) of the great trilogy on the British Empire: *Pax Britannica* (1968), *Heaven's Command* (1973), and *Farewell the Trumpets* (1978), published by Faber. Her other books include *The Venetian Empire* (1980), *The Spectacle of Empire* (1982) (as co-author) and *Stones of Empire* (1983).

Anthony Verrier, journalist, lecturer and broadcaster, was from 1967-74 a Senior Associate Member of St Antony's College, Oxford. He is the author of *Through the Looking Glass: British Foreign Policy in an Age of Illusions*, published in 1983 by Jonathan Cape, who in January bring out *The Road to Zimbabwe: 1890-1980*.

Steve Attridge, who teaches part-time for the Open University, is based at the University of Warwick, researching into the literature of the South African War (1899-1902). His play *Peasants Revolt* is being toured by the Northern Lights Theatre Company.

NOTES & TOPICS

London Commentary

The Clenched Red Hand

By Edward Pearce



TWO DAYS of debate in Parliament are not necessarily the best way of clearing one's mind on any topic. This is particularly true when one must listen to the Ulster Protestants and their distinctly odd British friends. Mr Ian Gow promising the support of his heart—"and it's a pretty big heart"—was almost as full of self-pity (having resigned a middle-

rank office which flattered his sycophantic talents) as the droning Northern Irish themselves. However, we must make the effort. Mr Ian Paisley (the doctorate is bogus, from a degree mill in the congenial US southern states) does not come to the Commons to enlighten. The wrecker of our one real attempt at power-sharing in Northern Ireland has a certain insolence in commenting at all. For Paisley, whatever his majority, is a man for the street and its reflexes, and an uneasy presence in the deliberative chamber of a liberal democracy. James Molyneaux was (as ever) decent, rational and dignified; but it is Mr Molyneaux's tragedy that to function at all in that wretched province he must at all times avoid being outgunned by his bawling rival, Paisley. Harold McCusker, an uncharacteristically intelligent man for the party he represents, is showing signs of understandable emotional distress. It is hard not to sympathise with an MP and his Protestant and moderate Catholic constituents in South Armagh when he speaks of attending the funerals of nine murdered men in one day.

The psychopathic conduct of the IRA, coolly clearing the ground in South Armagh by killing Protestant farmer after Protestant farmer so as to make that part of the North more authentically Catholic, has a ring of provincial Nazism to it. Northern Ireland is a miserable place, with bigots at one end of the spectrum and murderers at the other, while all sorts in the middle make what terms and partial terms they can with the dominant brutes of their own tribe. The British mistake when dealing with these people is to suppose that moderation, British-style, ever had much of a chance among

the kerns, gallowglasses, and settlers. Frankly, it is an error to believe that either culture shares a civilisation with Britain. Ulster is a valley cut off, but alas not lost, at some stage in the 17th century. It belongs with "Magdeburg quarter"—the excuse which German Protestant troops gave themselves for killing Catholic prisoners in the Thirty Years War—and with the mentality of the Holy Roman Emperor Leopold I who 40 years later refused Christian burial to the Protestant dead among the Polish soldiers who had saved Vienna from the Turks.

Yet the dominant British purpose, ever since William Craig's B-Specials beat people up on a bridge in Derry and brought us in as protectors, has been to bring out the moderation in the Irish. We have no honorable alternative. Edward Heath tried it from above by the Sunningdale Agreement. Merlyn Rees, picking up at that point, came very close (until sabotaged by Paisley) to getting the three Protestant and two preponderantly Catholic parties of that day to share power on a common executive. They did fail, but surely they can hardly be blamed for trying; that at least is the British reaction. The trouble is that no matter how many Union Jacks they wave, the Ulstermen are not British, except in the narrowest point of law. Accordingly, the chances for compromise among moderates have never been good.

There is a school (and I have felt its facile attractions) which says "You can never achieve anything by an initiative; so govern, administer, and tick over without expectations." The view is taken that initiatives are bad because they arouse hopes which will be disappointed and fears which will turn into Protestant violence. As a line of argument that is fine, except that it is usually linked to the *Tory* Unionist point of view, which actively dislikes liberal-minded concessions to the minority; but it is good enough as a holding position, and valid if you think the Ulster Protestants are impregnable. My own guess is that Mrs Thatcher and her political lieutenant, Sir Robert Armstrong, doubt if they any longer are.

It is tediously common to hear the argument "Remember the Ulster Workers' Strike." It is perfectly true that "industrial action" in 1974 destroyed the idea of Sunningdale. But circumstances alter cases. The Labour Government of that time was first of all utterly preoccupied with the new elections which a split Parliament made necessary within eight months of the first general election of that year. Secondly, it approached the problem in the shadow of Arthur Scargill. The previous government, to the private horror of many Labour leaders, despite Edward Heath's manifest folly, had just been destroyed as a consequence of mixing it with and losing, for the second time in two years, to the invincible National Union of Mineworkers. Now, just how invincible are the Mineworkers today?

The destruction of Scargill as a political force has oddly enough done very little for Mrs Thatcher in electoral terms. The defeat was like a company announcing good figures, long discounted in advance. But the outcome hasn't done too much for Mr Scargill and the NUM either. That thought should really be taken on board by those who gaily dismiss the Anglo-Irish Agreement as something which will peter out against the rock of the Ulster Protestants.

I HAVE NOT BEEN altogether kind to Mrs Thatcher lately, because of what I see as a streak of authoritarianism which came out in her after the last election. It was put to me affably by a very shrewd political friend that "What you see as authoritarian, which she isn't, is actually bossiness—and bossy she is. . . ." Fair enough, and the chapel-mouthers in Antrim and Down would do well not to underrate that bossiness.

The Thatcher-Armstrong initiative was carried out over months with Dublin, while John Hume of the Catholic Social Democratic and Labour Party was kept minutely informed. Certainly it has some American component (though there is no need for poor old Enoch Powell to fall frothing to the carpet about "the evil Americans"). The deal, from which the Ulster Unionists were rigorously excluded, is going to break hearts in the Six Counties. Mr McCusker says that he has suffered a desolation which he will take to the grave, since after those nine funerals he had asked his constituents to trust Westminster. The pity of the Ulster Protestants is that they are like children in their desire to be loved, and like children in their rage at being excluded from love, and *nobody at all loves them!* They have their greedy incestuous bigotry to themselves and a handful of fogies, young and old, at the margins of the British Conservative Party.

The quirkish *Spectator* publishes prim little leaders and half-demented articles (from somebody called Stan Gebler Davies) respectively deploring the Agreement and snarling at the moon about it. But most British people regard the Six Counties (and the twenty-six) with quiet despair. Ireland is our misfortune. Money is lost there, lives are lost there—and for what? On the face of things, to make the world safe for men in bowler hats and orange sashes who have wandered in from a musical comedy.

In reality, of course, we stay in Ulster because the option would be a war of Lebanese dimensions. I doubt if the British would grieve too deeply if one bunch of offshore primitives decided to massacre the other; we haven't minded in ex-colonial Africa. But Ulster is nearer geographically, and there are Defence considerations. That is as much love or respect as the men in bowler hats and dog-collars will ever get from us. In fairness to them, they are also the historical victims of the awful, opportunistic, Tory crookedness which decided a century ago to "play the Orange card." That impulse is washed-out and over. Union Jacks in Belfast are superfluous.

I WOULD SUGGEST THAT for all its apparent frailty and vagueness, the Anglo-Irish Agreement should be treated very seriously indeed. For a start, Mrs Thatcher (if the cliché may be forgiven) means business. My impression, taken from excellent sources, is that she is deeply impressed by John Hume, the leader of the SDLP, a rational constitutionalist who could conceivably pick up a seat or two in the great run of artificial by-elections. Secondly, she has quite fierce views on the injustice done to peaceful Catholics in the lifetime of Northern Ireland's autonomy (1922-1972)—their deliberate exclusion from jobs, public housing, and (by way of gerrymandering) from half-way adequate representation in the

Stormont Parliament and local government.

Half the ideas in the Protestants' heads at present—an American conspiracy, a Dublin conspiracy—come naturally to men who have been kept out of horse-trading. But *why* were they left out? Even friends of the Agreement ask that question. Partly, no doubt, because nobody in Ireland trusts anybody else; but surely also for the good Machiavellian reason that they are *intended* to be put in a panic.

The contents of the Anglo-Irish Agreement are far less important than its manner. Margaret Thatcher, having thrashed Arthur Scargill, is, I suspect, confident that she can box the Protestants as well. After all, what does the Shankill Road fear most of all? Ironically, its least substantial and most circumspect opponent, Dublin! The Prime Minister of the Irish Republic wants some points in the electoral polls against his atrocious opponent Charles Haughey, and who would not do him that favour, if possible? But, as an Irish journalist put it to me: "The Republic would greet the accession of the North with combined euphoria and horror." No, Dublin exists as a party to the Agreement to humiliate and frighten the men in bowlers and for its own electoral reasons. It also provides a nightmare factory for Mrs Thatcher.

Fresh rumours about "expansion of the dialogue", "a heightened role for the Republic's representative", "a new examination of the Irish dimension" (name the bureaucratic buzz-word of your taste), deftly combined with some secret, but not very successfully secret, meetings with representatives of the Dublin government should give the Shankill Road visions of being handed over slice-by-unsavoury-slice to the Pope-of-Rome (as Belfasters call that reactionary Pole) and to the militias of Charles J. Haughey, whose bigoted and theatrical brand of cheap nationalism is the natural government in the Irish Republic. It isn't going to happen, but it is a good way to bell the cat. If Protestant Ulster, whatever the outcome of its by-elections, can be kept jittery, lonely, and demoralised in the Atlantic ocean, rescue at a price would come in the form of the Assembly.

AT PRESENT that Assembly is a beached rubber dinghy without powers or purpose, a sort of fish-and-chip Strasbourg, a dining-and-ranting club of no account. But the powers of devolved authorities are what central governments choose to make them. Mrs Thatcher has spent a lot of time (or got in a lot of practice) diminishing or reshaping Local Government in Britain. She surely knows quite well that she could do the opposite in Ulster if the terms were right. The terms are obvious enough—fair play for the constitutional Catholics, indeed for Catholics full stop, in the hope of encouraging constitutionality.

One thing which particularly scares the Protestants is the element allowing for consultation over the Ulster Defence Regiment. There are very few British soldiers in Ulster now. The locals are obliged to defend themselves through the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the UDR. There have been complaints about UDR behaviour, indeed there have been convictions in court, though it is a far cleaner and more

decent organisation than yesterday's B-Specials. It is also the chief defence against the IRA. The wretched Protestants can be put into a shuddering panic by a single, perfunctory, visiting inspection by the Irish Minister of Defence. And Protestant panic, though no politician will say so, is what is required. Of their own free will the Protestants will never lift the raft of job-reservation which still governs much employment, nor will they make common cause with constitutional Catholics for whom minority status is not like Labour/Conservative or Democrat/Republican ups-and-downs, but a condition of iron exclusion. Power-sharing there has to be, because the minority, whatever their faults, have lived too long under subjection to the guiding spirit of "a Protestant Parliament for a Protestant people."

If I understand correctly what the Prime Minister is driving at, she is using that bossiness of hers to try to get fair treatment *and* power-sharing, which the malign fundamentalist wing of Ulster—Paisley, McCrea and the other Ayatollahs—have always denied the minority. Decent deals were periodically available from other Unionists, though it will not help them to say so. Paisley functions to summon up Ulster's bad angel, to wreck power-sharing, to maintain the awful Afrikaner quality of the Ulster Protestants' reputation.

"A Protestant and Catholic Assembly for a Protestant and Catholic people" would sum up the object of the Thatcher-Armstrong initiative. It can come unstuck. The odds are that in this bleak province—that worst inn's worst room—it *will* come unstuck. But the pluses, in contrast with past circumstances, should not be missed. It happens post-Scargill, post the heavy rate-capping of British municipalities. There are large subsidies (for candidly we are milked white by Ulster) which could so easily be attenuated. In the kingdom of subsidy administrative delay is king. Life can be made harder for the bullying majority in a thousand little ways; and the Dublin bogey will be kept credible by the hyping speeches of *Fine Gael* politicians making optimum interpretations of what they have won. It is thus at least thinkable that the Ulster Protestants could be scared into the arms of common decency through the medium of the Assembly, even of an Executive in which the likes of John Hume and Seamus Mallon took their proper part.

The Irish have an irritating habit of talking about their rights, but a great denial of rights, the long, dishonest Tory years of extracting seats in Parliament and playing sectarian politics in areas like Glasgow and Liverpool through the corrupt medium of F. E. Smith and Archibald Salvidge, would have been reversed. Ireland will not be united; but the fatuous chimera (longed for by Ian Gow) of integration into Britain will not take place either. Candidly, we want these people at arm's length, governed by rules fairer than their own brutal instincts. They are not part of us, but we have a sort of duty to them.

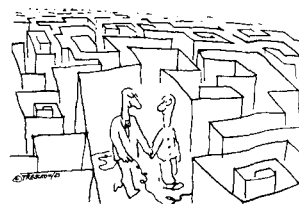
The Protestants of the North are not impregnable if we keep our nerve. This is a far cleverer and more subtle document than is realised. It could be the beginning of the destruction, not indeed of the Protestants, but of that winning-side psychology which has sustained institutionalised injustice to the minority. I have the impression that Margaret Thatcher cares for the minority and will exercise her anger on

their side. Moderation, British-style, is indeed a desperate hope. A sanitised Stormont and a Scargillised Paisley are prizes worth struggling for.

Paris Notebook

By Jean-François Revel

The Revolution We Need



THE MAJORITY of the French electorate, which not long ago (for the fourth time) showed its mistrust of the Socialists, nevertheless doubts whether the Opposition would make a good Government. All that a change might mean would be replacing a Fabius behaving like Barre by a Barre behaving like Fabius. And have the Socialists themselves not already gone halfway towards their opponents? In this malleable Assembly, the changeable cohorts elected by proportional representation seem to be playing at *libéro-dirigisme* or *socialo-Reaganisme*.

One example is Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Early last year, he proclaimed that he would never go back on "the fifth week of paid leave or on retirement at sixty." But has he really understood the libertarian mood of the public? People want to see the State stop taking this kind of decision-in-the-abstract for the country as a whole. Let us suppose that in France tomorrow there were 15,000 entrepreneurs, each of them prepared to set up a firm with 25 employees. But suppose also that they had done their sums, and found that their firms would only be able to survive if the employees worked 41 hours a week and took only four weeks' paid leave. Would the State then forbid them to create 375,000 new jobs?

Which is worse? To be unemployed for years, or to take a week's less paid leave? What prescience or second sight enables us to decree that nothing will ever make us change our time-tables? And which is the more "reactionary"? To have reduced working hours in an industrialised country where they were already among the shortest, and to have gone from 1,750,000 unemployed to three million, or to let firms work more in order to create jobs?

The only sane way of reducing working hours is to increase productivity. Only growing productivity makes it possible, as in the years between 1950 and 1975, simultaneously to enjoy full employment, shorter working hours, and greater purchasing power. The State alone can never achieve any of these three. As for compulsory retirement at 60—and in practice (since 1981) retirement has been imposed on many active people before that age—how can anyone guarantee that it will be maintained for ever?

Politicians merely tell the public: "I will write you a new

text, less statist and more *laissez-faire*. . . .” But they always insist that they themselves should write it. As for the so-called New Liberalism, this has been so much talked about that it has become a bromide: it has not even begun to be put into practice. In fact, the *néo-libéralisme* which the Fabius Government claims to espouse is no more than a rescue operation. But France needs more than a “central” or “Centrist” consensus on how to improve our crutches or adjust our belts. We need to know how to face our major competitors.

To do that, we need not a *compromis* but a *métamorphose*. We need to break out of the bonds imposed not only by the Socialists but also, in large measure, by previous conservative governments. If the Opposition is willing to help, let it say so. If on the contrary it feels intimidated by the prospect, one must almost hope that the Socialists stay in power for a while yet—or, at whatever electoral cost, lose only half their support. Reality, after all, is the best teacher. Perhaps we must wait for it to convince the French how deeply they need to change.

French society today is not very different from the state of the dying Monarchy, as described in the school history-

books of the 1930s. In both cases, a productive sector in ever greater difficulties is supporting a parasitic sector in ever greater expansion. This is self-destructive, since the parasitic sector must forever be squeezing the productive sector more and more tightly, making it ever weaker and less productive. The weaker it grows, the tighter the squeeze, and the greater the danger of atrophy.

By “parasitic sector” I do not of course mean retired people, the sick, the unemployed, or those on social security. They are simply in receipt of the dues they have earned. Instead, I mean the falsely active—firms, groups, or individuals who live on public money without ever submitting to normal market forces or to real governmental supervision. Why indeed should the State be expected to exert real pressure on a sector which largely belongs to it, or which looks after its political clientele? Equally parasitic are the many citizens who perform socially useful tasks but are rewarded far beyond their worth, either in money or in free time, discreet bonuses, tax breaks, special discounts, or easy promotion. (Fortunately, so many French people have read François de Closets’s *Toujours plus!* that I need not dwell on these perks.)

Glucksmann’s Bêtise



Paris

THERE WAS ONCE a philosopher who laughed till he cried over the custard pies on the silver screen. The fact intrigued him. Was he a typical movie-goer? And the custard pie—soft, sweet, and opaque—did its banal appearance conceal one of the secrets of humour? André Glucksmann, the philosopher in question, saw Mack Sennett’s silent films over and over again, repeatedly watching that

first sticky missile home-in on an innocent actor, and still could not understand why he laughed. When the Socialists came to power in France, they helped him to solve his semi-culinary riddle. God said, “Let Mitterrand be”—and all was light. The sun, today, bears the name “Bêtise”, and the landscapes it illumines are pretty monstrous.

Have no fear: Glucksmann’s new book is scarcely a polemic (although the unfortunate Attali receives two or three well-aimed custard pies, he deserves to, since he helped to cook them). No: “*La Bêtise*” (published by Grasset) is a joyous meditation; and why not? Rabelais is funny and a philosopher. Glucksmann, in his way, has revived a very old tradition.

He makes a likeable debut: *allegro ma non troppo*. His book is presented as a speech designed to cheer up his Socialist comrades. Its theme is: Don’t take our setbacks tragically! We’re not succeeding, but so what? “Do Laurel and Hardy succeed in applying their *programme commun*? . . . Does Charlie Chaplin hop from one victory to another? . . . We must learn to transcend the old form of tragedy which progresses from illusion to truth, which begins well and ends badly. We must have the courage to modernise our outmoded aesthetics.” Glucksmann concludes that Socialist politics has invented the grotesque. “What is

Socialism à la française?” he asks. “The confluence, in the ballot box, of an oil lamp, a galleon, a touch of guilt, and a full assortment of custard pies.”

Stupidity, Glucksmann thinks, has become world-wide in less than 200 years. The 19th century invented substitutes for religion. At the beginning of the 20th century mankind skidded on the banana-skin of August 1914. Came the birth of totalitarianism, the origins of which Hannah Arendt recorded and of which Chaplin produced the lasting image—the Great Dictator playing patball with a huge balloon, a terrestrial globe. Today sees the emergence of post-totalitarian society—present-day Russia, so sharply described by Zinoviev. What keeps it apparently united? Terror? Hardly. Tons of stupidity and gallons of vodka. That works. Is “*la bêtise*”, then, a hidden factor in history?

The answer comes not from Glucksmann but from Flaubert and Molière. Emma Bovary’s father, toward the end of his life, planned to publish an enormous “encyclopédie de la sottise.” All that Flaubert produced was “*Bouvard et Pécuchet*”, plus the “*Dictionary of Received Ideas*.” But “*Bouvard et Pécuchet*” amply illustrates Glucksmann’s thesis: its eponymous heroes wanted to know everything, and so were condemned to ignorance; they changed plans and ideas as they changed their shirts; they stumbled from setback to disappointment, and finally decided “no longer to tolerate the stupidity of other people.” It’s a vicious circle: stupidity fighting stupidity creates more stupidity: Weevils against Worms.

But Molière had gone further still. Argand, the imaginary invalid, lets his universe shrink—not even to himself, but to what assails him: his illnesses, his entrails, his bile. And Glucksmann comments: “Never before or after has the theatre presented such putrefaction floating amid such nausea.” Yet “*Le malade imaginaire*” is a comedy.

“*La Bêtise*” is one of the sharpest and most telling books to appear in this grey, soft, damp epoch of ours, when dreams have died and courage has become so rare.

Georges Suffer

Another book has appeared which deserves very wide publicity. This is *Le bazar de la solidarité*, by Louis Bériot (J.-C. Lattès). In it, with files, facts, and figures, the author shows how the 1901 "Law on Associations", noble and democratic as it essentially was, has been exploited. Alongside perfectly disinterested charitable bodies, a host of others has grown up, many of them machines for extracting subsidies, and often for passing them on to political parties. Certain powerful works committees in State-controlled firms like *Electricité de France* and the national railways, already amply financed by consumers and taxpayers, turn out to be milch-cows for the French Communist Party.

The so-called "social economy" (friendly societies, cooperatives, trade unions, and "associations" of various kinds) employs 1,600,000 paid staff, 600,000 of them in charitable bodies alone. This amounts to a wage bill of 100,000 million francs a year, most of it from subsidies. While apparently philanthropic, too many charitable bodies and foundations (as Bériot writes) "are no more than sinecures, subsidiaries of political parties, commercial operations, repositories of private interests, or even corporatist fortresses." One of the most insidious ways of pillaging public funds is the notorious system of "*mise à disposition*", whereby a Civil Servant, while still drawing his salary, is "put at the disposal" of some other body, as an official of a highly politicised trade union or a charity linked to a political party, such as the very Socialist Léo-Lagrange Clubs (whose grants tripled from 1981 to 1982) or the *Francs et Franches Camarades*. The involuntary gift which taxpaying comrades make to all these Civil Servants on attachment, many of them from the Ministry of Education, amounts to about 1,000,000,000 francs a year! . . . Nor should we forget *la culture*. One charitable "association" (which no doubt contains few sworn enemies of the Minister) has a state subsidy for studying "the Zone between Myth and Reality."

DO THE nationalised industries fall into the "zone" of this egregious study? This is a question to be explored all the more urgently since reform, in this area too, looks like being very hard work. Why bother to change the Government if all that happens is that vested interests are confirmed? A frequently quoted cliché alleges that "there is little difference between 'Market forces' and 'State control'." But that cliché is very superficial. The real question is whether our French economy will one day be returned to society as a whole, or whether it will continue to be run, predominantly if not exclusively, under bureaucratic-politicised control. To break out from such control, a large measure of rapid de-nationalisation is essential, particularly in the field of banking and credit. And unless one wishes to break out, there is no point in talking about "alteration" in Government. At the very least, the nationalised sector needs to be democratised, by consulting the shareholders, i.e. the taxpayers. There is frequent talk of "*l'État actionnaire*", "the State as shareholder", for example when it paid 3,000 million francs to Renault. But the state is *not* a shareholder: it is the company board. The real shareholders, who (unbeknown to

themselves) recently gave 12,000 million francs to the public sector, are the citizens of France.

Finally, to put France back on the road to modernity requires that education and research return to their true tasks. The present Minister of Education has won warm applause by declaring that from now on "reading and writing" will have to be taught in school. Splendid: but hardly enough. Our "National Committee for Scientific Research (CNRS)" is a monster, dominated by trade-union pressure groups, established clients, outdated methods, and sheer prejudice. So long as non-scientific votes retain a majority in the scientific departments of our universities as in the CNRS, we shall continue to lag behind our principal competitors. In 1984, the United States produced 200,000 high-level scientific graduates and first-class engineers. Japan produced 97,000 (more than the whole of Western Europe). And France? Only 24,000. The resignation of Jean Dorst from the directorate of the *Muséum national d'histoire naturelle* illustrates clearly that in France, when a conflict breaks out between the scientists and the political appointees at the head of a great scientific institution, it is science which is the loser.

IT IS VERY MUCH to be hoped that the next change of government in France will not be simply a change *vis-à-vis* 1981, but a change from a style of government and a style of society which dates back to the origins of the Fifth Republic

ARGENTINA 1516-1982

David Rock

ISBN 1 85043 013 6 January £24.50

THE THIRD REICH AND THE PALESTINE QUESTION

Francis R. Nicosia

ISBN 1 85043 010 1 February £24.50

THE END OF THE PALESTINE MANDATE

ed. W. Roger Louis &
Robert W. Stookey

ISBN 1 85043 011 X £22.50

THE ULTIMATE ENEMY: BRITISH INTELLIGENCE AND NAZI GERMANY 1933-39

Wesley K. Wark

ISBN 1 85043 014 4 £19.50

L.B. TAURIS & C^o Ltd

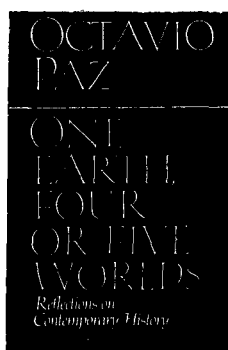
Publishers

3 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London WC2 Tel. 01-836 5814

or even further. It could be—and the very serious issues at stake require it to be—“*une alternance tranquille*” (to quote the title of a recent book by Lionel Stoleru). Tranquil, in the sense that it must obviously be democratic and tolerant. But it must at the same time be a profound structural change: a change in powers, habits, and connivances. So far, most attention has been focused on the political aspects of “*alternance*”: the electoral law, coalitions, the number of deputies, regrouping at the centre, disputes between party leaders, the fate of the President. These are epiphenomena. The real battle will be fought on the basic issues: and in the first instance it will be a struggle by the French people against its own archaic ways. In 1989, we shall not merely celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution: we must make our own revolution.

We need vitamins, not mothballs.

The Clouds of History



NOTE THAT the new work by the great Mexican poet and philosopher on the upheavals, vicissitudes and spasms of our era was originally titled *Tiempo nublado*, “Cloudy Weather.”¹ I do not know why its French translator, or publisher has chosen to give it another name. Still, the clouds remain, drifting through these pages and darkening the skies of contemporary history, though not the thought of the author, constantly

luminous in its mastery both of essence and nuance.

Octavio Paz conducts his intellectual explorations with that rare Socratic agility thanks to which everything becomes simultaneously clearer and more complex for the reader. He reminds us that true subtlety consists in making the difficult questions easy, and not the reverse.

Whether he is dealing with the United States, that civilisation that used to suffer from its lack of a past and which is finally gaining a feeling of historic legitimacy by plunging (so it likes to think) into decadence—or whether he is describing the Iranian revolution, springing from a desire to complete the economic and social modernisation brought about by the Shah with political reform, but in the event awaking Shi’ite archaism and the hatred of freedom, mod-

ernity, rationality—Octavio Paz is skilful in his handling of what I think of as *le paradoxe pédagogique*. In the first case he makes it clear to the apostles of rampant modernisation that a society cannot with impunity live solely for the future. It also needs the balance provided by inherited inertias, even if they be stolid ancestral manias, inner-directed curbs upon action. In the second case he argues that a backward-looking irrationalism can be dressed up as a new departure, that revolution may very well be regression, and lastly that the human tragi-comedy is partly dictated by chance (an “author more indifferent than malicious”).

My feeling is that Paz’s reflections go deeper and unveil more mysteries than pure political analysis, for they incorporate a meditation on the cultural contradictions of societies and the chaos of human motives. Looking at Spanish America, he shows how its nations aspire to democracy and how it is the “élites” who withhold it, with nothing to choose between the armed forces officers on the Right and the intellectuals on the Left—the latter, according to Paz, “an *appellation contrôlée* which has ceased to be controlled.” In El Salvador, whenever they have had the chance to vote, the people have demonstrated “an equal repugnance for both Right-wing extremists and guerrilla extremists.” As for Sandinista Nicaragua, Paz, the stalwart democrat who naturally rejected the Somoza dynasty, warns the new fellow-travellers to remember the blunders their predecessors made about Cuba in the 1960s: “Like them, some will be ashamed one day of what they have said—and not said.”

If he is harsh on the Latin-American *gauche*, which is “dogmatic and crude, in the line, not of the Enlightenment but of the theologians of the 16th century”, Octavio Paz is no less harsh, for different reasons, on the Old World. For him, the faculty of self-criticism, the honour of European culture, has abruptly disappeared. During the 1970s it was the Russian dissidents who took over our tradition of moral protest. (Which explains, I would add, why they are so resented and even hated by so many of the West’s Left.)

AMONG THE FEW of Paz’s positions with which I would want to disagree, this is the foremost. In the course of the past decade, Europe has not abandoned self-criticism, but has re-examined the process itself. For some time now, it had been criticising itself for false reasons. The West’s self-criticism in the post-War era had tended not towards an ideal of greater freedom, but of *less*—a dismaying fact which dumbfounded the Russian dissidents. Some of those people on our own side who claimed to be the heirs to our critical tradition were working for its destruction, and towards establishing an ideological monopoly and a political despotism. When these were established, often quite ruthlessly by new revolutionary régimes, criticism was gently inaudible. Against democracy, the least justifiable kinds of terrorism seemed to them to be justified. It was in order to unmask the sham which had been covering the take-over and devilish abduction of the intellectual mission that the true critical function intervened—keeping faith with the tradition invoked by Octavio Paz.

J.-F. R.

¹ *Une planète et quatre ou cinq mondes: Folio essais, inédits*. By OCTAVIO PAZ. Gallimard. (*One Earth, Four or Five Worlds: Reflections on Contemporary History*. By OCTAVIO PAZ. Translated by HELEN R. LANE. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$14.95; Carcanet, £12.95.) Among the recent books in English of Octavio Paz are: *The Bow and the Lyre* (1974). *The Siren and the Seashell, and Other Essays on Poets and Poetry* (1976), both published by University of Texas Press. *Selected Poems of Octavio Paz* (Penguin, 1979), and *Labyrinth of Solitude, Other Mexico, and Other Essays on Mexico* (Columbus Books, 1983).

The Quest for William Beveridge

By John Hunt



A CURIOUS HABIT not unlike the Stalinist rewriting of history has recently become apparent in British politics. The old tyrant undoubtedly remains the leading exponent of this unsavoury art, but some of the British practitioners are proving themselves quite capable of suppressing unpalatable facts or twisting them to their advantage.

The first to indulge in the current round of historical body-snatching were the Tory "wets" who criticise Mrs Thatcher from the liberal-left wing of their party. They claimed that their political tradition was in direct line of descent from the "One Nation" philosophy of Disraeli. The implication was that Disraeli's abhorrence of the two nations of rich and poor in the England of his day would have made him the natural enemy of "Thatcherism." In reply Mr Leon Brittan (then Home Secretary and a close supporter of the Prime Minister) resurrected the austere figure of Sir Robert Peel and presented him as the progenitor of Mrs Thatcher's brand of politics. We were asked to believe that Peel's liking for balanced budgets and value-for-money policies almost made him a 19th-century "monetarist" *manqué*.

In all this excitement it was not long before the spirit of John Maynard Keynes was conjured up to testify for both defence and prosecution in the current arguments over the economic role of the state in reducing the high level of UK unemployment.

In typically rumbustious fashion Mrs Thatcher waded into battle flourishing a tattered copy of the 1944 Employment White Paper which she produced from her handbag during heated exchanges in the House of Commons. She proceeded to quote from it under the mistaken assumption that it was actually written by Keynes when in fact it was a typical compromise document produced under the aegis of the Treasury. She singled out for particular approval the passage which emphasised that there could be no improvement in the standard of living in post-War Britain, and no full employment, without a drastic improvement in the level of industrial efficiency.

Labour MPs were outraged at what they saw as a blatant attempt to hijack the reputation of the man they still regard as the patron saint of public expenditure.

Only slightly less annoyed were the dissidents in her own party, and the counter-attack was led by Mr Peter Walker (the Energy Secretary) who is the last surviving "wet" in the Cabinet. He saw the White Paper as a complete vindication of Harold Macmillan's middle-way brand of Toryism which con-

veniently, but not surprisingly, coincides with Mr Walker's own beliefs. He selected the passage which laid down that the post-War government must have as its main objective a high and stable level of employment.

The latest doctrinal controversy, however, promises to be even more intriguing. It concerns William Beveridge who is still regarded as the "founding father" of the modern Welfare State in Britain even though it was a title which he rejected with some distaste.

This new outbreak has been occasioned by the publication of the Government's Green Paper proposing radical reform of Britain's labyrinthine social security system, a move which many argue is long overdue. The discussion document has come under wide attack, particularly from the Left and from the representatives of the "caring professions" who naturally have a strong vested interest in the continued growth of the Welfare State. They depict it as a plot to "turn the clock back half-a-century" and thus destroy the Beveridge heritage. The subsequent publication of a White Paper, setting out the Government's firm proposals and modifying some of its original suggestions, has done nothing to lessen the controversy.

Meanwhile that nimble politician (and ex-journalist) Mr Norman Fowler, the Social Services Secretary, has made a pre-emptive strike by giving his own interpretation of Beveridge. In a lengthy speech last year he implied that the great reformer would have approved of the Government's proposal that private insurance should play a larger role in the provision of personal pensions. Mr Fowler believes that were Beveridge alive today he would be appalled at the waste and inefficiency in the statist provision of welfare and at the way the system saps individual initiative.

How to shift the truth from the rhetoric? In this case the task is compounded by the difficulty in assessing the life and thought of the man himself. José Harris's masterly biography (Oxford University Press, 1977) examines every facet of his many-sided personality, but we are still left with the impression that in the final analysis he was quite unknowable.

His empirical approach to social problems, restless intellect, and prickly character prevented him from joining the enthusiasts who were eager to embrace the fashionable political and economic causes of the 1930s and 1940s.

Norman Fowler argued that far from desiring a universal system of state welfare that would cocoon the citizen "from the cradle to the grave" Beveridge had envisaged a basic provision on which people could build their own prosperity by personal initiative and exertion. In fact, a careful study of Beveridge's pronouncements do tend to support the anti-statist thesis. In his later years when he had been elevated to the House of Lords Beveridge was embarrassed by the label "Father of the Welfare State" and felt that it smacked of the antiseptic future portrayed in Huxley's *Brave New World*.

The famous report published in December 1942 under the wartime coalition government had the deceptively bland title *Social Insurance and Allied Services*; and although tepidly received by some members of the Churchill/Attlee Cabinet and much of Whitehall it was rapidly born aloft on a tide of public opinion looking forward to the "better life after the War."

In a working paper leading up to the final document,

Beveridge penned some paragraphs which are very relevant to the arguments of the 1980s and which again tend to support the version of the "revisionists."

"An assistance system which does not in one way or another leave the person assisted with an effective motive to avoid the need for assistance and to rely on earnings and insurance, undermines the security system."

Further, an assistance scheme which makes those assisted unamenable to economic rewards or punishments while treating them as free citizens is inconsistent with the principle of a free community."

Even earlier, when he was Director of the London School of Economics, he was voicing suspicions about the dominant role of the state. In 1931 he told the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance:

"I think there is perhaps a tendency to think that the government has greater responsibilities than the government, or any government, can possibly fulfil."

With great prescience he drew attention to the problems of trade-union rigidities and lack of labour mobility that have so dogged the post-War British economy. He warned that barriers to the movement of labour would have to be dissolved. Trade unions and professional bodies could not be allowed to limit occupational recruitment, and unemployed workers could not be entitled to insist on re-employment in their former trades.

BEVERIDGE'S VIEWS swung back and forth between a flirtation with state economic intervention in the market at one extreme, and a sneaking admiration for free-market capitalism at the other. In the early 1930s in a new edition of his book *Unemployment, A Problem of Industry* he argued the need for public spending to counteract the Depression but also emphasised that such measures would be useless if labour insisted on creating more unemployment by pricing itself out of the market. This last passage bears, like it or not, an uncanny resemblance to the contemporary warnings given to the unions by Mrs Thatcher and Mr Nigel Lawson, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

RESEARCH CONSULTANTS

Leading academics

RESEARCH ASSISTANTS

Experienced honours graduates

TRANSLATORS

Qualified, most European languages

ARCHIVISTS

Editing and indexing by word processor

Research Assistance Routledge Associates
25 Crooked Billet, London SW19 4RQ
Phone 01-946 7122

Although sympathetic towards Keynesian liberalism he seemed unimpressed, indeed somewhat bewildered, by the refinements of Keynes's economic arguments. After reading Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest & Money* published in 1935 he remarked, despairingly: "I have tried to understand Mr Keynes. I have probably failed. . . ."

No wonder that his lack of commitment exasperated his friend Beatrice Webb, the high priestess of Fabianism. She remarked: "Intellectually he can find no resting place and no group of thinkers or social reformers with whom he can act for the betterment of men."

Despite his long friendship he did not share the Webbs' illusions about the "new civilisation", replete with betterment and welfare, in the Soviet Union nor their gullible admiration for the supposed superiority of Communist state planning. With admirable candour he wrote to Beatrice Webb:

"It does hurt me to think of any cause in which I could be interested or any person for whom I care being associated with the kind of brutality represented by the present Russian régime or appearing in any way to condone or make light of it."

Yet I have no doubt that many of his views would be equally disquieting to the Right-wing Conservatives of the 1980s. He was firmly in favour of family allowances, a universal national health service, and a statutory minimum wage. Today's Conservatives would be utterly unsympathetic to his assertion that if a man was so badly paid that he got less from wages than from state benefit, then he had a moral duty to apply for that benefit. Once again, he appears to have foreseen the perils of the "poverty trap" whereby many British workers find it financially advantageous to go on the dole rather than work for a low wage.

BORN IN INDIA WHERE his father was a Civil Servant, Beveridge's long life (1879-1963) spanned a period of world upheaval and unprecedented social change. So closely is his name associated with post-War Britain that it comes as a surprise to realise that he was a child of the late Victorian age and achieved manhood in the Edwardian era. His career is as difficult to assess as his politics; for he was, in parts, social worker, academic, journalist, and Civil Servant.

A "workaholic" who was never comfortable to get along with, his patrician manner upset many of those who served with him on the committee which drew up the famous report. They justifiably complained that their views were ignored or overridden, and the final product was undoubtedly Beveridge's personal creation.

Some interesting light is thrown on his private beliefs by episodes during his long (1919 to 1937) and often turbulent career as Director of the London School of Economics. He created a chair of Social Biology which was filled by Lancelot Hogben with the intention of founding a pure science of society based on a mixture of population statistics, heredity and eugenics, that strange discipline that was still in vogue in the 1930s but is now discredited. Not surprisingly this led to tensions within the LSE, and Hogben was soon complaining

about the unscientific Marxist dogmas of Harold J. Laski who was then head of the Department of Government at the School. This over-optimistic venture finally collapsed; Hogben resigned in 1936, followed a year later by Beveridge.

IT IS INTERESTING TO speculate where Beveridge would find his political niche in present-day Britain. Among, perhaps, the academic meritocrats of Dr David Owen's Social Democrats? In the event, he finally came down off the fence and joined the Liberal Party, sitting for a few months in the

House of Commons after a by-election victory, and later for a much longer period in the House of Lords.

A significant clue to his private thoughts may have been given in a lecture he delivered in 1934 when he admitted that he would prefer a society where parliaments as well as dictators had been superseded by an élite of professional administrators, and this enlightened corps would control the psychological and physical environment through education, housing, transport and Town & Country planning. The observation was possibly intended lightheartedly; but one is left with a lingering suspicion that it is the closest he ever came to revealing his inner vision of the ideal society.

Waiting

The violet room, they called it,
yet we knew otherwise.

Misty, violet curtains hung there:
moistly welcoming, oh yes.

But through their careful lies,
we sensed its sumptuous secrets,

judged them dear as wild strawberries,
lay in wait for lurid hints:

an uncut novel in French,
scrumptiously virginal,

and smelling superb to us
as croissants and coffee.

The aroma of tobacco,
not Papa's surely?

A drawer crackling with lace petticoats—
unworn. Why? What for?

Our days had a point, a purpose.
We waited, bided our time.

But nothing decisive
was ever discovered.

We consoled ourselves finally
with Enid Blyton, Jane Austen. Or, unabashed,

tried on Mamma's lipstick
in the dusty mirror of that ghosted room.

At other times, wept copiously,
without knowing why, hollow as our dolls

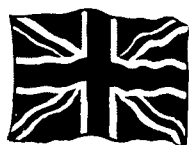
The violet room we call it now,
yet they know otherwise.

Julie Whitby

BOOKS & WRITERS

Echoes of Empire

(I) *Imperial Finale*—By JAN MORRIS



I^N REVIEWING this ambitious project about the end of the British Empire,¹ I must declare a particular interest. Any Briton of my age, of course, has a stake in the subject, but mine is more specific than most: not only did I play a part, however peripheral, in the events that are here remembered, but I spent ten years of my life writing about the Empire myself, and am thus artistically as well as emotionally involved. I read and watched these works, then, thinking partly about the content of them, but hardly less about their form. What lessons can we draw from the spectacle of the Empire's end? Hardly less interestingly, how can that spectacle best be evoked for a mass audience?

They are both difficult questions. It is hard even now to reach a fair judgment, still less a final one, upon the worth of British Imperialism; and harder still to bring to life an historical progression which was, by the nature of it, generally drab and disappointing.

Drab, disappointing, and inevitably anti-climactic. There's the artistic difficulty. When Gibbon described the decline of the Roman Empire he had several centuries to explore and exploit, several generations of Imperialists to describe, and a marvellously colourful series of events to retrieve. The fall of the British Empire was, like its rise and climax, much more abrupt. The Empire reached the apogee of its expansion only in the 1930s; within four decades, not counting a few anomalies like Hong Kong and the Falkland Islands, it was all over.

Not all over, either, in any Wagnerian nemesis. It went out, for the most part, either with a brave smile or a whimper; seldom with an actual bang. Aesthetically this is hampering for the historian. There is not much to send a shiver down the spine, once you have described the statutory lowering of the flag to the midnight trumpet, or recalled the by now traditional reconciliation between the notorious nationalist agitator and his old enemy the Governor—whose warm handshakes when all was done, and affectionate references to each other in their later memoirs, make one feel that it was all very sporting really.

Mr Brian Lapping wisely does not spend much time on these gentlemen-v-players fixtures. They were exits mostly creditable to the Empire, they have been widely celebrated, and there is no need to go on about them. Instead Mr Lapping chooses to evoke the Imperial extractions from ten territories where the process was not simple, and usually not heart-warming either: India, Palestine, Malaya, Iran, Egypt, Aden, Cyprus, Gold Coast, Kenya and Rhodesia—five of them, you will note, not even called by the same name now, four at least confined by very different frontiers, and one, except by silly conservatives, differently pronounced.

But even these, though undeniably more interesting than the run of the easy withdrawals, can hardly make stirring reading. It is sad but true that when the British Empire lost its overweening arrogance, at the time of the First World War perhaps, it lost much of its style and beauty too, and became rather a dingy thing. The leading characters of Mr Lapping's Imperial cast are not often very striking—benevolent generally, clever very often, but hardly ever inspiring. The campaigns the Imperial armies fought to protect their rear, as they withdrew with varying degrees of volition from their distant outposts, were without exception even more squalid than wars usually are. The end was almost never happy; though the British often managed to patch up an amiable denouement, however bitter their rearguard action had been, rare indeed was the ex-colony which honoured for more than a few months the forms of parliamentary democracy. I remember well the comical gravity with which, when I was on *The Times*, elders of that newspaper analysed the successive colonial constitutions hammered out at almost interminable conferences for this about-to-be-emancipated possession or that: and I note with amusement, in this book, Nkrumah's remark about the arrangements so meticulously concluded for the Gold Coast: "I can drive a coach and horses through this constitution, and after independence I certainly will. . . ."

He did, too. We all know more or less what happened next, and there is not much revisionism in Mr Lapping's book. It has taught me a great deal, all the same, about incidentals of the Imperial decline: for example I did not know that in the 1930s the *Irgun Zvai Leumi* was supplied with arms by the Polish Government, on the grounds that the more Jews there were in Palestine, the fewer there would be in Poland. Nor did I know about the meddlings of MI6 in the Iran of the

¹ *End of Empire*. By BRIAN LAPPING (author of the book and executive producer of its associated 14 one-hour television programmes on Channel 4). Granada, £14.95.

1950s, organised by two Oxford dons who ought to have known better, and backing as usual the wrong side. *End of Empire* is rich in such revelations, but richer still in the general stance of it. It is a very good book, I think—extremely fair, thorough, accurate so far as I can tell, and written with a proper blend of regret, dismay, and gentle cynicism. If all the miserable gunfights, political manoeuvrings, abortive agreements, preposterous constitutions, deceptions, disillusion and general posturings do make for depressing reading, it is not the author's fault: that's how the end of empire was.

AS TO THE associated documentary films, I have seen only two of them, on video tapes: but they were quite enough to convince me that when it comes to recording a great historical progression, even in popular terms, there is no substitute for the written word. Mr Lapping, anxious no doubt to make a fair division of instruments between his two media, does not even try to capture the atmosphere of time or place in his book. Yet even so I felt the strains, doubts and excitements of the Imperial withdrawal far more vividly from his modest and steady narrative than I did from the frequently trumped-up images, bombastic old newsreels, and self-conscious interviews of the films.

AS TO THE CONCLUSIONS which, having read *End of Empire*, it is almost one's duty to draw, one alone seems to me inescapable: that whatever the circumstances, whatever the purpose, however beguiling the exceptions or patently benevolent the individual intentions, empire is wrong. And I think it extraordinary that thirty or forty years ago there were mature men of civilised morality and sophisticated experience who could possibly have thought anything else. One might expect it of youths in the flush of adolescent aggression, but sage seniors, statesmen, historians, artists even, apparently thinking in all sincerity that the British had a perfect right to rule Indians, Africans or Chinese, with or without their consent—it seems inconceivable! It is like a mad dream.

Even if you disregard the stultifying injustice of the Imperial idea towards the subject peoples, the effect it had upon the Imperialists themselves must surely have been self-evident. If there is one theme that dominates Mr Lapping's work, it is the cruel brutalisation of the British in the last days of their Empire. Time and again it brought out the worst in them. Churchill, in other contexts so often a man of generous humour, was a crude and boorish Imperialist. Lesser politicians of otherwise unsullied integrity stooped to shabby devices when it came to empire—Mr Lapping tells us for instance how in 1959 Alan Lennox-Boyd agreed to the arrest of several leading Communists in Singapore to help Lee Kuan Yew in a forthcoming election—Lee was able to attack the arrests as illiberal, but was privy to them all the time. Half-educated soldiers interfered brazenly in the affairs of peoples they knew little about, or used authentically Nazi methods of collective punishment to keep dissidents in check.

Management self-development

A guide to managers, organisations and institutions

By Tom Boydell

This book is written, above all, for individual managers who are both keen to develop their own potential and ready to try out new self-development techniques. It describes 26 proven methods and shows how to use them. It suggests ways in which all levels of management can encourage and support the self-development efforts of colleagues and other staff. Finally, it provides management centres and schools with guidelines on how to integrate self-development with formal training courses, and how to encourage the practice of self-development by producing and distributing learning materials suitable for use without the help of teachers or instructors.

ISBN 92-2-103958-7

£11.70

Workers' participation in decisions within undertakings

This important study provides an over-all picture of the machinery of participation, from self-management to collective bargaining and trade union action, and including works councils and representation on management bodies. After an outline of the objectives, methods and scope of workers' participation in decisions in undertakings and the objections raised to some of its forms, a general introduction draws attention to some key factors that influence the efficiency and acceptability of the infinitely varied arrangements that are covered by the general concept of participation.

ISBN 92-2-101988-8

£10

Collective bargaining

A workers' education manual

Success in collective bargaining calls for knowledge and skill in several basic areas. How should a claim be presented to an employer? What arguments should be used? How is bargaining conducted? What is the role of the State? What are the rights to which a worker is entitled, in terms of international labour standards? These are among the questions answered in this manual, which belongs to a series designed to be as effective as possible in the defence and advancement of workers' interests. References to individual international labour Conventions and Recommendations and to other ILO publications provide a convenient lead for further study.

ISBN 92-2-105284-2

£5

Year Book of Labour Statistics

Forty-fifth issue

The *Year Book* brings together systematically a mass of data from a vast network of authoritative sources of information in some 180 countries. The data presented usually cover the last ten years on the total and active population, employment, unemployment, working hours, wages, labour cost, consumer prices, industrial disputes and occupational injuries.

ISBN 92-2-005297-0 (hard cover)

£43.40

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE

Branch Office
96/98 Marsham Street
London SW1P 4LY
Tel: 01-828 6401



This was, I think it not unreasonable to claim, the best of Empires: yet its last years were studded with killings and deceptions. "Can't you understand that I want Nasser murdered?" demanded Anthony Eden (it is now revealed) of his Minister of State in 1956. In Kenya, because of 32 Europeans murdered by the Mau Mau, some 11,000 Kikuyu were killed (1,000 of them hanged), and 80,000 forcibly removed to "rehabilitation camps." Perfectly decent people, ordinary British soldiers, honest farmers, were turned into bullies and bigots by the compulsions of Empire. In 1948 Scots Guardsmen, running amok in Malaya, killed 24 innocent villagers (the Imperial authorities said first they were guerrillas, then detainees trying to escape). In Kenya the British Army commander, General Sir George Erskine, trying to restrain the trigger-happiness of his own forces, was anathemised by the very settlers he had come to protect.

He was not fond of them, either. "I hate the guts of them

all", he told his wife. "They are all middle-class sluts. . . ." And middle-class sluts is exactly what, by and large, Empire makes of its practitioners. They are *nouveaux-riches* almost by definition, assuming airs, rights and advantages to which they think themselves entitled by the mere fact of their status. Their very corruption is corrupting, for it brings out in their subjects too, passions and prejudices of which they would be ashamed in any other circumstances. The ever-gentle Nirad Chaudhuri, in his *Autobiography of An Unknown Indian*, recalls looking down from the gallery of the Calcutta opera-house upon the well-dressed British audience in the stalls, and being seized by a ferocious longing to drop a bomb upon the lot of them—"snake's fangs" of hatred, he said, from which India must escape if she was ever to be redeemed.

So it goes, wherever one people imposes itself upon another, or one society intrudes insensitively upon its neighbour.

Echoes of Empire (II)

Satellites, Surrogates, & Sources—By ANTHONY VERRIER

"It may be that this great Empire of ours is destined in the course of time to perish as other great Empires have perished, and (as I believe) that the millennium will come; but still, I see no reason to alter the course of my ordinary action to accelerate that period owing to the fear of these events."

Joseph Chamberlain (1899)



THE CONCLUSION of Granada Television's *End of Empire* series on 15 July seems to have left many viewers and commentators with the notion that British governments between 1942 and 1980 abandoned dependencies in an emotional or psychological condition almost comparable to that Victorian fit of absence of mind in which territories were, supposedly, acquired. The fall of Singapore in 1942 is seen as absence of will; Zimbabwe's independence in 1980 construed as lack of nerve.

Writing in the *Financial Times* on 10 July, Godfrey Hodgson asserted:

"Empire was an idea whose time had run out . . . the weakness of Britain coincided with an historic shift in the British moral consciousness. The new consensus was that it would not only be expensive and difficult to keep an empire in Africa; it would be wrong."

For that assertion there is, in fact, not a tittle of evidence, and

it is the purpose of this essay to indicate what actually happened, and why.

Before doing this it must be conceded that, impressionistically, the case for an historic shift is skilfully made. David Lean's (rather than E. M. Forster's) *A Passage to India* conveyed the notion of such a shift, one accentuated by moving the action forward from 1912 to the early 1920s. The concomitant notion is also conveyed in the film that, if and when the Empire ceased to be, "a system of outdoor relief for the upper classes" would also come to an end. Forster's novel, based on limited but direct experience of India, conveys neither notion, being primarily concerned with personal relationships, always difficult, ever more so when races and cultures fail to connect.

Although Lean's film impresses within its chosen frame of reference, it ignores empire as an historical sequence of economic conquest and strategic commitment and, above all, of situations where, as Orwell remarked when commenting on Kipling's critics, people do actually have to make decisions. Thus it is clear, or ought to be, that the whole imperial theme is being treated more subjectively in film than by historians, political scientists—or novelists. Unlike *The Jewel in the Crown*, *The Raj Quartet* is as much concerned with how decisions were made in the last days of the Indian Empire as it is with the fortunes and fate of the participants.

That *Ius Britannicum* is over—a few islands and odd corners excepted—is a fact of history. That British governments and electorates unconsciously or by moral precept willed it so, or lacked the nerve to prevent loss of palm and pine, is a fallacy. The Empire "ended"—a word of singular

imprecision—because the economic and strategic resources to sustain it shrank, then vanished, not because British governments fled before the wind of change, and certainly not because the British electorate shifted from a belief in good (that is, imperial) rule to assumptions about self-rule.

THE EVIDENCE FOR circumstance dictating change is clear enough from sources which, in the perspective of history, are likely to be more enduring than the recollections of rear-guard parties in what was undoubtedly a fighting retreat from empire during the forty years in question. Accounts of relatively distant—and invariably controversial—events which are based mainly on individual experience are bound to suffer from a natural urge by those involved to defend themselves or accuse others, however much by implication. Film is a dangerous medium for amateurs to appear in, even when contemporary material is used to complement narrative exposition. Sir Roy Welensky, appearing in the penultimate *End of Empire* episode on the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and its demise, was quite justified in calling Harold Macmillan and his colleagues “gentlemen who played cards”, but the implied accusation that a marked pack was used should have been balanced by an examination from another participant of what led the British Government into such peculiarly devious courses.

The basic reason for deceit was inability to impose a solution by force. But film is not designed to analyse, to compare, to assess. Only recourse to the written, contemporary record, in files, among telegrams and, not least, from tapes of intercepted conversations and messages, enables perspective to be gained and history to be treated as a serious business. Film is a unique medium for recreating atmosphere, for revealing individual strength and weakness, for affirming that the solar plexus rather than the brain governs much action and not a few decisions. Film is now indispensable for some understanding of “how it happened.” In that sense, *End of Empire* was a triumph. But film cannot show *why* things happened. This factor of communication applies with particular force to the decline in Britain’s international roles and status—of which the fall of Singapore in March 1942 was the first, palpable, sign.

WHEN ONE TURNS to the detailed record of events between this date and April 1980—or, more particularly, to the first two post-War decades with which *End of Empire* was mostly concerned—the fact is revealed that all British governments remained imperial, if not wholly imperialist, in outlook and (so far as was possible given remorselessly shrinking real assets) in policy. This fact is revealed very clearly, not only in Cabinet papers and the like, but in William Roger Louis’ admirable *Imperialism At Bay, 1941-45* (1977). Churchill remarked after Attlee’s

Government had granted independence to India: “Many have defended Britain against her foes. None can defend her against herself.” His haunting, valedictory warning reflected his wartime attempts to resist the demands of Franklin Roosevelt and his Anglophobe Secretary of State Cordell Hull that the King’s First Minister should speedily proceed with the Empire’s liquidation.

Churchill may have had “a visceral admiration” for Roosevelt but, at the level of political calculation, economic competition, and strategic requirement (in short, at the level of imperial affairs), he knew with painful certainty that Britain’s liquidation of empire was not merely an American expectation; it was an aim, an objective designed, behind a façade of moral superiority and cant about “independence for subject peoples”, to enrich the American economy. Britain was bankrupt; far call’d, the Royal Navy could no longer maintain the *Pax Britannica*. That buttress to the Monroe Doctrine gone, *Ius Britannicum* lost all meaning in Roosevelt’s mind.

Roosevelt’s objective was simple, although deviously expressed, particularly to responsive auditors like Abdul Aziz. The main objective was to replace Britain’s “veiled protectorate” in the Middle East with offers to oil-producing states there far more tempting than the Anglo-Iranian and Iraq Petroleum Companies’ system of concessions and royalty payments. Elsewhere in the Empire, the objective would be attained by attacks on imperial preference and insistence on an “open door” policy—open, that is, to American goods, not vice versa. By early 1950 the formidable George McGhee, as Assistant Secretary of State with particular responsibility for Africa, could minute that the practice of “favouring the economic interests of the United Kingdom should be opposed”—but not so much that Englishmen, “who are more willing to live under primitive conditions than Americans”, would be discouraged from becoming, or remaining, the technical experts in a white Southern African industrial economy increasingly financed by Wall Street.

Although Churchill left the British political stage for six years in 1945, Attlee and Bevin not only resisted American pressure to clear Britain out of the Middle East and Africa but defended imperial policies against what, for well over a century, had been seen in the Cabinet room and throughout Whitehall as a threat to the Empire of absolute dimensions: Russia. Bevin’s hostility to the emergence of independence for India and a Jewish state in Palestine reflected a view of Anglo-Soviet relations which differed little from that of 19th-century Russophobia. In terms of disposable military forces and a perceived Russian threat, India remained Britain’s priority strategic commitment until Independence in 1947. Stalin’s post-War policy in Eastern Europe, the Balkans, and Iran, however much aided and abetted by Roosevelt at the 1943 Moscow, Cairo, and Tehran conferences, certainly threatened imperial interests in the Middle East and, prospectively, in Africa. As Keith Sainsbury shows, in an excellent recent study,¹ Churchill expressed impotent fury at Roosevelt’s machinations; one may add that Sir Reader Bullard, Minister at the British Legation in Tehran for much of the War, wondered why his American colleagues should be so anxious to undermine him.

This combined assault by Britain’s allies differed only in

¹ *The Turning Point: Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill, and Chiang-Kai-Shek, 1943; The Cairo and Teheran Conferences*. By KEITH SAINSBURY. Oxford University Press, £17.50.

America presenting a real threat to imperial interests, the Soviet Union an exaggerated one. But Attlee's and Bevin's resistance to the assault tells us far more about attempts by British governments, then and later, to prevent the Empire being liquidated than all the speeches by Captain Waterhouse and his like during "Suez." After 1947 India was no longer the brightest jewel in the crown, yet the preservation of British interests in the Middle East not only dominated Whitehall planning but reflected another conviction, also derived from Victorian strategic assumptions: Russia's road to any "distant point" which threatened British interests lay athwart the Levant, and was perceived to stretch down to and beyond the Horn of Africa.

In *The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies* (1963), a masterly study of these issues and their antecedents, Professor A. P. Thornton points out that:

"The Indian Army, underprop of British might in the Middle East, had gone. Some other must be found, and fashioned. The soldiers were to wander, sometimes in imagination, sometimes in reality, from the Canal Zone to Kenya, from Cyprus back to Haifa, searching somewhere along this inner circle, for security for the British Empire, for the protection of its communications and the safeguarding of its supplies of oil, two thirds of which now came from the Middle East and 68 millions tons of which passed through the Suez Canal in 1955. It was a task which had to be done, as it turned out, in the teeth of a nationalism that was at once self-righteous, militant, and incompetent, and it was not surprising that it was done with an equivalent degree of self-righteous incompetence."

Self-righteous and incompetent or not—one can, from personal experience, recall examples of detachment and competence also—Attlee's rejection of the Schuman Plan in 1948 sufficiently indicated that, to a Labour Cabinet whose Parliamentary colleagues had close links with European socialists, imperial priorities took precedence over Continental aspirations, economic, political, or strategic. A ten-year guerrilla war was fought in Malaya (1948-1958) primarily to contain, as officials put it, "a wider scheme aimed at establishing communism throughout the world." The Joint Planning Staff, during many years when British governments were, or notionally were, abandoning the Empire, began their annual appreciations by asserting: "The Russian aim in cold and hot war is to establish a communist world dominated by Moscow."

A MYTH OF RECENT HISTORY is that Attlee's governments sought to give independence to African territories; there is a concomitant notion now fashionable that Macmillan's governments, bending before the wind of change, hastened to do so. Those of us who served in or reported from the Middle East know well enough that Britain's hold on the "veiled protectorate" was only loosed by nationalism at the political level and American pressure at the economic. By 1974 a Labour Government had abandoned the "East of Suez" commitment—having sustained it between

1963 and 1966 in an undeclared and largely unknown war with Indonesia—because the Aden base had collapsed from internal contradictions and, of greater significance, Roosevelt's plan to undercut Britain's oil stake in the Gulf region had been brought to a successful conclusion.

In recent years I have had the opportunity of studying Central and Southern African history between the late 1940s and the onset of Zimbabwe's independence. Material not readily available to the general public, and recourse to the extraordinary amount of comment on imperial affairs in the United States National Archives show that at no time between 1945 and Ian Smith's Unilateral Declaration of Independence in November 1965 did British governments actively promote the idea of independence for any *African* territory, although ready enough to concede political demands in white-dominated Southern Rhodesia—the "self-governing" colony of land theft and native reserves. To these governments, Empire was not an idea whose time had run out, but a commitment whose burdens could only be borne if the load was redistributed. The original idea of empire, whether maritime or territorial, was economic gain; this idea continued to flourish in the 1960s.

SELF-GOVERNMENT for West Africa; responsible government for East Africa; sense about the Communist factor—as innumerable Intelligence reports from the regional headquarters in Nairobi testify; acceptance of South Africa's domination between the Zambesi and the Cape, one accentuated by gold and uranium, Simonstown, and a short way with dissenters. Here were revised, revived bases of imperial policy. Attlee's Whitehall advisers concocted an ingenious scheme, whereby Northern and Southern Rhodesia plus "the colonial slum" of Nyasaland would federate under a "multi-racial" constitution. Africans would acquire limited political rights—subject to white control. Attlee's last Commonwealth Relations Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, favoured the scheme, because known African objections to it would be masked by the appearance of progress on a broad economic and political front. In reality, the scheme was designed to preserve white supremacy; provide an imperial surrogate in an area well beyond Britain's power to intervene directly; propitiate an Afrikaner South Africa.

Thus was born the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland which, between its establishment in 1953 and its dissolution ten years later, reflected the determination of British governments to maintain an imperial façade, behind which essentially racist politics would sustain an economy whose growth would directly benefit the British exchequer. "The sterling area" has an antique ring now; twenty, indeed little more than ten years ago, maintenance of the area was not so much a shibboleth in Whitehall ("the permanent government of Britain", as a shrewd Victorian imperialist, Sir William Butler, observed), less even of a direct economic benefit to "the Mother country." But the area, and what it represented, linked the original imperial purpose with Britain's insistence on being treated as a major power.

A FAR-FLUNG EMPIRE, where territorial desire is liable to outrun strategic performance, must always seek to establish surrogates, satellites, willing sources of raw materials and military manpower. The Victorian empire was based on this principle, whether in the grant of self-government and eventual independence to the white colonies or in using the Indian Army (at the Indians' fiscal expense) to wage campaigns far and wide. And the Commonwealth, at least until 1945, was based on exactly the same principle. The "veiled protectorate" where, between Cairo and the Straits of Hormuz, the imperial writ only ran direct in Aden, illustrates this principle even more powerfully, all the more so as it was destroyed by assumptions about Arab nationalism which reflected lack of imagination by the imperialists concerned, not lack of will by British governments or a surge of moral fervour by British electorates.

Much of this I saw between Cairo and the Straits in these years, witnessing the final débâcle in Aden—sudden, hidden death in a kind of tropical Croydon—with the helpless feeling of one experiencing a nightmare. In turning to Central and Southern Africa, and experiencing directly in the late 1970s some odd occurrences there (Britain's total subjection to South African dictates on Namibia only the most notable), there was a powerful sense of *déjà vu*. Duncan Sandys remarked at one point not long before Federation was dissolved that "Britain had lost the will to rule." Sandys was seeking to impose a constitution on Welensky which the latter had no intention of accepting and, in negative terms, had the power to reject. Sandys, normally thought to be one of those tough, abrasive types who succeed in imposing their will, has here been seen as a man at the end of his tether, spokesman of an empire at the end of its day.

The truth is more complex, the background not easily susceptible to treatment by film. Macmillan's governments between 1957 and 1963—a period which exactly coincided with Welensky's time as Federal Prime Minister—did grasp that African territories must be given their independence because they would take by force what might not be conceded voluntarily. It was for this reason that, in West and East Africa, the Macmillan governments made strenuous and, on the whole, not unsuccessful efforts to put into power and/or to support there local politicians willing to run the kind of system least inimical to British interests. Generals in the West, civilians in the East; the basis of British policy was the same. Such efforts have not yet been discontinued.

The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland was, however, the joker in the late imperial pack. Deal the cards as he might, Macmillan could satisfy whites in the Federation only by permanently subjecting Africans to second-class status; the latter, numerically dominant in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, could not be indefinitely contained either by British blandishments or by Federal troops. Hence Macmillan decided that Federation must be dissolved by the expedient of allowing secession from it to be pondered, although not officially considered, by the 1960 Monckton Constitutional Commission.

In making this concession to reality, Macmillan not only secured two more territories for the Commonwealth—an institution in the early 1960s still of a markedly imperial

character, with the Queen not only Head of it but the British Government of the day very much more than *primus inter pares*—but, by employing the mandarin skills of R. A. Butler, his "Secretary of State for Central Africa", gave more than one coded hint to Southern Rhodesia's whites that they could have formal independence "in the normal course of events." Sandys' comment was made as these manoeuvres were put in train; his words reflect chagrin at the need to compromise, not loss of will.

WE ALL KNOW THE OUTCOME; independence for Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland; UDI for Southern Rhodesia; a decade of white triumph in the rebel colony, followed by a guerrilla war whose ferocity and growing strain on the white (but largely foreign-owned) economy forced the Commonwealth, in August 1979, to demand from the British Government a last assertion of imperial roles: Southern Rhodesia's return to legality under the Crown; a new constitution; another election; independence, not just "majority rule" for the black population.

Yes, it's all over now, but the struggle to maintain an imperial role, however vestigial, however many of the words and much of the meaning of empire changed, continued throughout the 1950s and 1960s, and ended only when Edward Heath, in whom beats no imperial sentiment, took Britain into the European Community. But has "it", the sentiment, what Sir Victor Pritchett, reporting Churchill's funeral, called "the thing", the particular, peculiar, unique

STAR WARS ALUN CHALFONT

SUICIDE OR SURVIVAL?

On 23rd March 1983, President Reagan announced his STRATEGIC DEFENCE INITIATIVE. Violent controversy has surrounded it ever since . . .

Here, for the first time, is a clear, considered presentation of the hard facts of an issue which affects every one of us.

It should be compulsory reading for us all.

Alun Chalfont is Chairman of the House of Lords All Party Defence Group, and of the European Atlantic Group.

£8.95

Available from all good booksellers now.

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

English capacity to sustain an idea, really ended? One wonders, not because of Mrs Thatcher and the Falklands, not only because reading history, studying sources, and (some-

times) participating in the events teaches a little, but because there appears to be no equivalently sustaining idea current today.

Echoes of Empire (III)

Dis-Oriented Fictions—By STEVE ATTRIDGE

Orient. Adj. Bright; shining; glittering; gaudy; sparkling. **Dr Johnson's Dictionary**

Orient. Vb. fig. to adjust, correct, or bring into defined relations, to known facts and principles. refl. to put oneself in the right position or relation; to ascertain one's bearings, find out "where one is."

Oxford English Dictionary



“THE ORIENT WAS almost a European invention”, claims Edward Said (*Orientalism*, 1978). His concern is to show how the West produces images of the Orient which are neither picturesque tapestries in which Europeans can read of their own colonial antecedents, nor genuine attempts to “know” the Orient, but part of a rhetorical strategy which attempts to control it. The “Occident” can

define itself, and ascertain its own bearings, against this textually produced “Other.” India in particular has been consistently used as a referent for Western conceptions of mystery, decadence, and unconscious sexual impulses, often in terms which stress its “inscrutability” and thereby increase its power, as a “sign”, for endless suggestion. For much of the 19th century it was seen by the British as a place where they could experience romance, adventure, dreams, quick profit and career advancement; it could satisfy both material and more exotic needs.

The current British obsession with India shows few signs of abating and, despite having different preoccupations (the most significant being the decline of the British Raj), many 20th-century writers employ conventions similar to those of their predecessors. Titles are illuminating: John Keay’s BBC Radio 3 series, *India: A Cacophony of Cultures*, and his books, *Into India* and *India Discovered*, are as revelatory as their content. In true Livingstonian fashion, the desire is to penetrate, define and perhaps possess another culture, yet India is a cacophony which appears elusive and impenetrable.

Richard Cronin’s recent article in *ENCOUNTER* on the

works of R. K. Narayan (“Quite Quiet India”, March 1985) suggests, quite rightly, the possible necessity, but also the dangers, for a colonial people who find imaginative refuge in a purely “visionary India . . . free from pain . . . for it is a country that never existed.” The obverse side of this therapeutic withdrawal, or manipulation of reality, is how a colonising people can do precisely the same thing, but for different reasons; their refuge in an imagined India may be a process of domination rather than recovery. Literary representations of India may then be seen, not as a loosely related body of texts, but as part of an organising principle which shapes and defines India as a commodity, to be owned and bartered for.

Fiction has imaginative license to take textual possession of the Orient and to speak for “the Oriental.” I wish to discuss, first, a neglected tradition in literary representations of India—“Mutiny” novels, which employ shared conventions in describing, dramatising and rationalising the Indian revolt against British rule in 1857—and secondly, those 20th-century British writers who make some attempt to break through the stereotypes.

THE 1857 INDIAN MUTINY gave rise to a distinct sub-genre of fiction. There are about 100 Mutiny novels, including recent works by M. M. Kaye and J. G. Farrell, and over a third of these were written during the 1890s, the period of “the New Imperialism”, when fears for a declining British Empire and an accompanying fear of racial decline frequently spawned novels and poems which are notable for their belligerence.¹ Kipling’s works, though he is usually cast as the prophet of this tub-thumping phenomenon, often suggest a more sophisticated grasp of the realities of the Empire than those of many of his contemporaries, such as W. E. Henley (“Take and break us: we are yours, / England my own!”) and “popular” writers like G. A. Henty. Given the historical context of imperialism, late-19th-century novels about India can represent a colonial style of domination in which literary devices and the administration of the Empire conspire.

The uprising afforded an opportunity to reaffirm the moral and political strictures of the Empire, suffused with the excitement of living memory. It had sufficient historical distance for many writers to assume a narrative voice of knowing retrospection. In J. E. Ruddock’s *The Great White Hand*,² the author argues:

¹ For an extended discussion see, for example, Richard Shannon, *The Crisis of Imperialism 1865-1915* (1975).

"Of course, in a work of this kind, history must necessarily be used simply as a means to an end; therefore, while it is not claimed for the story that it is a piece of reliable history in the guise of fiction, it may truthfully be said it records certain stirring events and incidents which are known to have taken place. . . . Those who know India as I knew it in those lurid and exciting days, will probably admit that there is scarcely an incident introduced into my book but what might have happened during the enactment of the great tragedy."

The appeal to personal experience and a shared view of "lurid and exciting days" assumes that "what might have happened" is as much an adequate representation of the uprising as could be provided by "a piece of reliable history." What we then read, however, is a formulaic racial confrontation between Indians, "slimy things . . . in search of prey", and British heroes whose comments are usually limited to statements such as "Nothing like impressing these black wretches with a sense of our superiority." British racial superiority is a predicate of this novel, an historical "fact" within the incidents related.

SUCH WRITERS share a common vocabulary, a language itself formulated in British history. The term "Orient" began to acquire its increasingly pejorative associations during the last quarter of the 19th century. In the *Contemporary Review*, for example, R. H. Hutton used it to indicate a paucity of rigorous (i.e. Western) thought: ". . . St. Paul 'orientalizes' in ascribing to the personal agency of Christ what he would, had he been used to our more discriminating western analysis, have ascribed only to the fascination exercised by his own thought of Christ."³ "Imperial" and "Empire" are more obvious examples of words which proclaim their own innate superiority, and continue to do so. Such words tend to attract a constellation of related figurative and metaphorical terms. In *The Great White Hand*, apart from the title, we have the British as "the God of Vengeance" and "Goliath." In *On The Face of the Waters* by Flora Annie Steel,⁴ they are "the Master" and "the Master Race." The use of the term "Mutiny" (often included as part of the title) in itself can reduce the complexity of racial and cultural antagonisms between two nations to an impertinent insubordination of lower ranks or races.

Those novelists who did acknowledge a problem of terminology usually did so in order to maintain an image of the

Indian population as a sectarian, chaotic community incapable of organised revolt. In the preface to his *A Hero of the Mutiny*, Escott Lynn states: "It would be more correct to speak of the outbreak as the 'Sepoy Revolt' than as the 'Indian Mutiny', for it should be borne in mind that the Mutiny was one principally of the Sepoys of the Bengal Army." In the course of two pages, however, his own semantic confusion is revealed in diverse references to "the Mutiny", "the Great Rebellion", "the Revolt", "the Rising", and the apocalyptic "struggle against Vishnu, against Shiva, against Brahma." The editors of *52 Stories of the Indian Mutiny* similarly claim that the uprising was "not a national revolt—no political cohesion indeed was possible among the heterogeneous races of Hindustan."⁵

Cohesion was the ostensible prerogative of the British rulers, which is why the uprising rocked the Empire. More significantly, it challenged the whole *idea* of Empire. The reassuring thought that a mere handful of British administrators and soldiers, supported by loyal Indian troops (sepoys), could effectively maintain a centre of authority in a land as large and as amorphous as India was dependent on a host of assumptions. Most of these were social, political and moral refinements of a central belief in racial superiority—the "Sahib complex", which embodied a conviction of its own unassailable authority (hence the frequent use in these novels of terms like "Master" and "Master Race").

THE SUBSTANTIAL REALITIES of military and economic force controlled by the British were glossed by a belief in this mythologised British "character", a concept which has only recently received serious attention by historians.⁶ An anonymously-written article entitled "The Indian Mutiny in Fiction", which appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* in February 1897, argues that one reason for the uprising having taken "the firmest hold on the popular imagination" was that men of the period "had something titanic in them, something that recalled older and stronger ages than our own." In Flora Annie Steel's *On the Face of the Waters* we have an image of John Nicholson as an avenging Christ figure, a conflation of Christianity and "manliness"; this is a recurrent image—see, for instance *A Hero of the Mutiny*, where Hodson, who has shot three Indian Princes, is virtually deified by the author:

"The crowd was electrified. They saw that with this pale, stern Sahib there was no trifling.

'God is great', they cried, 'and this is his will.'"

An important aspect of the "Sahib complex" was a self-referring and myopic view of history which subsumed India to the history of the British Empire. Yet a paradox occurs here. In order to vindicate the continuing moral preponderance of the Sahibs and the stability of British rule and Imperial "cooperative policies" regarding indigenous peoples, the uprising must be dismissed as a localised outbreak; yet the needs of fiction demanded that it be shown as a tempestuous event affording numerous opportunities for displays of super-human British heroism.

One strategy allows a British character, usually the officer-

² J. E. Ruddock, *The Great White Hand* (Hutchinson & Co., London, 1896).

³ R. H. Hutton, "Mr Arnold on St Paul and his creed", *Contemporary Review* (Vol. XIV, June 1870), p. 329-341.

⁴ Flora Annie Steel, *On The Face of the Waters* (Heinemann, London, 1897).

⁵ Escott Lynn, *A Hero of the Mutiny* (W. & R. Chambers Ltd., London, 1913). Alfred H. Miles and Arthur J. Paltte (eds), *52 Stories of the Indian Mutiny* (Hutchinson, London, 1895).

⁶ See H. John Field, *Towards a Programme of Imperial Life: The British Empire at the Turn of the Century* (1982).

hero, some prescience of the Mutiny: expectations of an impending apocalyptic event are created, without the necessity of fulfilling them in historical terms. Storms and abrupt changes in weather and landscape are a useful "literary" means of creating an atmosphere of widespread disturbance without having to confront the historical problem of the magnitude of unrest. "You surely cannot be blind to signs which rise on every side, that a storm is approaching . . .", warns the hero's fiancée in *The Great White Hand*. A further strategy—the simple claiming of the Mutiny as a "British" event—allowed the British to consolidate their self-image and their power. In *Flotsam* by H. S. Merriman,⁷ the hero on getting his commission offers up a prayer.

"'Please God', he said, 'to send us many wars.' And God in the hollow of his hand had the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny for England."

Thus too Lord Roberts, in his *Forty One Years in India*: "The Mutiny was not an unmitigated evil, for to it we owe the consolidation of our power in India. . . ."⁸

CONTEMPORANEOUS with these novels was the ascendancy of Imperial History as an important academic field of study, largely due to the work of J. R. Seeley, Regius Professor of History at Cambridge. In *The Expansion of England*, first published in the early 1880s, while discussing the British "construction" of India, he claims that: "The fundamental fact then is that India had no jealousy of the foreigner because India had no sense whatever of national unity, because there was no India and therefore, properly speaking, no foreigner."⁹ India comes into historical existence only when British imperial feet first step upon it.

Seeley's ideas were not confined to a rarefied academic world; he was a popular historian and a public figure whose "romantic approach to history" was widely acclaimed.¹⁰ The Mutiny novels—ethnocentric, romantic and parasitic—made liberal use of histories, biographies, letters and diaries, and it is possible to refer them back to a wider conglomeration of texts, including Seeley's work, which create an India only within the context of British Imperialism. India is denied autonomy; it serves merely as an expression of Empire. More than the Anglo-Saxon mythologies of Macaulay and Carlyle, or the oracular historiography of Seeley, Mutiny novels sold to a very large audience¹¹ who presumably imbibed from

them ideas of Empire and India which had the intellectual support of many professional historians.

As Indian history is subsumed to British history, so the image of India is seen as a chaotic terrain—Kipling's "great, grey, formless India", which needs to be governed and written into order. The myth of a strange "inscrutable East" is a source of romance and allure for the British, yet also a sign of insubstantiality. The opening sentence of *A Hero of the Mutiny* frames the uprising with "India, the land of mystery and romance; date April 1857 . . .", and the preface to *The Great White Hand* informs us that "These incidents and events have been coloured and set with a due regard for the brilliant and picturesque Orient, which forms the stage on which the dramatic action is worked out." The theatrical metaphor is apposite, for India, the place of illusions and absurd posturing by would-be Indian rulers, such as the Nana Sahib and the old Moghul king in Delhi, Bahadur Shah, is essentially an incomprehensible topographical dream. Book IV of *On the Face of the Waters* is subtitled "Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made Of", and attempts to chart the impossibility of Indian self-government by exposing the ethereal aspirations of Indians involved in the uprising. The King's palace in Delhi, a "veritable Palace-of-Dreams", houses the equally insubstantial desires of its occupants, and adumbrates, for the European mind at least, an image of this enervating, dazzling, but "unreal" India:

"The outer court of the palace lay steeped in the sunshine of noon. Its hot rose-red walls and arcades seemed to shimmer in the glare, and the dazzle and glitter gave a strange air of unreality, of instability to all things: to the crowds of loungers taking their *siesta* in every arcade and every scrap of shadow, to the horses stabled in rows in the glare and the blaze, to the eager groups of new arrivals which, from time to time, came in from the outer world by the cool, dark tunnel of the Lahore gate to stand for a second, as if blinded by the shimmer and glitter, before becoming a part of that silent, drowsy stir of life."

We move on to cameo portraits of the old "Dream-King" (who whiles away his time writing fatuous couplets), his self-seeking Queen, a drunken Prince, "dissolute eunuchs", and a "blood-drunk soldiery."

In 1908, Edward Farley Oaten, an Oxford Scholar, wrote a prize-winning essay, published as a book, on Anglo-Indian Literature.¹² As well as suggesting how such Mutiny novels had achieved academic respectability and historical credibility, Oaten's essay makes it clear that what the general public had so eagerly seized on was a product of the British Romantic imagination, a *created* India; for "in things Indian, *qua* Indian, English people are, or were, profoundly uninterested." The reader's interest is directed, not to an understanding of India itself but to an appreciation of a British writer's way of perceiving and defining India:

"... the halo of romance with which the mind instinctively encircles the name of India, though largely dissipated by actual acquaintance, seldom wholly fades, and always tends to inspire the visitor with a desire to give concrete expression to his thoughts and imaginings."

⁷ H. S. Merriman, *Flotsam* (Longman, Green & Co., London, 1896).

⁸ Lord Roberts, *Forty One Years in India* (Macmillan & Co., London, 1901).

⁹ J. R. Seeley, *The Expansion of England* (ed. John Gross, Chicago, 1971).

¹⁰ See Deborah Wormell, *Sir John Seeley and the Uses of History* (1980), pp. 1-10.

¹¹ For example, G. A. Henty, who wrote nine adventure novels set in India, by 1898 enjoyed a sale of 150,000 to 250,000 copies a year.

¹² Edward Farley Oaten, *A Sketch of Anglo Indian Literature* (Kegan Paul, London, 1908).

▶ ANITA BROOKNER ▶ JAMES FENTON ▶

GRANTA

◀ NADINE GORDIMER ◀ GÜNTER GRASS ▶

DORIS LESSING

WILLIAM BOYD

PAUL THEROUX

RUSSELL HOBAN

BERNARD CRICK

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

JONATHAN RABAN

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH

REDMOND O'HANLON

GEORGE STEINER

BERYL BAIRBRIDGE

Since this time last year, each issue of Penguin **Granta** has been read by more people than any other literary or political magazine in Britain. Since this time last year, each issue has sold out. Since this time last year, every issue has been reprinted. Why?

Because of what Penguin **Granta** published:

TRAVEL WRITING

Paul Theroux, Jonathan Raban, Bruce Chatwin.

FICTION

Anita Brookner, William Boyd, Italo Calvino.

POLEMIC

Germaine Greer on women and power, Milan Kundera on the failure of Europe, Günter Grass on resistance.

REVELATIONS

The popcorn and ice-cream world of the scientists of 'Star Wars', the truth behind the sinking of the **Belgrano**, the first account by a Cambodian of life under the Khmer Rouge.

REPORTAGE

James Fenton looting the US Embassy in Saigon, Bernard Crick on lunatics encountered on the 'Orwell trail', Joseph Lelyveld on the buses with the blacks in South Africa, Redmond O'Hanlon in the jungles of Borneo.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

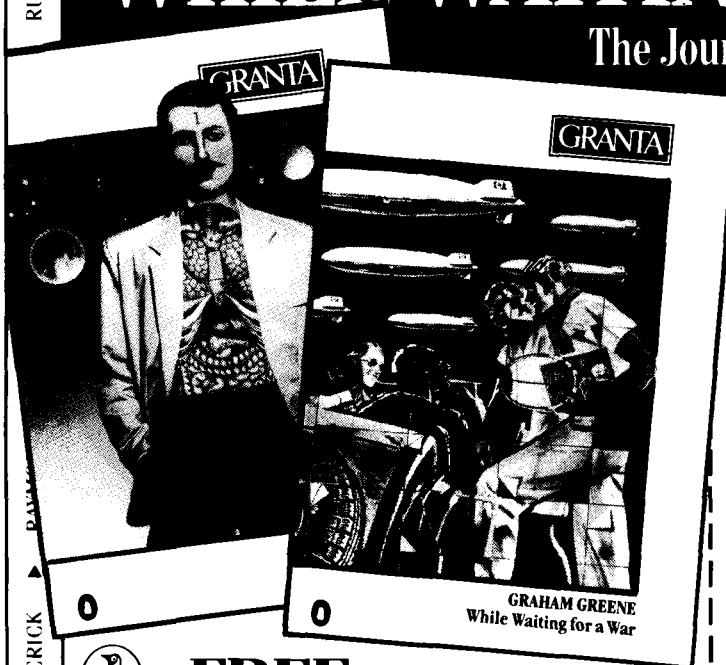
Doris Lessing, Saul Bellow, war photographer Don McCullin and, next month, Graham Greene's journals – from the collapse of **Night and Day**, the magazine he co-edited, to the outbreak of war. And there is even more planned for the next twelve months.

'Granta has rapidly become the premier literary magazine of Britain, and mainly because it is for writers and readers, not academics and critics' JOHN FOWLES

GRAHAM GREENE 'WHILE WAITING FOR WAR'

The Journals from 1937 to 1939

FREE



FREE

with a subscription to GRANTA

For New Subscribers:

One-third off all copies of GRANTA, plus a free issue

Please enter my subscription to **Granta** at the introductory rate of only £10, a saving of £9.75 off the same issues bought in the shops. I will receive a year's subscription of four issues – each the size of a paperback book – plus the current issue **free**.

My first issue will arrive within three weeks. My free issue, featuring Graham Greene, will be mailed to me in December.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Postal code _____

I would like to subscribe for:

one year (£10) ☐ two years (£19) ☐ three years (£28) ☐

Payment:

☐ cheque enclosed

☐ please invoice me, I will pay later

☐ Access ☐ American Express (Visa not accepted)

Credit card number _____

Return subscription form (no postage necessary in the UK) to **Granta**, FREEPOST, Cambridge CB1 1BR

Foreign subscriptions: add £2 per year.

This offer is for new subscribers only.

Supported by Eastern Arts Association E

SPECIAL OFFER
50% OFF

▶ JOHN BERGER ▶ SALMAN RUSHDIE ▶

GRANTA

◀ DON McCULLIN ◀ BRUCE CHATWIN ▶

Oaten's standpoint is ostensibly "neutral"; he seems to be unaware of his own epistemological acceptance of this romantic India.

Within the fictionalised geography, Indian place-names come to signify British values and (since the uprising was suppressed) British victory. Like the association of "the Black Hole" with Calcutta, places like Meerut, Lucknow, Delhi and Cawnpore create and commemorate a British India, and ratify the Mutiny as a British experience. In *Barracks and Battlefields in India*, the editor, the Rev. Caesar Caine, declares: "LUCKNOW! This name, together with those of Delhi and Cawnpore, comes to mind instantly the great Indian Mutiny is mentioned."¹³ Of the monument at Delhi and the Residency at Lucknow, Lord Roberts says: "These relics of that tremendous struggle are memorials of heroic services performed by her Majesty's soldiers. . . ." Collectively, the titles of novels, such as Lucy Taylor's *The Story of Sir Henry Havelock: The Hero of Lucknow*, *The Siege of Lucknow* by Lady Inglis, and *A Hero of Lucknow* by F. S. Brereton, helped to mythologise a British India.

SO TOO DID THE representation of Indians. When British writers turned their pens eastwards, says Oaten, the "greatest literature on earth" came face to face with "the dreaminess and mysticism of the Oriental temperament." Indians are not given the dignity of being "noble savages", but are defined either as an amorphous mass, as children, or as figures of confusion. The elusiveness of this temperament, like the culture it embodied, apparently needed controlling and organising.

In *A Hero of Lucknow*,¹⁴ a swashbuckling British officer, Claude Watson, is sharply defined against a backdrop of Indians whose solvent, mass identity serves to underline his own racial distinctiveness: ". . . it must be remembered that he was dealing with men of the East, men who had learned to look up to the British, whose force of character and moral courage stood out prominently when compared with theirs." *A Hero of the Mutiny* has Indian soldiers literally becoming blacker (a sign of increasing guilt) as the novel progresses, until they are reduced to "swarms . . . [of] black faces" and "black snake-like trains."

The Indian as child confirms a self-comforting paternalistic image of the British, the concept of *manbap* which is so ironically undermined in Paul Scott's *The Raj Quartet*. In order to govern India properly, says a British officer (*On the Face of the Waters*), one should recognise that Indians "are really children—simple, ignorant, obstinate." These characteristics are underpinned by the appearance of older officers

as father figures, such as General Wilfred Elton in *The Rajah's Heir*, by Charlotte Despard,¹⁵ to whom the Indian sepoys are "his children. Big children and little children." One advantage of this image is that it suggests the Indian/child needs educating, civilising and disciplining, and can therefore be used to rationalise imperialism as a civilising force (though the practice of lashing sepoys to the mouth of a cannon and blowing them to smithereens is overreaching benevolent paternalism, even for a mid-Victorian father figure). Such paternalism conforms to the broader image of the British Empire as an extended family, a politically expedient image which implies a "naturalness" in relations between colonising and colonised nations.

Related to this paternalistic stance is the Indian as a figure of confusion, an "inscrutable" being incapable of self-determination. Hinduism in particular is interpreted as a failure to comply with Western notions of "rational" intelligence, and therefore in need of managerial rule. In *The Devil's Wind*, by Patricia Wentworth,¹⁶ a Hindu, Sereek Dhundoo Panth, joins the uprising because he is persuaded by a mutineer that it is his fate to do so; an action viewed in the terms of the novel as irrational gullibility. Tara, a Hindu widow in *On the Face of the Waters*, cannot dine with other Hindus because she has not committed suttee, the convention of self-immolation on the husband's funeral pyre.

"Such a mental position is well-nigh incomprehensible to Western minds. It was confusing, even to Tara herself; and the mingling of conscious dignity and conscious degradation, gratitude, resentment, attraction, repulsion, made her a puzzle even to herself at times."

The uprising not only questioned the "naturalness" of British rule but occasioned dismay by suggesting that there was more to the dubious alchemy known as the Indian national character than confused, idiosyncratic religious beliefs and the naughtiness of recalcitrant children. If the Indian deviated from the identity allotted to him by the British (i.e. the "true" identity) then clearly he could not be trusted. The uprising necessitated a redefinition of terms. Inscrutable Orientals became heathenish dangers to British rule; Hindu passivity was apparently a cunning veil; the Indian/child had progressed from naughtiness to delinquency.

BY AUGUST 1857 British newspapers were loading their editorial guns with the rhetoric which was to appear in Mutiny novels. *The Times* stated indignantly:

"When men astonish you with their wickedness . . . when malignity surpasses itself, when they lose everything and behave like demons, in nine cases out of ten in history it turns out that they have been under the stimulus of what they choose to call religion."

The Mohammedan is "a ferocious animal, and made so by his creed, which inspires him with a blind, vindictive exclusiveness, that makes him a true demon on occasion", while the Hindu's ostensible passivity and formerly useful servitude were, according to *The Times*, merely a cloak for malicious

¹³ The Rev. Caesar Caine (ed.), *Barracks and Battlefields in India* (John Sampson, York, 1891).

¹⁴ F. S. Brereton, *A Hero of Lucknow* (Blackie & Son, London, 1905).

¹⁵ Charlotte Despard, *The Rajah's Heir*, Vol. II (Smith, Elder & Co., London, 1890).

¹⁶ Patricia Wentworth (Mrs G. F. Dillon), *The Devil's Wind* (Andrew Melrose, London, 1912).

intentions: "The more cringing and servile they were before—the more they crouched under the commanding eye which controlled them then—the more boundless is their insolence now." *On The Face of the Waters* displays a progressively more derogatory authorial attitude towards Indians, a move from consideration of possible British misrule to the bland indictment of all rebellious sepoys as "Murderers." Christian demonology, as in *The Great White Hand*, is used to condemn the Hindu's essentially "evil" propensities, confirming *The Times's* earlier diatribes:

"The devil, that had so long been kept down by the bonds of civilization, was rising now, and the ferocity of his nature was asserting itself. All the examples that had been set him, all the kindnesses that had been shown to him, and all the prayers of Christianity that had been breathed into his ear, were blown to the winds, and he was simply the Hindoo, burning with hatred for the white man, and thirsting for his blood."

Failure to respond to kindness and prayers confirms his evil nature and justifies the need for a more authoritarian rule, in keeping with the kind of "muscular Christianity" fostered in British public schools. After listening to a long treatise on the cause of the uprising, delivered by a British doctor, two young officers in *A Hero of Lucknow* feel suitably enlightened:

"They realised that the actual cause was not the issue of greased cartridges, as they had heard, but that the anger and arrogance of the sepoys was the result of years of weak government and foolish panderings to caste, to which wrongs, fancied or real, were added."

This version of Christianity, replacing "godliness" with "manliness",¹⁷ identified the British with a retributive Old Testament Jehovah—appropriate to Romantic conceptions of the "mysterious East", as the British could also be seen to epitomise "Fate." *On The Face of the Waters* has John Nicholson, a man "in the grip of Fate", leading the assault on Delhi, which itself becomes an issue of faith:

"... in the ears of many, excluding all other sounds, lingered the cadence of a text read by the Chaplain before dawn in the church lesson of the day.

'Woe to the bloody city—the sword shall cut thee off.'

For—to many—the coming struggle meant neither justice nor revenge, but religion; it was Christ against Anti-Christ."

The Nana Sahib is portrayed in *The Great White Hand* as a drugged, licentious coward who suffers agonies from imagining the retributions of the "Supreme God of the Christians." Moslems at least shared with the British the distinction of having been "conquerors" of India, but the

Hindus represented the antithesis of a virulent Christianity which found such "effeminate" practices as piety and asceticism mystifying and intolerable, perhaps partly because they constituted a sexual threat to the British self-image of manly fortitude. As a religious being, the Hindu was therefore truly the unknowable "Other", but behaviourally he could be cast as cowardly and cunning. In *A Hero of the Mutiny*, Ali Beg is such a figure; he moves too softly and lightly, has eyes "set very close together", speaks in "oily tones", and is altogether a "nasty, slimy scoundrel."

A FURTHER MEANS of sustaining the Indian's "Otherness" was to emphasise his sexual decadence; this, in turn, served to confirm the moral superiority of the British and the need for racial purity. In particular, the defenceless body of the white memsahib was used as an image to propel the narrative towards self-righteous indignation against the imagined desires of the Indian. "Stupid business marrying a native", comments one officer in Patricia Wentworth's *The Devil's Wind*, and his prophecy is borne out by the narrative. Frank Manners, half-caste nephew of the Nana (a double moral indictment), agrees to save Adela, a British girl, from the sepoys, if she will marry him. As he declines into a fever of drug abuse, so she declines into a moral torpor and eventually dies—the only fitting end for a white woman fallen enough to prefer intermarriage to a noble death. In Lucy Taylor's *Sahib and Sepoy*,¹⁸ the Nana Sahib is cast as villainous seducer: "'Kill all the Sahibs', he said. 'We will have no infidel dogs here, but the memsahibs keep alive; march them up to the Savada Kothee to await my pleasure. . . .'" Fears of rape and intermarriage intensify the East/West dichotomy and help to consolidate the image of the "decadent" East.

THESE RACIAL STEREOTYPES and images of India claimed the status of historical "truth." An appearance of verisimilitude is provided by the inclusion of odd Hindi or Urdu expressions; not that these constitute an "Indian point of view"—they usually serve to confirm the British view of Indians. In *On The Face of the Waters* the cry "Deen! Deen! Futteh Mahomed!" ("For the Faith! For the Faith! Victory to Mahomed!") is used whenever a particular Moslem leader appears, conveniently waving a sword to indicate his fanatical intentions. "Oriental" terms are also colonised; Lord Roberts is fond of using Indian words such as *ikbal*, a word which he cannot define precisely, but which he believes was used to suggest the intractable authority of the British. In *Gunner Jingo's Jubilee*, by T. B. Strange,¹⁹ Jingo has to supervise the execution of some sepoys. They are to be "blown from the guns" and their remains will be collected by sweepers from a lower caste; as Strange points out, for a Hindu this would mean "ages of degraded transmigration for his soul. . . ." At first, Jingo is splattered with blood and so moves further behind the guns:

"The difficulty was solved by a reduced saluting charge instead of the service one, and no more remains flew back.

¹⁷ For a further discussion, see Allan J. Greenberger, *The British Image of India* (1969), pp. 11-12.

¹⁸ Lucy Taylor, *Sahib and Sepoy; or, Saving an Empire* (J. F. Shaw & Co., London, 1897).

¹⁹ T. B. Strange, *Gunner Jingo's Jubilee* (Remington & Co., London, 1893).

The disagreeable duty completed, the force marched back to breakfast, and the sweepers gathered the remains, Brahman, Rajpoot, and Musselman—"In one red burial bent."

None had flinched. It was kismet."

Not surprisingly, "kismet" favours the British; after shooting a sepoy who, inexplicably, fails to fire his rifle, Jingo reflects. "It might have held my life", he thought; 'but my kismet was not rammed down with that bullet.'"

The usual means of representing Indian character through "his" language is to use hyperbolic or archaic English. The former convention occurs in most novels in which Indians are given dialogue; for example, the last speech of Tara in Flora Annie Steel's *On the Face of the Waters*, where the language counterpoints the creation of Tara's character as mysterious, passionate and volatile:

"Oh! Guardians eight, of this world and the next. Sun, Moon, and Air, Earth, Ether, Water, and my poor soul bear witness that I come. Day, Night, and Twilight say I am Suttee."

An earlier writer, Colonel Philip Meadows Taylor (1801-1876), whose *Confessions of a Thug*²⁰ is often seen as one of the most significant early novels of India, may have set the precedent for the use of archaic English with exclamations such as: "My son, thou hast taken upon thee the profession which is of all the most ancient and acceptable to the divinity", and "Peer Khan, Motee, and myself perambulated the bazaars."

INvariably, AS THE BRITISH succeed in subduing the rebellion, they appear to exercise a new control over the Indian landscape and climate. Blistering heat and sudden storms are converted into a new light from the East, smiling upon Victoria's children. Illusions of post-Mutiny harmony are not simply a literary softening of the merciless reprisals perpetrated by the British, but by implication contextualise such reprisals as part of a return to a natural order: British rule, Indian subjugation. G. A. Henty's *On the Irrawaddy*²¹ is quite explicit about the need for a firm hand:

"It may be very well to be lenient when one is dealing with a European enemy, but magnanimity does not pay when you have to deal with Orientals, who don't care a rap for treaty engagements, and who always regard concessions as being simply a proof of weakness."

The assimilation of such literary versions of India, coupled with a tough policy towards policing British colonies, may

have a connection with later British excesses in subduing potential unrest. Edward Thompson related General Dyer's slaughter of Indians at Jallianwalla in 1919 to a "reading" of the 1857 uprising: "At Jallianwalla and during the outcry which our people made afterwards we see the workings of imperfectly formed minds obsessed with the thoughts of Cawnpore and of merciless, unreasoning 'devils' butchering our women." While the emotive creation and punishment of a fictional India during the years following the uprising appealed to a popular audience, realities of foreign policy could draw upon what was called the "scientific fact" of Indian racial inferiority. "The ideas forged in the crucible of 1857 were hammered into shape on the anvil of racial and political theory."²² It may be (although any such assertion contains a deal of speculation) that the Mutiny novels, as part of a process of creating and containing India, have insinuated themselves into East/West relations and the making of more modern foreign policy.

During her last television interview, Mrs Gandhi pondered the necessity for a people, at certain stages of their development, to have a unifying figure, a thought, a movement which "tries to focus their minds on something which is larger." For over 200 years this something "larger" was British belief in its Empire and the "created" India which, increasingly, could only focus on its own subjugation. The novels of British India clearly left a literary and possibly a practical legacy for 20th-century "Passages to India."

THE 1857 UPRISING continued to attract literary attention—for example, the works of John Masters, M. M. Kaye, and J. G. Farrell—and became an important motif for some other writers, such as Ruth Praver Jhabvala. The decline of the British Raj was obviously a pervasive theme, and with it came the emergent identity of the "articulate" Indian. Usually educated in Europe and especially in England, he is often a key figure, and through him we perceive the problems of personal and cultural identity for an Indian increasingly conscious of the implications of a "British", or formerly British, India. This consciousness can alienate him from his own culture and people—India becomes as "mysterious" to him as it is, and was, to the British. A partial exile, an isolate who may maintain ambiguous relations with the British (themselves increasingly exiled), he sometimes seeks refuge in a quasi-mystical affinity with his religious roots: Aziz is such a figure in E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, as is Hari Kumar in Paul Scott's *The Raj Quartet*.

Anglo-Indian writers seem to be extremely conscious of their calling as part of a tradition. Paul Scott's vision of India was closely related to his reading of *A Passage to India*, as he indicated in his 1968 address to the Royal Society of Literature, when he discussed the significance of Forster's Mrs Moore for his own time. While in India researching background material for *The Siege of Krishnapur*, J. G. Farrell included among his reading *The Raj Quartet* and *Nostromo*—texts which he was clearly measuring against his own experience.²³ John Masters appears to have perceived India through

²⁰ Philip Meadows Taylor, *Confessions of a Thug* (3 vols., Richard Bentley, London, 1840).

²¹ G. A. Henty, *On the Irrawaddy* (Charles Scribner & Sons, New York, 1914). See also Mark Naidis, "G. A. Henty's idea of India", in *Victorian Studies*, Vol. VIII, No. 1 (September 1964), pp. 49-58.

²² Edward J. Thompson, *The Other Side of the Medal* (Hogarth Press, London, 1925). F. Metcalf and R. Thomas, *The Aftermath of Revolt: India 1857-1870* (Princeton, 1965).

²³ J. G. Farrell, *Indian Diary*, in *The Hill Station* (1981).

his reading of Kipling; he describes how, during a visit to the Central Provinces, his responses had already been prescribed:

"This was the country of the Jungle Books. Kipling's genius for transmitting atmosphere had been here, and that was why I already half knew the place. Later, when I first went into the Himalayas, I was to recognize that I had travelled in them too, with Kim."²⁴

Kipling's India had been a more complex representation than that of any of his contemporaries. He lacked their overt racism, in the main, and his vision of empire was as much a physical structure as a morally laden abstraction—stories like "The Bridge-Builders" celebrate manual labour and design rather than the sabre-rattling of fictional heroes. However, his admiration for the work of empire found its apotheosis in a subjective vision. As he says in his autobiography, "I visualised it [empire], as I do most ideas, in the shape of a semi-circle of buildings and temples projecting into a sea—of dreams." His attitude towards India, as part of the Empire, was complicated by the twin impulses of idealised dream and reasoned pragmatism. While clearly subscribing to the value of the British presence in India, he possessed a shrewd and sometimes cynical sense of the British failure to understand themselves. "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P.", a criticism of the "travelled idiots who duly misgovern the land", was reinforced by autobiographical fragments which acerbically record his derision of politically-minded Britons who "derided my poor little Gods of the East."²⁵

DESPITE HIS obvious sympathies towards its places and cultures, Kipling's India was still part of "The White Man's Burden", a land defined, in the end, by its relationship to British imperial ambition. More specifically, in *Kim*,²⁶ it was constituted by a series of differences which were either directly or tangentially related to British rule: the culture and moral antagonisms between the spiritual Search of the Lama and the pragmatic Great Game of imperial relations; the apparently contradictory but related desires of Kim (who partly gains his identity from his involvement with the British) and those of the Lama (who seeks the extinguishing of personal identity); between "progressive" British and "traditional" Indian aspirations.

By creating Kim as an orphan, a white boy, someone who is in India but not indigenous to it ("Though he was burned black as any native"), Kipling gave himself considerable freedom; he could allow his protagonist to achieve transitions from one culture to another, and so become "the Little Friend of all the World."

Yet despite this apparent sympathy, Kipling's "ideal" Indian is essentially subservient, a variation on the master/

servant, native/child images: Gunga Din is "a better man than I" only because he is a good, self-sacrificing servant. The Indian, like India itself, is part of "The White Man's Burden": "... new-caught, sullen peoples, half-devil and half-child." He is still "the inscrutable Oriental", an unfathomable epitome of "the mysterious East", as in "One Viceroy Resigns":

*You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;
Divide by twenty half-breeds; multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East.*

Kim's Lama is indeed a figure of some complexity, but his Buddhism is part of a highly rarefied outlook whose self-negation puts even him outside a predominantly Hindu and Moslem culture. The Lama, Kim, the sepoys, the Indian servants and tradespeople—all are containable in Kipling's version of India because they pose no substantial threat to his vision of Empire. Affectionate ridicule was reserved for the Bengali "babu", a dislike shared by other British writers such as Thomas Anstey Guthrie, whose *Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A.*, which was serialised in *Punch*, maintains a constant derision. In common usage the term was used derogatively for a Bengali who wrote in English and was therefore presumed to have pretensions to a cultural affinity with England. In *Kim* it is the Western-educated Hurree Babu who is patronised for such pretensions. For example, after helping to outwit some Russians, "emissaries of the dread Power of the North", the Babu's self-congratulatory hybrid English suggests what Kipling calls his "puffed and lofty soul":

"'If I had done it myself,' thought Hurree, 'it would not have been better; and, by Jove, now I think of it, of course I arranged it myself. How quick I have been! Just when I ran downhill I thought it! Thee outrage was accidental, but onlee me could have worked it—ah—for all it was dam'-well worth. Consider the moral effect upon these ignorant peoples! . . . How I shall laugh with the Colonel! I wish I had their papers also: but you cannot occupy two places in one space simultaneously. That is axiomatic.'"

The Babu's internal monologue delineates him as pompous, ingratiating towards the British, intellectually pretentious, and linguistically inept. He becomes a comic figure, physically gross, right to admire the British but wrong to think he can successfully emulate them. The Bengalis were, as a distinct group, the most educated by Western standards, and hence came closest to the British in outlook. It was perhaps for this reason that they were so despised, for in doing so they blurred the fundamental East/West, Master/Servant distinction.

KIPLING'S NEGATIVE IMAGE of India as a metaphysical dark space is most apparent in the image of the arcane shrine of the Cow's Mouth in "The Naulahka." As one critic has noted, this is one of the parallels

²⁴ John Masters, *Bugles and a Tiger: A Volume of Autobiography* (1968).

²⁵ Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself* (Macmillan, London, 1937). "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P." first appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, May 1980. It is an indictment of both the Indian National Congress and what Kipling saw as a British failure to understand India.

²⁶ Rudyard Kipling, *Kim* (Macmillan, London, 1901).

between Kipling and E. M. Forster, whose caves in *A Passage to India* carry similar overtones of negation, horror and darkness. The significance of Forster's novel lies partly in its sociological implications, as perceived in Nirad Chaudhuri's indictment of Forster for sharing a dislike of the Hindu typical of the British ruling class.²⁷

David Lean's recent film adaptation of the novel has already prompted strong responses which will doubtless grow as the film reaps a prodigious harvest of awards. Comments made on BBC Radio 4's *Kaleidoscope* (18 March 1985) suggest how, for some, the film perpetuates a European myth of India. David Lean reputedly called Aziz a "goose", an inappropriate prep-school characterisation suggesting an over-Anglicised approach to him and compounded by the Indian actor who played Aziz, who stated that Lean had given the character a "Chaplinesque quality" because it was "important that people loved Aziz." Not surprisingly, critical responses spoke of the "guilty nostalgia for Colonial India" in a film spectacle which more closely resembles "Cowboys and Indians" than India under British rule. Another critic spoke of a "new fantasy of India" in which "heat and lust" predominate; these have long been elements in the fabulative impulse to create an India for Western consumption.

Forster's refusal to allow a film version of the novel during his lifetime derived, perhaps, from his suspicions that its major concerns could not be adequately adapted to a primarily visual form. The predicate of the novel lies in India as a related sequence of suggestive and implied absences: the absence of substantial Anglo-Indian relationships and of ameliorative Hindu-Moslem relations; the absence of a unifying centre of authority, whether Indian or British; and the overwhelming absence of knowledge about what actually happened in the Marabar caves—the axis of the narrative. India is created, as in earlier novels, through a series of negative abstractions, propositions and descriptions. The final "No, not there", which answers the opening question about the possibility of friendship between Indians and the British, is the ultimate denial which confirms the novel's Western myth of an "unknowable" India.

In the caves, with their associations of mystery, secrecy and darkness, the uncertain relations between Britain and India are most heightened. It is Aziz, the Moslem, who realises the political realities underlying the British desire to "see" India: "This pose of 'seeing India' which had seduced him to Miss Quested at Chandrapore was only a form of ruling India; no sympathy lay behind it." His knowledge is metaphorically associated with the subterranean darkness of the caves, a source of disorientation, particularly for Europeans who enter them.

As an educated Moslem, Aziz shares with the British a sense of exile from his country, and is thereby aligned with certain of their modes of perception. He has, for example, imbibed the generalised concept of the "Oriental"; he asks Ralph Moore:

"Can you always tell when a stranger is your friend?"

'Yes.'

'Then you are an Oriental.' He unclasped as he spoke, with a little shudder. Those words—he had said them to Mrs. Moore in the mosque in the beginning of the cycle, from which, after so much suffering, he had got free. Never be friends with the English! Mosque, caves, mosque, caves. And here he was starting again."

Forster makes use of the term ironically, for it serves to remind Aziz of racial alienation, yet it is also used in the novel as a valid description and identity. Like India, Aziz is bound to the British. "I am an Indian at last", he thinks—yet this is the ambiguous recovery of an identity which seeks exile rather than involvement, and which Forster leaves at a moment of fissure. The only substantial vocabulary used for Aziz is one which defines him negatively: he is a creator of "illogical poems—like their writer"; he is a man "impervious to argument", who watches the British "closing their ranks against the alien", and whose strongest sense of affinity with other Indians is a shared hatred of the British: "We may hate one another, but we hate you most."

Standing behind the personal and cultural confusion of Aziz is a narrator who affirms his own powerlessness to achieve the "right" perspective on India and, here, on Hinduism in particular:

"The fissures in the Indian soil are infinite: Hinduism, so solid from a distance, is riven into sects and clans, which radiate and join, and change their names according to the aspect from which they are approached. Study it for years with the best teachers, and when you raise your head, nothing they have told you quite fits."

AS WITH earlier assertions about India, this passage suggests the illusion of form within Indian culture which disintegrates under the rigours of rational (presumably Western) study; it also underlines the failure of Western rationalism. The novel is, in part, an acknowledgement of those elements of Hinduism which apparently embody an openness to experience lacking in the British. The last section of the novel, "Temple", in which his use of language is alive to the ostensibly irrational and illogical, particularly illustrates Forster's ambiguous responses to experiences that baffle the Western mind. During a long description of the Hindu celebration of the birth of Krishna, he says: "They sang not even to the God who confronted them, but to a saint; they did not one thing which the non-Hindu would feel dramatically correct; this approaching triumph of India was a muddle (as we call it), a frustration of reason and form." The parenthetical phrase is a reminder that Western readers, like the novel, belong to a culture faithful to its own conventions of "reason and form."

Forster's acknowledgement of the celebratory aspects of Hinduism does not extend to Hindus themselves: "... religion is a living force to the Hindus, and can at certain moments fling down everything that is petty and temporary in their natures." The "petty" Hindus and Aziz's use of the term "Oriental" are echoes of earlier Indian stereo-

²⁷ See Islam Shamsul, *Chronicles of the Raj* (1979). Nirad C. Chaudhuri, "Passage To and From India", *ENCOUNTER* (June 1954).

types; even the exultant and mysterious aspects of Hinduism are part of what, in one of the novel's central images of India, Fielding calls "a muddle": "A mystery is only a high-sounding term for a muddle. . . . Aziz and I know well that India's a muddle."

The echo in the caves is part of the mystery/muddle, an aural counterpoint to the uncertainty of what happened there, and to the uncertainty of India itself for the British. Nor can Forster resist the ethnocentric impulse to universalise from what is actually a Western referent: "'Boum' is the sound as far as the human alphabet can express it, or 'bououm', or 'on-boum'—utterly dull." That universalised "human" is telling, for it is the English alphabet which has difficulty in communicating the sound, just as it is British listeners for whom the echo engenders moral confusion. The sound is close to the sacred Hindu word "Om", an affirmation of totality; in Forster's novel we are only aware that it signals, like the caves themselves, at best emptiness and, at worst, moral disturbance.

The metaphysical concerns of the novel, such as the possible significances of the caves, the pervasive imagery of circles, and the authorial commentaries on "meanings", have fostered the critical view that this is not a book about India, but an exploration of questions concerning ultimate morality which makes considerable use of symbolism, heralding a significant move away from Forster's ultimate value in the earlier works: that of "personal relations." Consequent critical debates usually then examine whether or not the novel is morally optimistic.²⁸ However, the ending of *A Passage to India* does treat personal relations, even if historically absent, as the substantive value. More importantly, Forster's conception of the British and the Indians, although undoubtedly more complex than in other novels of British India, is still dependent upon an East/West antithesis which itself depends upon stereotypical images of the illogical Indian and the rational Briton, and upon a desire to make a formless "muddled" India yield to logical forms.

It may be that Forster's greatest contribution to Anglo-Indian literature is partially to deconstruct India into a "muddle", but this too is yet another variation on the literary image of mysterious, unknowable India. Certainly, his awareness of how tentative the British hold on India was becoming heralded what was to be the major theme in Anglo-Indian literature: the decline of the British Raj.

PAUL SCOTT'S *Raj Quartet* continues the story of the failure of English hegemony in a sense begun in *A Passage to India*, an important novel for Scott's thinking about India. Much of the *Quartet* may be read as a comment on earlier British attitudes. In *Division of the Spoils* (1975), the historian Guy Perron says that the relinquishing of India in 1947 "will cause no qualm of conscience because it will be like getting rid of what is no longer reflected in our

image of ourselves." Old images die hard, for behind this objectification of India as something quite separate from the British is an Aunt Charlotte who persists in calling it "his" India, and who finances his scholarly, moral pronouncements.

The varying styles and narrative voices of the four novels contradict and qualify each other, but their main concern is with the vicissitudes of a British ruling class growing uncomfortably aware of its increasingly redundant role. The opening words of the *Quartet*, "Imagine, then . . .", prepare us for an India created largely in the imagination, and this is as true for the narrator(s) and characters as it is for the reader. The India we read of is the product of differing interpretations of reality, revolving around the key image of a "rape", as in *A Passage to India*.

Scott's strength, as in the best of Kipling and Forster, is to create images of India which allow ambiguity to surface rather than a didactic moral earnestness. India is the "Jewel" in the imperial crown; the darkness, secrecy and violation of the Bibigar Gardens; Bronowski's India, "rich in possibilities"; the dénouement of British philanthropic zeal towards a "backward" nation; a place where Hari Kumar realises that his father's ambitions for him to become an "educated" man, in Western terms, are part of the wider illusion of equality between Indians and the British. Like Aziz before him, he feels himself a victim of British chicanery:

"And so Hari came . . . to the realisation that his father's plans for him had been based upon an illusion. In India an Indian and an Englishman could never meet on equal terms. . . . His anger was directed against the English for fostering the illusion his father had laboured under."

India is where he becomes literally invisible to his former English school-friends but receives back some sense of a personal self from Daphne Manners—a vindication of human love complicated by the consequences of their encounter, which culminates in Daphne's death during childbirth and Hari's incarceration. The conflicting senses of reality add to the already weighty myth of "the mysterious East."

Recent critical work is justified in claiming that Paul Scott is more than simply a writer of "popular" history, but while in due course he may be "canonised" alongside Kipling and Forster, it is important to remember that Scott's work, like his precursors', contains the contradictions which inform Western ethnocentric narratives. This is, we are told at the beginning of the *Quartet*, the "story of a rape" which quickly balloons into a consideration of "the spectacle of two nations in violent opposition . . . locked in an imperial embrace. . . ." Scott is fond of creating a point of view in order to undermine it, but this exordium does lead the reader to believe that he is about to embark on a narrative of "two nations", when in fact the primary concerns are the British in India and the dilemma of a people on the verge of withdrawing from a nation which they have defined for themselves.

The final few pages of the *Quartet* are an appropriate reminder of the implications of a British withdrawal from India. Guy Perron, who has tried and failed to understand the "mystery" of Hari Kumar, leaves only a formal visiting-card in Hari's impoverished room before returning to England,

²⁸ See, for example, June Perry Levine, *Creation and Criticism: A Passage to India* (1971).

where he will presumably continue to “study” India from the distance and security of academic life. As Guy is well aware, it is Hari who will have to “live” the experience of an India in post-colonial turmoil.

THE EAST/WEST DICHOTOMY and the problems of the British in India were also the main concerns of J. G. Farrell. His posthumously published *Indian Diary*, written in 1971 in India while researching for his own Mutiny novel, *The Siege of Krishnapur* (1973), confirms his sense of the dichotomy—which is explicable, for him, only in terms of cultural bewilderment:

“It is very easy to be a Sahib in India, it seems. Servants are automatically deferential even to the most bizarre whims, which they seem to accept without surprise. Moreover, I wish my eye were better able to see the *differences* between them. I see things without understanding.”

His experience of “seeing” the surface of India—temples, statues, dust, effects of heat—leads to remarks (such as “In India anything is possible”) which merely serve to underpin his uncertainties as a “Sahib.” He is on surer ground when assessing those who, like himself, are in India but not of it: “Overfed tourists”, a “dull American college girl” infatuated with Tibetans, exploitative hippies who gratuitously romanticise the Ganges, and Indians who display a “deadly false Britishness.” Incongruous details constitute his most pervasive image of India: a Buddhist funeral during which two of the mourners strip down to their Y-fronts, and another funeral pyre from which “a couple of perfectly serviceable feet crossed in a rather casual manner were protruding though the rest had been consumed.”

Incongruity provides the key moments in *The Siege of Krishnapur*, particularly in its accumulation of the gaps between aspirations and actuality which undermine much of the Victorian mythology of Empire. The novel focuses on the breakdown or the perpetuation of personal illusions held by a group of British people during a siege in which for over two months they and a few “faithful” Indians defend the British Residency against an army of sepoys. Fleury, for example, a Romantic dilettante, seeks a “spiritual” India, after which he will write a book on the advances of civilisation there. To him, India is a “mixture of the exotic and the intensely boring, which made it, because of his admiration for Chateaubriand, irresistible.” His spiritualising of India is rapidly replaced by a series of self-aggrandising fantasies; on one occasion, when he should be loading a cannon and attending to the practicalities of warfare, he mentally rehearses captions for his heroic exploits in a future edition of the *Illustrated London News*.

There is little consideration of Indians’ points of view. They are usually present as an amorphous mass of sepoys, or as “loyal servants”; those who are to some extent individualised are given the status of caricature or enigmatic presence. We have a Maharajah who is an amalgam of “Eastern decadence”, a belching “small, fat gentleman” who desires only more “money, jewels and naked girls.” His son Hari is an emasculated version of the Indian aristocrat; surrounded in his palace by cultural filigree from his Indian past and from contemporary Europe, he exists—or fails to exist—at the point where the two cultures meet.

In *The Siege of Krishnapur*, as in other Mutiny novels, the uprising is represented primarily as a British event, the most obvious and important difference consisting in its 20th-century knowledge of the decline of the British Raj. Co-existent with a pervasive disillusionment with the Raj, however, are significant parallels with earlier novels. Farrell’s novel maintains an image of an elusive and threatening India which is disorientating for the British, from the first page in which the landscape around Krishnapur deceives the traveller/reader with illusions of perspective and outline which literally melt with the rains, to the Collector’s final memory of India which, stripped of imperialistic rhetoric, is both concrete and enigmatic: he remembers seeing two men and two bullocks drawing water from a well, “and he knew that the same two men and two bullocks would do this every day until the end of their lives.” A “timeless” India has resisted the British impulse to change it.

Despite Farrell’s recurrent deconstruction of obviously heroic images of the British, one of his most persistent images in the novel is of a small, threatened community which survives against overwhelming odds; as Brian Gardner says in *The East India Company* (1971), “The English have always loved a successfully resisted siege.” It bestows a moral advantage upon the besieged minority, who come to signify stoic resistance and fortitude, geographically concentrating the whites and the “faithful” natives into a self-contained unit, and creating a memorial site for the courage and values traditionally associated with the British Empire.

Farrell’s novel is a serious study of the British in India. His sense of absurdity makes any heroic image ambiguous, for he offsets his self-aggrandising “heroes” against their foibles and their egoism. This could leave us even more in awe of their “heroic” aspects, which are able to overcome not only a powerful enemy but also their own moral and cultural limitations. However, in the tension between the Collector’s declining belief in Empire and Fleury’s rediscovered, Romantic, fatuous notions of himself, we can perceive a phenomenon resurrected during the Falklands War—romantic and heroic self-images can resurface to outweigh any experiences which contradict them.

That is the historical tragedy of the British.

Books Encountered

Values and Social Change in Britain. Edited by MARK ABRAMS, DAVID GERARD, and NOEL TIMMS. Macmillan, £8.95.

Promising title, patchy book. Eleven essays under the aegis of the European Value Systems Study Group in Amsterdam. The British score high for hopes, health, happiness, pride in work and country, respect for authority, dislike of adultery and killing. Otherwise unsurprising.

Now the War is Over: A Social History of Britain 1945-51. By PAUL ADDISON. BBC Publications & Jonathan Cape, £10.95.

Well-researched, TV top-book of the BBC series, by the author of *The Road to 1945*. Uncondescendingly recaptures the valiant, shabby, idealistic epoch Michael Sissons and Philip French called *The Age of Austerity*, expanding but not superseding their symposium.

Finally Truffaut. By DON ALLEN. Secker & Warburg, £10.95.

Post-mortem enlargement of the 1974 study praised in these pages. Evocative stills, credits, and film-by-film summaries make it useful; personal knowledge and judgment make it illuminating and warm.

England, First and Last. By ANTHONY BAILEY. Faber, £12.50.

Following *America, Lost and Found*, Bailey does for return from transatlantic wartime evacuation what Malcolm Bradbury did for return from US sabbatical—evoking austerity and ambivalent insularity with Proustian total recall.

The Pity of War: Poems of the First World War. Selected with an Introduction by JILL BALCON. Shephard-Walwyn, £6.50.

A fine selection of forty works from sixteen poets, movingly introduced and dedicated, to mark their new memorial in Westminster Abbey. Crisp calligraphy by Rosemary Grossman; paradoxically elegant illustrations by Barrington Barber.

Stevie: A Biography of Stevie Smith. By JACK BARBERA and WILLIAM MCBRIEN. Heinemann, £15.

An assisted, not yet the authorised, life. So much is familiar that it rather plods: how autobiographical were the novels, was she a virgin, what about Orwell, etc. The pain and fun behind the Palmers Green façade remain in the poems.

The Normans. By E. ALLEN BROWN. Boydell & Brewer, £14.95.

Scholarly, well-illustrated, but unindexed library-table book by a Professor of History at King's College, London, pictured on the back flap as a mounted, helmeted, chain-mailed knight. Not just the Conquest, but carnage in Italy and Crusader castles. What efficient toughs and patrons!

Photoportraits. By HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON. Thames & Hudson, £35.

Stately album of 255 wonderfully sharp duotones. Famous sitters, from Francis Bacon to Frank Lloyd Wright, sometimes reveal new facets, but lack the sting of the master's photo-journalism. The unknowns are more open to his artist's eye.

The English House. By JAMES CHAMBERS. Thames Methuen, £14.95.

Semi-detached from the Thames TV series, this has 217 dazzling illustrations chosen and captioned by its writer and adviser Alan Gore. The text, though sound and pleasant, dazzles less: well-built, but no gem.

The Journals of Thornton Wilder 1939-1961. Selected and edited by DONALD GALLUP. Yale University Press, £22.

Fascinating, painstaking workbooks by the author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, *The Skin of our Teeth*, and the original of *Hello, Dolly!* Not contraband for posterity, but efforts to puzzle out judgments, like a . . . tamer Edmund Wilson.

The Oxford Book of Late Medieval Verse and Prose. Edited by DOUGLAS GRAY. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £15.

Very late: even Chaucer's gone. A largely 15th-century anthology in English, including Lydgate, Malory, Caxton, Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, Skelton, Berners, and More. And more: handbooks, letters, plus commentaries and glossary. Moche connyng, lyteyll flemme.

The True Story of H.P. Sauce. By DINSDALE LANDEN and JENNIFER DANIEL. Methuen, £4.95.

Tasty, decorated caff-table booklet by the Landens, spritely off-stage as on: pungent, condensed, Cobb-like social history, ideal for the firm's PR men, but tickling sophisticated palates too.

The Secret Offensive. By CHAPMAN PINCHER. Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95.

Only somewhat over-excited catalogue of Soviet and other "active measures"—disinformation, sabotage, assassination, etc., many described in the author's previous exposés. Includes a blackly humorous glossary of Commspeak.

Europe and the New Technologies. Edited by MARGARET SHARP. Frances Pinter, £25.

Six case-studies from the University of Sussex's Science Policy Research Unit, mainly confirming Europe's backwardness, but in management more than technology. Remedies: stress use, not manufacture; foster competition; watch sunrise industry costs; help R & D and training; pursue demand as well as supply-side policies.

The Ultimate Enemy: British Intelligence and Nazi Germany, 1933-1939. By WESLEY K. WARK. I. B. Tauris, £19.50.

Well-documented study by an Assistant Professor of History at the University of Calgary, arguing that Britain's unpreparedness derived from intelligence snafus and the illusion that Nazi expansion eastwards would weaken Germany and produce a mutually destructive German-Soviet war. After Christopher Andrew, a tough read.

The Writing on the Wall. By PHILLIP WHITEHEAD. Michael Joseph, £12.95.

A further TV spin-off or tie-in, this time on the 1970s. As an ex-MP, the author has moderate Labour allegiance; as an ex-producer, an eye for a good tale. Neither greatly distorts an honest look at another low dishonest decade.

R.M.

PUBLISHING

At The Crossroads of a Book Fair

“*The Age of Frankfurt*”—By *GEORGE WEIDENFELD*



Italy, and especially Germany. And I have attended uninterruptedly, year after year, the Frankfurt Book Fair.

It is the nexus between the Fair and the development of a new, internationalist spirit in publishing in all its complexities which is my theme. A broad overview of these 40 years since the end of World War II could, I suggest, have the concise title of *The Age of Frankfurt*: a defensible and justifiable chapter-heading in the history of intellectual exchange, for no other city has provided so vast, so effective, so compact a meeting-ground, not only for intellectual product, but also for an exchange of ideas. It has not only been a barometer of material trends and a thermometer of the health (or infirmity) of the whole metabolism or individual parts of the world publishing body, but also a seismograph of future turbulence or calm.

The city of Frankfurt as a “market-place” has had to prove itself, and struggle to establish its predominant position. It grew from a cluster of villages to a veritable city, an orderly Babel, a mixture of medieval urbanism, where each guild had its street or *quartier*, and a living model of futurology, hinting at a shape of things to come.

GEORGE WEIDENFELD, founder and Chairman of the British publishing firm of Weidenfeld & Nicolson, is also Chief Executive Officer of the Wheatland Corporation in New York (which includes Grove Press Inc. and a newly-established US branch of Weidenfeld) and Chairman of the Getty-funded Wheatland Foundation, devoted to literature and the performing arts. He was created a Life Peer in 1976. Lord Weidenfeld's article is based on his recent opening address to the 37th International Book Fair, held in Frankfurt-am-Main.

MY REMARKS on the problem of “internationalism” have two credentials. I have had some 40 years in publishing, largely devoted to the cause of international publishing—that is to say, the creating, producing, and launching of books designed for the world market, which means continuous contact with writers, publishers and the media in the British Commonwealth, the USA, and the cultural centres of France,

The historian G. M. Trevelyan once remarked that often the people most involved in “the turning-points of history” are the last to know when history really turns; and this applies also, of course, to the history of the publishing profession.

Its expansion in the humanities covers the full range of literature of the imagination and entertainment as well as the education of youth, and the grey area between them where reading for profit can also be entertaining and reading for entertainment be profitable. This vast literature has followed a more complex and zigzag pattern, reflecting the changes of mood, fashion, taste, the incursion by new media, and the constantly altering composition, social and intellectual, of the reading public in various countries.

As I see it, the post-War period in the history of international publishing might be divided into four parts: a period of Curiosity; an age of Cosmopolitan Exuberance; a turn to Introspection; and finally our present period of Muted Optimism.

As soon as Hitler's new order collapsed—actually before then, as soon as the Allied armies streamed across Europe—writers and publishers emerged from cellars and ruins, from external banishment or “inner emigration” in one liberating surge to fill the gaps of knowledge. With the onset of “freedom of expression”, the effort could be made to restore or introduce the flow of significant books, ideas, new talent and experiment. The late 1940s and the early 1950s were, in all European countries and in the USA, an age of intense curiosity. In the defeated Axis countries an intellectual inferiority complex led to an almost exaggerated xenophilia. In German universities, some of the most senior positions could not be filled because few candidates had ever read Freud, Marx, or Kafka and Hemingway. There was everywhere a passion for foreign writers and often an unkind belittling of home-grown talents.

In Germany and Italy foreign historians would be regarded as “more reliable” and “more authoritative”, even on German and Italian history; since anyone tainted, however slightly, by the Nazi or Fascist brush would be disregarded. It was also an age of numberless works of popularised general knowledge, because every branch of human knowledge had, so it seemed, to be re-narrated and reinterpreted. It was a decade of great popularisations (and best-sellers) on archaeology, anthropology, psychoanalysis, political philosophy, religion. In every field of knowledge the infusion of what the Germans came to call *know-how*—which is to say: Anglo-Saxon experience, standards, methods and life-styles—

became important ingredients in the publishing activities of the European countries.

The same applied to graphic presentation: the Anglo-Saxon style of book production, magazine layout and typography became the venerated model for European publishers. Just as *Life* magazine, *Colliers*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, inspired European magazine presentation, the bold and clean projection of alphabet and image in print practised by American designers, printers and publishers, helped to create a new, international style of book production.

Conversely, Americans, Britons, even Australians, wanted to find out more about Europe, that continent in which so many of them had risked their lives. Books on the history, speculations about the national character and possible destiny of each and every country were on the agenda of the day. New publishing patterns and combinations emerged. Like meteors, publishing giants appeared: Hachette in France, Elsevier in Holland, Mondadori in Italy. In West Germany, to name but one, Bertelsmann evolved from a modest family business to become a multinational corporation and a household name. The Book Club phenomenon, which started in Weimar Germany, had spread westwards through America's "Book of the Month Club", itself the creation of German émigrés. It opened new vistas and markets, numbering its readers in the millions. The paperback revolution, with its new "egghead" or highbrow fractions, was in full force. In the defeated countries indigenous post-War literature was slow in starting because it had to compete with the accomplished and irresistible narrators of the English and French-speaking world. Yet the great themes of the recent past—tyranny and oppression, the dilemmas of collaboration, the hope and disillusionment of liberation—were and had to be expressed more personally and pungently by European writers. And soon they were: by Moravia, Sartre, Camus, Koestler, and by those, in my view, extraordinary three classics indispensable to every historian of the period, for they are to my mind the most expressive testimonies of the lacerated soul of Europe—Curzio Malaparte's *Kaputt*, Virgil C. Gheorgiou's *Vingt-Cinquième Heure* and Ernst von Salomon's *Der Fragebogen*.

Victors and vanquished alike, in each country publishers were rebuilding, restructuring, remanning their firms. New editorial personalities emerged with new notions, but book publishing still flourished largely on a national and local level—the age of the "multinational corporation" in publishing had not yet dawned.

THAT FIRST PERIOD also saw the undisputed emergence of English as the world's lingua franca, taking over even in specialised academic spheres, from German and partly from French, the dominion of the literate world. Yet within that English-language publishing world some perceptible changes occurred. Until 1939, British publishers had been in a dominant position. When one reads the memoirs of some of the famous British and American publishers of that time, one cannot but note what a one-way traffic it was. The annual or bi-annual pilgrimage of Alfred and Blanche Knopf, Horace Liveright, generations of Scribners, Macraes, and Lippincotts to Bloomsbury was the highlight of their professional year.

This epoch lingered on to the late 1940s, but suddenly changed in the '50s to a relationship of equals, even if British publishers (as they liked to think) played Greeks to America's Romans. Of course, the US home market already then dwarfed that of the UK, but the Americans were not yet conscious of the immense export potential and, through disinterest, timidity, or by default, left the wider world to their better-placed colleagues in Britain.

BY THE END OF THE 1950s Frankfurt—with no Anglo-Saxon challenge from a lackadaisical London—had solidly established itself as the one and indispensable great literary stock exchange, and justified the claim to have helped to create a spirit of Western internationalism and the breaking of the barriers of European provincialism. Through Frankfurt the knowledge of publishers, distributors and agents in various lands about each other's strengths and capabilities (as well as their shortcomings), grew well-nigh a hundredfold. A new chapter of international publishing began, in which publishing houses throughout the world were seen vying with each other to buy and sell the products of their opposite numbers. The age of co-production was born: formidable works of reference and splendid art books required heavy investment in plant, text and illustration—notably colour plates—and therefore meticulous and constant collaboration became a necessity.

The central motive was, of course, the economic sharing of costs; but there was also, I would like to think, a real desire to be "cosmopolitan", to spread knowledge, and in certain useful ways to standardise tastes, moods and intellectual attitudes. It was a season of the "great series"—series on history, literature, geography, natural history, travel; endless descriptions of places and peoples. This required special techniques, for to be truly international one had to, in one way or another, overcome the existing barriers of national prejudice. For instance, in a work on "Great Military Battles", initiated in England and offered to a French colleague, the editors had to avoid offending certain national sensibilities. If a chapter on the Battle of Waterloo was included, it had to be matched with another describing a crushing British defeat in, say, the Hundred Years' War. How often were promising projects for the world market rendered simply unworkable because of the regional touchiness of the prospective buyer or the parochialism of the initiating vendor? To be sure, it required more than tact and diplomacy to make co-productions work. Very often there was simply inadequate knowledge of the psychology, and indeed of the sociology, of the reading publics in different countries: their tastes, interests, and intellectual levels.

In my own experience, if we take Europe, there is a broad North/South division of taste and interest and technique of presentation. The North Sea countries—Germany, Scandinavia, Holland and Britain—more often than not converge in taste and interest. The Latin world, more often than not, shares preferences and prejudices. Within that Northern reading zone, I have personally found that there is more affinity between America and Germany than between either of

those countries and, say, Britain. If one were to compare the reading public of each of those countries to a pyramid, one might find that the band near the apex, i.e. the intellectually fastidious public, is perhaps widest in Britain; but the middle layer is much broader in America and Germany. In other words, what the French call "*moyenne vulgarisation*" is much more marked and much wider in America and Germany than in Britain. There are proportionately more people in Britain who, when they are anxious to learn about a subject—say, about the problems of ageing or the elements of archaeology—will buy a technical book from Penguin or Oxford rather than have their pill sweetened and learn their subject wholly without tears by buying Gail Sheehy's *Passages* or C. W. Ceram's *Gods, Graves and Scholars*. This doesn't necessarily mean that the British book-buyer is more sophisticated or even more erudite, but that he would quite often prefer to read a fairly stiff text, skimping passages he doesn't quite understand, rather than have things made too easy for him.

The difference between the glittering prizes for success and the penalties for failure—largely due to conceptual faults—in international co-production can be extreme, perhaps more so than in any other form of publishing. Some of us remember world-wide sales figures which read like the results of an Indian plebiscite—half-a-million here, a million there; but, alas, more often than not, there were occasions when the international breakdown of sales figures for an unsatisfactory project read like a variant of Leporello's aria: Italy 640; Germany 231, France 100; Turkey 91; and even in America only 1,003.

THIS PERIOD OF starry-eyed and at times recklessly optimistic internationalism lasted about a decade. By the end of the 1960s a number of changes had occurred.

For one thing, in their enthusiasm to evangelise, the sellers very often oversold, leaving the buyer with much unmarketable inventory. For another, fluctuating rates of exchange caused havoc with prices. And there were two other factors which became, in my view, quite relevant to the decline of international publishing at that point: television heralded, at first quite imperceptibly, an era of cultural chauvinism, at least at the upper end of the market. National reputations were made by media personalities in each country. No longer, for instance, was an Edward Murrow or William Shirer, a D. W. Brogan or a Raymond Aron, an infallible arbiter on current affairs, when other names (and especially faces) were far more familiar to millions of French and German potential book-buyers. When it came to cookery books, why should the celebrated television chef in Germany and Italy, in Austria and Spain, not be far more marketable than a French, American, or English cookery writer?

But national reputations were also made at the highest intellectual national levels. By the mid-1960s German and Italian universities could boast a new generation of historians, political scientists, philosophers who could hold their own on the world stage. Throughout Europe a renaissance of graphic presentation and book production took place, in tandem with the growth in quality and professionalism of European illustrated magazines. Soon, Continental periodicals, in reporting

technique and visual style, reached and indeed outclassed their American models, some of which had, in fact, gone under. *Paris Match*, *Der Spiegel*, *Die Bunte*, and *Stern* competed and sometimes won hands down against their Anglo-Saxon prototypes. In art-book publishing, a "European style" pioneered by Italian, Swiss, German and Dutch printers and publishers conquered the world's book-counters (and coffee-tables). As a result of this a paradoxical development occurred, one which broke the tradition of many centuries.

LET ME RETURN to the comparison of the structure of the reading public with a pyramid. It is fair to say that from the Middle Ages to this century the intellectuals at the apex formed a cosmopolitan, close-knit group. They had common standards of education, and a common language: Latin was the lingua franca right up to the 15th century and even beyond, followed by Spanish, Italian, French. A student could start at the Sorbonne, proceed to Salamanca, Prague, Heidelberg, and finish up at Oxford, or vice versa. At the base of the apex, however, the vast, illiterate or sub-literate public was isolated. A peasant in Picardy knew very little about his counterpart in Moravia and, but for experiences in battle—say, during the Crusades or the Thirty Years' War, they wouldn't ever meet.

Nowadays the pyramid is inverted: television, travel, film, informal fashions in clothes, dance, sports, have brought the mass public more closely together than ever before; and paradoxically, as I have suggested, it is the élites at the apex who have grown isolated and now know less about each other. Cultural chauvinism has in fact hit the so-called élite far more than it has the mass public numbering untold millions. *Kojak*, *Dallas* and *Dynasty* are equally well-known in Sweden and in Uruguay, Kenya and New Zealand, but the names of Martin Walser, Jean d'Ormesson, Mario Vargas Llosa, and Margaret Drabble are scarcely known to even a tiny fraction of the sophisticated reading public in the most culturally advanced areas of the world. Twenty or thirty years ago, if you asked ten members of a Junior Common Room in Cambridge (England) or in Cambridge (Mass.) to name ten modern writers in France, Germany and Italy, they would have produced quite a few appropriate names. Now, I suspect, they would barely know one or two. In other words, during the decade of what I think of as the decline of internationalism, it would have been quite difficult to find even a scant knowledge of foreign literature among the *litterati* of each nation—except, perhaps, in fields of specialised interest.

What were the reasons for this decline? Could it be the intense preoccupation in each country with its own changing and often turbulent affairs and altered economic circumstances which had lessened curiosity about other countries?

No doubt this applied to many countries in the West. We know that the Americans, largely because of Viet Nam, became much more introspective; but publishing economics played a very important part. It had become more difficult to make ends meet when expensive translation costs had to be absorbed. In that period there had occurred a dramatic reduction in the number of translations from one language to

another. It was particularly marked as far as the English-language world market (and Britain) was concerned. It is not of course, easy to get reliable figures. I conducted my own private poll by analysing the lists of six leading British publishers, and found that, for instance, as far as translations from the French language were concerned, the number of books translated today compared with the number translated 25 years ago has fallen by 75%. When I quizzed some of my American colleagues, I found comparable results.

On the mainland of Europe and in Japan the situation is, mercifully, not so dramatic. For obvious reasons, smaller European countries have always depended upon translation more than their larger counterparts; and France and Germany, although drastically reducing over the last two decades the number of translations, are still far more accessible to the outside world than their Anglo-Saxon counterparts.

BY ONE OF THOSE ironies of fate, the growth of multinational publishing organisations and the faith in “multi-media cross-fertilisation” occurred at the peak of the period of optimism and belief in continuously rising expectations. But, as so often happens, peaks are followed by valleys, and many an attempt to orchestrate and harmonise either vast international enterprises—or to establish a functional synergy between book publishing and other media—misfired. Some of these combinations failed both operationally and financially; others succeeded financially without any operational logic. In other words, book publishing became at best a reasonably successful division in a conglomerate that might embrace knitting-needles, sugar-cane, real estate, and mortuaries. At worst it was a grotesque and irritating nuisance.

And yet I still believe that the issue as to whether international publishing organisations in the humanities can truly work effectively is still undecided. Very often, failure was due to the wrong coupling of the component firms. General publishing houses are really very much more “talent agencies” than big businesses; and talent cannot be easily regimented or bureaucratised. The economic crisis and recessions towards the end of the 1970s and the early '80s, damaged most publishing scenes, and turned publishers in each country in upon themselves. But as new and favourable trade winds began to blow, a new mood and hope emerged. Once again, America was a dominant factor. A stronger dollar meant that it was easier to export to the USA, and a stronger economy meant that there was a greater readiness by Americans to buy.

AFTER THAT PERIOD of recession in 1979-81, there were other important elements that make for what I like to think of as a cautious renewal of an internationalist mood in the world of book publishing.

There is a renewed interest in the public issues of our times. Great debates on the future of the species, on the rights and wrongs of old, received ideas, are taking place. The younger generation of today holds views that are greatly at variance with those of the '68 generation of Kent State or the Paris

événements. Different kinds of literary protest, a new awareness of history, remote and contemporary, are surging in many countries. Whether it is the works of the East European dissidents, or the Latin American novelists, they have aroused an interest in other societies and less-known varieties of the same universal human condition. It is not always literary quality that is decisive; very often it is curiosity of another sort (political, social, cultural) which is the criterion for the success of some of these works and authors. But even so, surely in the end all this helps to broaden people's horizons and open their minds.

In my experience, there are from time to time fashions and trends when certain countries are “in” and others “out”, and that applies, perforce, to literary products on, about, and from these countries. There were times when America could never do right, and where ideas from the radical Left could never be wrong. Today the mood has changed, at least to the point where both camps, radical and conservative, have equally articulate and convincing protagonists.

IF I NOW, in the middle 1980s, detect a muted optimism and new brand of internationalism in world publishing, it is because I feel that there is once again a sense of great involvement, a more acute interest in changing ideas and realms of knowledge. There is some new hope, but also a lingering anxiety and uncertainty: and both sentiments evidently make for more reading and readers. The accelerating rate of historical change suggests that the whole corpus of human knowledge may have to be rethought, retold, and reinterpreted for a new generation of readers—and not only in the single medium of the book, but also in a constructive, mutually reinforced association with other media.

Crystal-gazing into the future of publishing is not only a thankless but, I feel, in some ways a superfluous task. The leaders of the publishing profession in every country are well aware of the problems, social, technological and economic, of revolutionary happenings in the world of the media and in all spheres of literacy expression, ranging, as Alfred Kerr put it, with sardonic precision, “*von der Dichtung des echten Gefuehls zur Produktion des zerkauten Federhalters*”, from the heights of creative literature to the mechanised depths of formula production. My own feeling is that the multiplicity of channels and the diversity of media may well cause temporary havoc in the world of book publishing; the ultimate effect will be a division of labour between the media in which certain genres of literature will suffer or possibly disappear, and others will greatly prosper.

The Frankfurt Book Fair has always moved with the times; even a cursory glance at the vast conurbation of stands today shows how other media and new technology are fully represented, and indeed how future developments are foreshadowed in embryo. This revolution in which we are enmeshed should give us grounds for muted optimism. I trust that the publishers of today and tomorrow will learn from the older generation, and move with grim determination to see that the cause of free, international, literary exchange

remains well-served, so that we may see out this century in the sure knowledge of its having been the richest, most constructive and beneficent in the history of the written word.

MY ATTEMPT TO LINK the history of 40 years of international publishing—and the cause of a spiritual internationalism—with the Frankfurt Book Fair would be invalid, indeed meaningless, without a glance beyond the fairgrounds into the cultural environment and human hinterland of the city of Frankfurt, the Federal Republic, the new Germany of this period, and especially the present post-War generation.

I indulge here in a long-cherished wish to pay a personal tribute; and I speak as one who has the triple background of being an Austrian by birth, a citizen of Britain, and a Jew. I am therefore thrice-privileged: for enjoying the birthright of the German language and thus first-hand access to a special cultural heritage; for my life and work in England in freedom and tolerance; and for having taken an active, however modest, part in the enterprise of creating and sustaining the state of Israel.

The native Austrian, the British publisher, and the Jew in me has cause to appreciate and to extend his hand to the German people of today. As the Federal President, Richard von Weizsäcker, has so movingly argued, recognition of the great post-War German transformation does not require one to forget or to forgive those who were culpable of past misdeeds. In fact, as he put it: "*Das Vergessenwollen verlängert das Exil, und das Geheimnis der Erlösung heisst Erinnerung* (The desire to forget only lengthens the exile, and the secret of redemption is remembrance)." I am tempted to put it even more strongly: those of us who suffered from *Rassenhass* (race-hatred) should be the last to stoop to *Sippenhass* (tribal vendettas). What we have seen in Germany during the years of the "Age of Frankfurt" has been a country more open to the world, more accessible to ideas, more eager to participate in the public issues of our time, more universally curious and, if I may say so, more xenophile, than almost any other of the great nations of the West.

Frankfurt could only have achieved its role as an active clearing-house of ideas because of the burning, almost feverish interest of young Germans in different ideas and foreign literatures, their respect for the hopes, aspirations and preoccupations of other nations. The cause of human rights, which is to say the suffering of other peoples, appears to be dearer to the hearts of young Germans than to many other members of the international community. One can find more Germans in mankind's far-flung stations of the cross like leper colonies and refugee camps, the jungle and the bush, than any other nationality. Everyday German democracy may be tough and rough, but it functions; and although Germany's intellectuals may often feel in a self-castigating mood, the new Germany, seen from outside, is a remarkably humane and humanist country, which can muster with pride such leaders as Konrad Adenauer and Dr Kurt Schumacher, Ernst Reuter and Theodor Heuss within the time span of little more than one generation.

I CAN SENSE HOW MUCH the image of Germany has overtly or subliminally changed in these four decades. It is no longer the land of the Prussian jackboot, nor even the nation of bustling managers of the German *Wirtschaftswunder*. The current image is that of a rather thoughtful, earnest nation, sincerely bent on European and world-wide cooperation, and imbued with a genuine spirit of internationalism.

But I also sense, conversely, a renewed interest abroad in the intellectual and literary tradition of Germany. Just as in the last few years there has been a growing interest in the literature of *fin-de-siècle* Austria, we can feel waves and vibrations of greatly enhanced interest in the creative and reflective writings within Germany, from the olympian classics through those precursors of modernism, Büchner and Heine, and the grand masters of "*Scherz, Satire, Ironie, und tieferer Bedeutung*" from Lichtenberg to Tucholsky.

The "Age of Frankfurt" has built bridges not only within the Western world, but has (and I hope will increasingly) helped to span the gap between East and West, North and South. May it long continue in the service of the spirit of internationalism and the cause of greater tolerance and understanding which are the hallmarks of civilisation.

Seeking Love

The shy young man
traced her to the valley,
believing she loved him.

The trees were blossoming with spring.
Within the courtyard
the pair met.

In due course
he covered her face
like a cloud covering the sun.

Holly Beeson

DOCUMENT

Will the Real George Urban Please Stand Up?

By George Urban



IT HAS BEEN SO ORDERED by an unkindly fate that I should share a name with Mr George (Jerzy) Urban—spokesman of the Polish authorities, scourge of Western governments, a man of vitriolic tongue and temper but also a gallant and a wit, at least in his own estimation. Never a man to mince words about the depredations of bourgeois society, or to use one adjective where three will do, Mr Urban is a public entertainer in a world where official humour is rare. There are few jokes in Marx or Lenin. Mr George Urban (Communist) supplies them, and has the Warsaw Government laughing all the way to the Western banks.

His principal venue for so doing is the unusual (for Communist countries) device of the press conference where

GEORGE URBAN (no relation) was born in Hungary, studied under Lukács in Budapest, and took his Ph.D. at the University of London. He has lived for 30 years in England, where he worked for the BBC, and is at present Director of Radio Free Europe in Munich. Among his recent contributions to ENCOUNTER are "The People Are Coming!" (September-October 1985), and interviews with Max Kampelman (February and March 1985), Alexander Zinoviev (April 1984), Jeane Kirkpatrick (November 1983), and Eugene V. Rostow (April 1983). He is the editor and co-author of "Détente" (1976), "Eurocommunism" (1978) and "Stalinism" (1982), all published by Maurice Temple Smith.

When the tenor of these published remarks (published, in a briefer version, in "The Wall Street Journal") reached officialdom in Warsaw—and attention is evidently paid to every Western word—there was outrage and indignation. Indeed a senior official of the Polish Ministry of Foreign Affairs called at the US Embassy to deliver what was called a "verbal démarche." What one Urban said of the other Urban was "defamatory", and "especially insulting to the Polish people." If the one Urban was an "interventionist" and a "destabiliser" (for his RFE broadcasts to Eastern Europe), the other Urban was after all the responsible official spokesman of the recognised Jaruzelski government. The Urban/Urban affair ended with an urbane diplomatic formula about "reviewing the whole affair."

facts and fiction, hearsay, surmise and straightforward mendacity mix and mingle to the bewilderment of Western correspondents and the Polish public. But he also uses a pen name (*Jan Rem*) to give himself more room for invective than his official position as a government minister and régime spokesman would allow. But I must not overtax my metaphor, because Jerzy Urban is in the serious business of justifying the existence and spinning yarns on behalf of an unelected Soviet-sponsored government. The activities of elected governments are, God knows, difficult enough to justify. Unelected ones require special talent. Jerzy Urban has it.

To say that he is on uncertain terms with the truth would be doing an injustice to his intelligence. He is, rather, the product of that strange Alice-in-Wonderland kind of universe known as Leninism, in which the truth is precisely what Jerzy Urban and his masters say it is. Not that Jerzy Urban is a Communist—he says he is not a Party member. It just so happens that he is in hearty agreement with the policies which the cabal around General Jaruzelski pursues and Moscow supports.

A few weeks before the murder of Father Jerzy Popieluszko on 19 October 1984, Jerzy Urban observed in the restrained language that is characteristic of his articulations that the priest had been guilty of inciting the public to violence:

"Seances of hatred are organised in Father Popieluszko's church. He presides over sessions of political rabies. . . . He conducts black masses."

Yet, when the priest was brutally murdered by police agents brought up on the philosophy and vocabulary of Jerzy Urban and his colleagues, the target of Jerzy Urban's indignation was a long shot away from the murderers sitting in the dock in Torun. He announced to a startled audience:

"Public opinion in Poland is watching with disapproval the brutal US police repression of churchmen and worshippers from the Holy Trinity Church in Clairton, Penn., whose only offence was their charitable support of a few thousand laid-off steelworkers."

UNDOUBTEDLY, Jerzy Urban has a dynamic quality about him. If the pursuit of the truth is not his forte, cheek, not to say insolence, is. "Mr Jerzy Urban's statements are made in the spirit of a total disregard for society and contempt for objective truth", Andrezej Kozminski, a Dean of Warsaw University, said about him in December 1981. *Vis-à-vis* foreigners, Urban's speciality is the caustic admonition; his tactic that attack is the best form of defence. He now threatens to hold an "international journalists' tribunal" to judge and to condemn the lies foreign correspondents are allegedly spreading about Poland. He likes lecturing foreign politicians and governments, and has a singular conviction that the whole world is out of step except himself (and the men he represents). His anger is, his charm is not, immediately obvious.

Of Zbigniew Brzezinski he opined that although "he does not encourage an uprising, he does think that occasionally . . . a few corpses in Poland would further the interest of the US."

He chastised Malcolm Rifkind, the British Minister of State, after he had spoken to members of *Solidarity*:

"There is no tradition in inter-state relations for meetings with illegal organisations. . . . When a representative of the Polish government visits Great Britain, he does not meet representatives of the IRA to find out about the conflict in Ireland."

Paris was peremptorily told that the French Government's "hostile monologue on Polish themes" might induce Poland to stop teaching French in Polish schools, as "French is no longer a world language and is only used to further co-operation between France and Poland."

Jerzy Urban's snappy message to Rome was:

"The Italian Prime Minister should be especially well acquainted with terrorist killings and should not be in a hurry to make political capital of them against a foreign government. Considering the state of terrorism and murder in his own country, he should have enough on his plate to keep him busy."

US Senators Edward Kennedy and Robert Doyle were roundly warned not to make pronouncements about the murder of Father Popieluszko because "we see in their statements an unceasing inclination to incite the Poles to illegal undertakings using any pretext."

Jerzy Urban is a resourceful jester. Among the intellectual pigmies who speak for Communist governments he is surely a giant. But one could wish his ire were more constructively deployed and his fulminations were less predictable. For, in the end, Jerzy Urban is not only a bore—he bores for Poland.

How do I, the other George Urban, relate to all this? The answer is: I do not very much, even though Jerzy and I were recently depicted in the *Detroit Free Press* as "two identically named men, warriors in the East-West confrontation in command of the most important weapons system there is: words." If there is such a personal contest, it is one that leaves me singularly cold. Who could equal the resourceful Dr Goebbels? and who would want to?

I came on the scene to head Radio Free Europe long after Jerzy Urban had started dispensing comment and policy from Warsaw. I will probably leave the scene much before him. In the meantime I never cease wondering what my indefatigable namesake will invent next, and how we might chip away at his fabrications. We may not always succeed; indeed we have chalked up some failures. But I have a suspicion that while Jerzy Urban speaks only for General Jaruzelski's self-appointed government, we in Radio Free Europe speak, and are seen to be speaking, for the Polish people. Jerzy knows this and doesn't like it; and I take courage from the fact that he doesn't. I would therefore cordially submit (in the language of the American movie-disclaimers) that any similarity between George Urban and Jerzy Urban is strictly coincidental.

Observers of Jerzy Urban who know him better than I do have remarked that there is something dark and diabolic about his demeanour. This is unkind. I prefer to think that the *aperçu* once appended to Dr Edward Aveling, the wayward son-in-law of Karl Marx, applies to him too: "Nobody can be as bad as Dr Aveling looks."

Tohu Bohu

In the vestibule are potted parlour plants
the old name "Dinedor" is a numerate nineteen
on the ground floor a disabled double bed
the daughter of the house leads me upstairs
she is a nursing mother
moist with the expression of her milk—

below the half-landing to the left
I enter the well-remembered room
and hear the frou-frou of ladies in long dresses
petit pointing on the lawn—

rusty rain-butts felled staddle-stones
"We've had to make ends meet!"
my guide's finger cursors along the picture window—
opencast mining beyond the lawn
picket fences with riot shields
and concrete dug-outs like giant curling stones—

Where are the stables converted to an apple loft?
my dog-tag tugs at conscience
these are my people—
my daughter and my daughter's daughter
with coal-dust in her mother's milk.

Michael Henry

LETTERS

Schöpflin's "Takeovers"

I DO NOT KNOW where George Schöpflin's political sympathies lie, but from his article ("The Pattern of Political Takeovers", *ENCOUNTER*, February 1985) he is trying to mitigate Russia's crime of annexing Eastern Europe to her Empire by the power of the Red Army and brutal and premeditated political terror.

Mr Schöpflin argues that it is misleading to regard the seizure of power in Eastern Europe by Communist Parties as having been solely the result of Soviet action. In his rather sophisticated model of argument ("correcting history"), other factors contributed to this shameful act. These are: the impact of war itself; the inability of any Eastern European state to sustain a fully effective democracy; and the incapability of establishing a properly integrated civil society. The result being that important segments of society were ready to take action against the state and not resist its destruction when the opportunity was there. Mr Schöpflin's model, apparently, applies fully in the case of Poland.

I do not know much about other countries, but the truth about Poland could not be distorted further. Poland's history is the repetitive tragedy of division by aggressive and rapacious neighbours. After a short independence between the Wars, Poland was again divided by Germany and Russia. The last War was a final eye-opener as to the aim and methods of seizing power by Communists. Stalin's purges were disclosed. The genocide of Katyn was exposed, and the reason behind the inactivity of the Russian Army behind the Vistula, watching the flower of Polish youth fighting the Germans in the Warsaw Uprising, was only too obvious (and not only to us Poles). It is highly improbable therefore that the Polish people, however decimated and displaced by demographic shifts, would readily embrace Communism as an alternative to "ineffective democracy."

It is not that the political opposition to Communists was hesitant, dispersed, and inactive, thus creating a political vacuum into which the Communists walked freely. It is rather the fact that the "liberating" Red Army was an invading army that gave the well-trained local political terrorists protection and a *carte blanche* for seizing power.

If there is another factor that contributed to the fall of Eastern Europe, it is the betrayal at Yalta by the

"fully effective" democracies of USA and England.

PETER PAUL KRASUCKI

London

I DOUBT IF I will be able to make much of an impression on Mr Krasucki's unshakeable convictions. Still, some of your readers may not have minds as closed as his. Mr Krasucki's view of history is a very uncomplicated one. He appears to assume that there is, in all circumstances, one right answer and one wrong answer; that "sophistication" in examining history is undesirable; that causation in history is a straightforward matter; that motivations are simple; and that he can make his case by assertion rather than argument.

I don't share this approach. I believe that complex situations require complex analysis and, as I sought to establish in my *ENCOUNTER* article, I believe that the situation in Eastern Europe in 1945 was far more convoluted than Mr Krasucki does. Above all, I do not accept that the East Europeans themselves played no role in the events, that they were solely and exclusively the victims of Soviet aggression and Western perfidy. I sought to argue that *some* East Europeans, including some Poles, actively favoured the establishment of a Communist system; others were neutral towards the idea; others were indifferent or apolitical; others, like many Social Democrats, were divided in their own minds; and yet others opposed the introduction of a Soviet-type system.

"It is highly improbable that the Polish people..." I question the homogeneity implied by "Polish people", for the Poles in 1944-45 were far from having been as united as Mr Krasucki assumes. "... however decimated and displaced by demographic shifts": precisely because of the dislocation, I would argue, the individual's ability to orientate himself or herself, to forge bonds of community and to adhere with determination to principles are gravely weakened—nationhood is not sufficient to produce this cohesiveness. "... would readily embrace Communism as an alternative to ineffective democracy": this is a good example of the black/white approach that I cannot accept. It was not a matter of Poles having to choose between "Communism" and "ineffective democracy", but more that the choice was about different shades of grey, and it was this complexity that precluded the Poles from generating the kind of unity that was needed to resist Soviet expansionism.

The problem with the Krasucki approach is that it ignores this complexity and, equally seriously, by placing all the blame on the Soviet Union and on the West, absolves the East Europeans from all responsibility

for their own fates. Why does Mr Krasucki assume that by attributing responsibility to the East Europeans I am in some way absolving the Soviet Union for the extension of its power and political system westwards? I do not myself accept that causation in this context is indivisible.

Of course the Soviet Union bears the primary share of this responsibility; but that does not mean that the extension of Soviet power was solely the personal work of Stalin. The structural weaknesses of Eastern Europe; the historical legacies of the inter-War period (has Mr Krasucki forgotten the mess that Polish parliamentary democracy ended up in in the 1920s); the terrible damage wrought by the War; the human losses and dislocation—all contributed to making it easier for the Soviet Union to take over Eastern Europe.

Fortunately for both Mr Krasucki and myself, we can disagree about all this till the Greek kalends.

GEORGE SCHÖPFLIN

London School of Economics

The "Poor-Little" Syndrome

THE LETTER from Forrest D. Colburn (November) blandly equates the US/Central-American relationship with that of France to Algeria, Britain to Zimbabwe, and Holland to Indonesia.

For all the tendentious metaphors Western journalists and Marxist apologists like to use about "colonialism", Central America was never a state in the American union as Algeria was part of metropolitan France. Neither was it governed by the US as Britain governed in Southern Africa, or Holland in the Far East.

Writing with a Managua return address, Mr Colburn seems oddly unaware that the US government *did* engage in a "conversation among parties" with the Sandinistas. It also provided them with massive aid (far more than it ever gave Somoza).

What was the result? The aid was used (1) for a massive build-up in the Sandinista armed forces; (2) to meddle actively in the affairs of neighbouring states, especially El Salvador; (3) to begin the process of suppressing opposition groups and ensure a policy and ideology actively hostile to the USA. Europeans blame all these developments on North American harassment, despite the fact that they began when the US was *helping* the Sandinistas.

None of this comes into European considerations of criticism of American policy in Central America. If it did there would be less transatlantic argument on the matter. As it is, Europeans—the British more than any—allow themselves to be nose-led by journalistic, academic, and political cheer-leaders for the Sandinistas,

operating from an a priori premise of "Big Yankee Bully v. Poor Little Nicaragua."

When Europeans can unglue themselves from their dim attachment to this stereotype, a better transatlantic "conversation between parties" on the issue might be possible. In the meantime they might remember that Fidel Castro was described in exactly the same "poor-little Cuba" terms when he came to power. He was supposed to be a reformer with a religious background, etc. He came closer than any person since the Second World War to provoking a full-scale nuclear clash. Americans remember this even if Europeans choose not to: and are accordingly concerned with what happens and who rules in Central America.

HERB GREER

Manchester

CND, Ebb & Flow

MR W. M. G. BROWN [Letters, November] challenges my thesis (ENCOUNTER, July/August) that unilateralist campaigns revive when major questions of nuclear policy are pending and decline once the outcome becomes a *fait accompli*.

While he is correct that many CND "first wave" activists from the 1958-64 period moved across to anti-Viet Nam War campaigning, this need not have prevented a revival of the anti-nuclear movement in Britain until 1980. Then, in fact, it re-emerged in the aftermath of the "dual-track" decision of December 1979.

On the Continent in 1977-78, a major campaign was successfully waged by comparable groups against deployment of the so-called "Neutron Bomb." Had neutron weapons been due for deployment in the British Isles also, there can be little doubt that the CND would have revived here at that time—instead of remaining dormant until the decision to deploy Cruise missiles.

JULIAN LEWIS

London

Karl Popper & the Jazz Age

WHETHER OR NOT we believe Professor Stove's lively thesis (ENCOUNTER, June) that Professor Popper's thought is conditioned by the "horror Victorianum" (succulent phrase) for dolls' clothes, stuffed birds under glass, and the Church of England, there are two aspects, mistakes one might even call them, which are so spicily spread about the confection as to be, I think, worth savouring separately.

The minor mistake is simply that of Professor Stove's kindly acceptance of terms squashy enough to recall the

definition Wells-forged for them in 1910. The speaker was Mr Polly; the word, *verbooji*.

What might be called the big mistake is the oversight during Professor Popper's youth, which deprived him of the tools, then fresh from the press (though not in his mother-tongue), without whose aid a comprehensive philosophy of science cannot nowadays be reasonably undertaken: his book *Objective Knowledge* contains twenty references to Bertrand Russell, but only one to A. N. Whitehead, towards whose giant integration (the Philosophy of Organism) Professor Popper's thought has inevitably veered.

GEOFFREY ROBINSON

Denbury
Devon

MR ROBINSON says I used "squashy" terms. But since he gives no example, I see no need to take his charge seriously.

D. C. STOVE

University of Sydney

Dissenting Opinion

AS A NORWEGIAN reader and subscriber of your journal, I am worried about the one-sidedness of the articles in your "War & Peace" section (July-August). All the contributors sharply criticise not only the Peace Movement in Europe but also, indirectly, support for Nicaragua and Namibia and ecological movements. These are all in some way given the same tendency: dangerous weakenings of the democratic front against Soviet Russia.

What I miss in balancing such views is:

(1) A general assessment of "free discussion" as a sign of the existence of a real democracy. Furthermore, that a discussion, in order to be free, cannot repress every thought or opinion which happens to be favourable to a presumed enemy in a future war.

(2) When the tragic condition of Poland is so markedly stressed as an indirect criticism of the Peace Movement's overlooking this, I often these days wonder why political officials can both visit and negotiate with China, another Communist and totalitarian state, without in any way suffering the same critical remarks.

(3) As a member of the Anti-Nuclear Weapons Campaign in Norway, I miss in your articles an evaluation of the ideas that inspire the long-term work against nuclear weapons. This could be looked upon as another and crucial step in the struggle to mitigate the waging of wars (which, after all, began with the

creation of the Red Cross after the battle of Solferino).

HELGE YTREHUS

Lillehammer
Norway

Mead & Malinowski

MELVIN J. LASKY ("Towards a Theory of Journalistic Malpractice", ENCOUNTER, November) tells us that Margaret Mead investigated the Trobriand Islands. Those of us who want to know about the Trobriand Islands go to an anthropologist whose reputation has proved to be less ephemeral than Margaret Mead's. His name was Malinowski.

LUCY MAIR

London

WE NOTE, with regret and deep sadness, the passing of ENCOUNTER contributors and friends in 1985.

RICHARD FINDLATER
SIR ARTHUR BRYANT
LEOPOLD TYRMAND
ERIC VOEGELIN
ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR
DOLLY BURNS
HEINRICH BÖLL

LORD GEORGE-BROWN
L. P. WILKINSON
GEOFFREY GORER
TERENCE PRITTE
E. B. WHITE
DAVID ROKEAH
VANESSA LAWSON AYER
TOSCO FYVEL

ERNEST NAGEL
CHARLES DOUGLAS-HOME
DENIS DE ROUGEMONT
PHILIP LARKIN
GEOFFREY GRIGSON
ROBERT GRAVES
DOREEN WEIGHTMAN

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
Thamesmouth Printing Group,
Service House, Stock Road, Southend-on-Sea, Essex

Life & Letters Today



CENSORS AT WORK: It was the photograph of three bisexuals engaged in an orgy on top of a photograph of Lenin which apparently caused the most offence.

Until officials from the British Publishers' Association were told by the ever-vigilant censors of Goskomizdat, the Soviet State publishing house, they had not even noticed it. But nothing escapes the Kremlin, especially during the Moscow International Book Fair, when thousands of Russians go to the "Moscow Park of Economic Achievements" to glimpse books from the West.

For the record, the offending picture is in *American Images* (published by Penguin). It has since been returned by the Russians. Other British books which offended the Russians included *Jane's Armaments and Tactics of the Soviet Army*, Frederick Forsyth's *The Fourth Protocol*; the Dick Francis novel *Trial Run*, which is partly set in Moscow; a pictorial history of Pin-Ups, and a dictionary of modern politics; and a history of Europe in the 19th century. Altogether 30 books vanished, although by yesterday one—*The Times Atlas of World History*—had been judged less dangerous to the Soviet State than at first thought and mysteriously returned to the shelves overnight.

The censorship is obviously haphazard, John Le Carré's "Smiley's People" slipped through, although George Orwell's "1984" was officially banned and confiscated. Many of the 30 books have allegedly been "stolen", among them Arthur C. Clarke's "2010: Space Odyssey II."

Crowds queued in heavy rain to get tickets for the fair. Most apparently wanted to see Western publications, even though they cannot buy them. All books at the fair are bought by the Soviet state agencies.

THE TIMES/DIE WELT

Des Moines, Iowa

NAME KILLER: AID Insurance Co. has announced that it will change its name to avoid association with the disease AIDS, or acquired immune deficiency syndrome.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

London

ENGLISH & ECONOMICS: The "Shorter Oxford English Dictionary" defines "ENTREPRENEUR" as

- a. the director or manager of a public musical institution
- b. one who gets up entertainments:

whereas "Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language", produced in the USA defines "ENTREPRENEUR" as

- 1. the organizer of an economic venture; esp. one who organizes, owns, manages and assumes the risks of a business
- 2. one that organizes, promotes or manages an enterprise or activity of any kind.

Is this perhaps a reason for our poor economic performance?

THE TIMES

New York City

LATIN LOVERS: The only foreign-language book ever to appear on the *New York Times* best seller list is "Winnie ille Pu", the Latin version of the A. A. Milne classic, which continues to sell well in the United States 24 years after it was first published there. Last week it went back for another reprint after one big bookseller demanded 2,500 copies to meet Christmas demand.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Stockport

DEATHLY ROSE: A former altar boy has confessed that a "miracle" which rocked the Roman Catholic world almost 40 years ago was a hoax.

The "eternal roses" on the head of a statue of the Madonna drew thousands of pilgrims to St. Mary's Church at Heaton Norris, near Stockport. For three years from 1947 the flowers were placed there—and each time they appeared to stay fresh for months, with not a single petal falling.

Now Arthur Clare, 60, has revealed it was all a trick devised by the parish priest and a local florist. He said last night at his home in nearby Bramhall: "I can now face death with a clear conscience."

DAILY MAIL

California



GOLDEN GUN: Among independent designers who remain none is more widely discussed, admired, and imitated than Bijan.

Born Bijan Pakzad, the designer studied in Europe before coming to the United States some twelve years ago. After settling in California, he set about building a reputation as a daring and innovative stylist with a flair for the functional and provocative.

Today, in Bijan's "by appointment only" showrooms on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills and Fifth Avenue in New York, his collection includes a complete line of men's fashion. A summer wardrobe of the finest lightweight fabrics. A winter wardrobe that includes a chinchilla fur and silver Russian fox, a line of fur-lined leather goods along with the world's most expensive perfume (supplied in a hand-cut, signed Baccarat crystal flacon). And a specially modified .38 calibre Colt revolver engraved with 24-carat gold.

Occasionally, Bijan is called upon to create designs for his clients. Perhaps the most unusual idea came from a European notable in search of a gift suitable for presentation to a head of state.

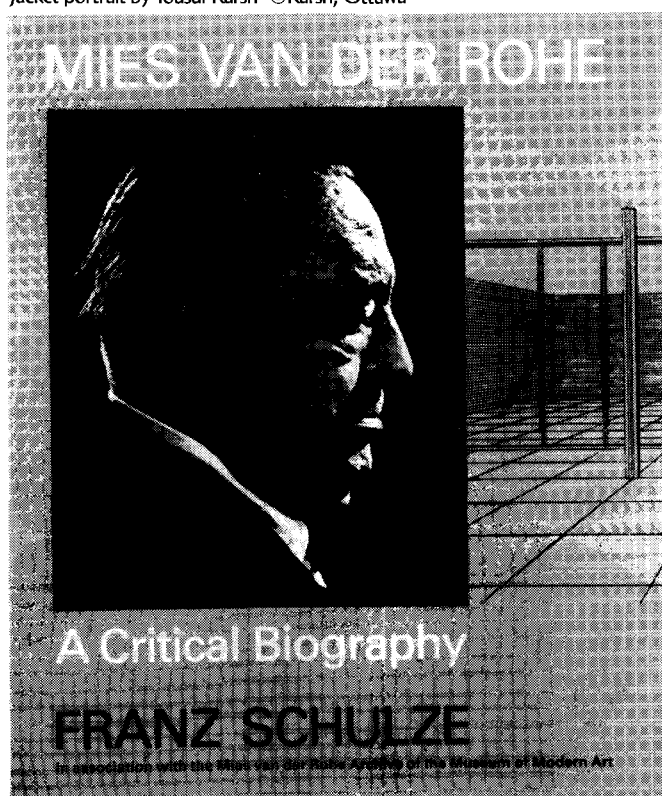
The result—the .38 calibre Extra Special. Produced in an edition of 200 in conjunction with the Colt Arms Company, it is a modified version of Colt's Detective Special pistol. Bijan inlaid the cylinder with 56 grams of 24-carat gold, adding his signature and serial number to the Colt name on the standard blue steel casing. He then fashioned a handgrip of suede and leather, and placed the weapon in a mink pouch inside a signed and bevelled case. "To me, this design represents the modern equivalent of the gentleman's gun. . . ."

BA HIGH LIFE

“This is the story of the 20th Century’s most influential architect... [it] is, very simply, the most comprehensive book ever written about the master designer and, by any measure, the best.”*

MIES VAN DER ROHE A Critical Biography

Jacket portrait by Yousuf Karsh ©Karsh, Ottawa



by FRANZ SCHULZE

In association with the Mies van der Rohe Archive of the Museum of Modern Art

“Schulze has taken a formidably large and inevitably unwieldy mass of information and crafted it into a finely structured prose composition good enough to be called literature. In Schulze’s hands, the facts about Mies, the man, and Mies, the architect, comprise an almost seamless fabric—even as they did in life. The story is also told largely in chronological order, which serves its audience well. This is a genuinely *readable* book....the first definitive reconstruction of the architect’s personal habits, loves, fears, triumphs, loneliness, and (in his old age) agonies.”

—*Paul Gapp, *Chicago Sunday Tribune*

“This book has obviously been a long labor of love and respect for which no source has been left untouched.”

—Ada Louise Huxtable, *New York Times Book Review*

The 219 black-and-white illustrations include many examples of the architect’s work, and glimpses of his personal life never before published.

For further information on this or any of the thousands of our other books in print, write to:
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD, or to:
5801 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637, USA

The University of Chicago Press
